

GONE



Introduction

THIRTEEN YEARS EARLIER...

While doing historical investigations, I asked Dorothy Belle to tell me about her life and the first thing she remembered, she began, "Well...", as she tried to speak she began to weep and then to sob softly.

I sat awkwardly. Finally, I turned my recorder off and said, "We can try this at a later date." I never got a second chance to record her stories before she died.

I don't know when she stopped mourning that memory that made her weep, but what she was not able to say, she wrote it down in a journal which was found while cleaning up after her death. Despite her many losses through life, on almost every page of her journal she wrote, in red, about small daily blessings. These blessings included "Beautiful spring day," "Family celebration," "Apples to eat," and "Jesus watching over us."

Dorothy was a remarkable daughter and sister who transformed into a devoted wife and mother. Dorothy's father-in-law, Charles Gabriel, once told his brother proudly, "Dorothy could make a home anywhere." This was a talent she learned growing up through the challenges of adversity.

Ultimately, Dorothy's life was one lived in faith in God and His ability to provide strength, solace, and insights in time of uncertainty. This faith was both inherited through a strong family tradition of Christianity and growing individual faith through various social and civil upheavals including the Great Depression, World War II, and settling in the rugged west. Although, this account provides great historical stories and insight from a woman who had lived through the Roaring Twenties to just recently, it should ultimately be seen as a story of growing faith and finding God.

Dorothy came into this world barely weighing four pounds. At six weeks old, Dorothy had whooping cough, brought into the house by a neighbor who wanted to "see the tiny baby." The neighbor brought her daughter who had a cough. Dorothy's mother, Flossie, asked the neighbor what was wrong with her daughter, who dismissed it as having a cold. Soon it was found out the girl visiting with her mother had whooping cough. Dorothy's father, Jake, was told, "They have killed your baby," thinking the six-week old, underweight baby could not survive whooping cough. But Dorothy survived to see the world change.

Dorothy inherited a vast amount of wisdom from generations who had faced hardships brought about by War, starvation during the Great Depression, and the changing of society from the time of World War II to Civil Rights reform.

This book refers to multiple historical events and past recollections that might have been lost in time. To provide the reader with greater knowledge, footnotes and endnotes are included throughout the book. Additional images, comments, and news articles related to the subject to which Dorothy is

referring are found in the End Notes section in the last portion of this book. The notes are labeled by date. Another clarification to note, Dorothy always referred to her father as Papa. She referred to her husband, Clyde, as Dad.

The journal presented is a single year of Dorothy's thoughts towards the end of her life. It is supplemented with other writings including letters, loose notes, and personal photographs. What is next will be Dorothy in her own words.

Beginnings and Endings

JANUARY

January 1

Often people don't know how to behave properly. When my sister Gracie was born on this day in 1933, children at school would make fun of us and say, "Didn't you know President Roosevelt¹ asked that we aren't to have any more babies?" I guess our leaders can make us a worse or a better people. I too have made many mistakes along the road of life. It wasn't because I came from the wrong side of the tracks. I was taught right from wrong, but I didn't always have the good sense I needed.

My father, Papa, taught, "Let your light so shine out before men that they may glorify your Father in Heaven."² Dad, my husband, also had his parents as a great example. His father, Charles Gabriel, reminded him to do right because "It's the Christian thing to do." But all too often, we have to learn the hard way because

¹ Democratic candidate Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected in November of 1932 and took office in January of 1933. He was responsible for starting US socialist programs with a landslide of executive orders, funded the development of the atomic bomb, and increased the power of government with various legislation and acts such as the Emergency Banking Act to control banks and create the Federal Reserve Bank. Many books are written on this president such as *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal, 1932-1940* by William E. Leuchtenburg. Harper, 1963.

² Matthew 5:16

we are ignorant when we think we are wise. And so it was with me.
And now my life is gone, all gone.

January 2,

Psalms 143:4 said it best, "My spirit is overwhelmed. My heart is desolate." I woke up from a nap with tears in my eyes thinking about everything. Evidently, there is no mail today, now that Dad is not here anymore. I don't know what is going on. Dad used to read the paper cover-to-cover and then talk to me about events that were happening. Now I don't even know if the trash bin has been emptied.

January 3,

In 1939, I contracted pneumonia. Papa and Mamma sat by me while I went in and out of delirium. I knew they were there. This came to me, "Only God can heal you," and at that moment I knew I would get well.

When I started to recover, Mamma let me use the sewing machine that Papa had bought her in 1935 when he worked at Hublein's Grocery. It was such an honor because she didn't let anyone touch it. She taught me how to rip a seam and taught me to never jerk or pull a thread out. She taught me to do it gently one stitch at a time.

Grandma Sarah Jane preferred sewing by hand and never used a sewing machine. When my Papa was five years old, Grandma Sarah Jane sewed his first pair of long pants. Papa said, "I didn't

sit down all day." I remember Mamma sewing denim aprons like the ones Mrs. Vanderpass wore. The Vanderpass's were a friendly Dutch couple that loved us children.

January 4,

Luke 1:79 says the Lord will "guide our feet into the way of peace." I am working in my bedroom – lots of memories. I am thankful we had time together. My husband and I realized that our meeting, marriage, and children were all meant to be, and I hope I find peace in that.

There must have been meaning in all of this. I hope someday to know the meaning of all things. Even if I don't, I am no worse off. If there is meaning in things and I decided *not* to seek that meaning, what a loss it would be. But I know there is only gain in seeking what is worthwhile.

Jesus told us to seek, and when we do, as Jesus said in Luke 11:10, "He that seeketh findeth." How we seek the truth is important. If someone is hungry, they seek the food of life in earnest and without ceasing. If they feel they are full, they seek it casually. When we seek God out of a hungering need for Him, we are more likely to recognize Him and the meaning He adds to our lives.

January 5,

During my life, I was surrounded by guiding stars: Grandma Anna Day's compassion, Grandma Sarah Jane's gentleness, Mamma's bravery, and cheerfulness, Papa's gentleness, fairness,

and steadiness, Aunt Lula's attentiveness towards others (she said so many things to make people feel good), Uncle Halley's unfailing help, and all my family and friends that have been empathetic.

Mamma's moods went up and down. Papa's mood always stayed the same, the Rock of Gibraltar.³ When Mamma was happy, proud, or sad, we all knew it without question. With Papa, it was hard to tell. I was close to my Papa, and so I could sense his feelings on a subtle level. In all my years of growing up, I never saw my Papa angry. Disappointed or hurt maybe, but never lifting his voice in anger. Mamma was slow to anger, but when she did get angry, she blew.

Mamma seemed happy. She played ball with us, jumped rope, took us berry picking, and generally seemed happy. Then one day, out of the blue, she threw a broom across the room and screamed, "I guess you think I'm made out of iron!" Her advice when she calmed down, "When that happens again, go the other way."

Dad's father, Charles Gabriel, was always grouchy in the morning before breakfast but otherwise perfectly pleasant.

³ The Rock of Gibraltar is near the southwestern tip of Spain and marks the gateway to the Mediterranean from the Atlantic. It has been a 1,398 foot high landmark since the beginning of recorded time and was known, in ancient times, as one of the two pillars of Hercules. Referring to someone as "The Rock of Gibraltar" describes them as steadfast. For more information see <https://www.britannica.com/place/Gibraltar> and <https://www.dictionary.com/browse/rock-of-gibraltar>

January 6,

Metaphorically speaking, do we all have an ingredient ready but forget to use it? I did this today and ruined hours of work.

Mamma always told me, "Whatever you think you can do, you can do better." It is frightening when I realize, at this point in my life, how much of an influence parents have on their children. All of my shortcomings come to mind. I could have done better.

Sometimes wrong turns can have surprise endings that were never expected. We never know. We never know where our blessings will come from or how it will all turn out in the end. I have faith Jesus will make right of all our wrongs. That gives me great comfort.

January 7,

I would like to think that at some time, things will go smoothly, but the struggle goes on. Speaking of her family, Mamma used to say, "If we help each other, help will be there when we need it." She would also say, "If we do good, good will come of it." Mamma had no aspirations except those dealing with her own family. Mamma told me once, "All a mother needs is her children to do good and be happy." She was pleasant to everyone and stayed out of their way unless it impacted the family.

I have woes and worries. The storm has come and left a wake of destruction. I know there is no smooth ride for anyone. I know there is beauty and ugliness. I can't refuse to look at the beauty in my life because of the ugliness. I have faith.⁴ That faith helps me

⁴ Confidence not based on readily available evidence.

to see through my tears towards my joy and happiness of knowing my Redeemer⁵ exists for me.

Faith helps me to have courage to believe and do risky things. I had to have faith to be married⁶ to Dad, as he was not like Papa. Maybe Dad reminded me a little of Mamma. So emotional. I grew up in a family that never owned a car. Dad's family always had cars ever since they first came out and were sold to the public.

The responsibility of driving scared me. I had to have faith to learn the skill of driving and had to have faith that other drivers would follow the rules. When I came upon a green light, I had to believe the other drivers would stop on the red light. Faith has allowed me to focus on what I needed to do rather than focus on what others might do. It strengthened my will to act without debilitating nervous tension. Faith leads me to believe in positive results. And guess what? No one died as a result of my driving. Scared them, maybe.

January 8,

It was on this date I received a call from my little sister Gracie. My sister Daisy had leukemia and had not eaten or drank anything all day. Gracie told me that she thought that our dear sweet sister

⁵ One who makes up for shortcomings. One who takes over an unmanageable debt. A deliverer from crushing debt. Merriam-Webster at <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/redeems> states that to redeem is to free one from the consequences of sin and goes on to say: "redeem implies releasing from bondage or penalties by giving what is demanded or necessary."

⁶ End Notes *January 7*

would not be here much longer. At that moment, the telephone operator interrupted our call saying, "Gracie has an emergency call." It was at this moment that we both instinctively knew Daisy had passed on. She was at rest after fighting the good fight.

The last time I saw her, she was being overcome with leukemia. As I was ready to leave, she took my face in her hands and said, "Goodbye my little Dorothy." She felt protective of me even in her weakened state. My life will never be the same without her.

She was the type of person that saw the best in people. If someone wronged her, she forgave them and carried no grudges and simply believed in the hope of a new day. When the storms of life surrounded her, and when she was in the depths of anguish, God was always with her. Daisy loved the family and was willing to do everything to keep us going. She adored Mamma and Papa and I never heard her complain about anything.

Aunt Rosie's name was really Rosetta Aurelia Pansy Ruth Ophelia. She didn't like such a long and complicated name so she went by Rosie and named all of her children simply, David, Harvey, Fay, Joy, Betty, Willis, Dallas; and then broke down on her last child and gave her a middle name, Doris Grace.

Once Daisy spent the summer with Aunt Rosie and Uncle Tom. I really felt the loss of Daisy as I was the next oldest girl in the family. Aunt Rosie and Uncle Tom lived around Hamilton Montana. When Daisy died many loved ones were at the funeral, Violet Bass, Jenny Mae, Wilbert and Irene and many others.

January 9,

Parents had to depend on their children in pioneer days, and we knew how to mind. When my brother Lynville was a baby, we had a chimney fire. Mamma, Elby, and Daisy formed a bucket brigade. Mamma led Flossie and myself to an unhitched wagon and handed Lynville, all wrapped up, to me and said, "Don't you move."

Mamma, Elby, and Daisy soon had the fire out. Mamma came to get us out of the wagon and said, "You can get down now," as she took Lynville in her arms.

When Lynville was a toddler, he would like to bite his tongue lightly from one end to the other. He would do that as he got older. If he chopped wood his tongue would go back and forth. He did that for as long as I remember.

January 10,

I feel so far away from my childhood home, but I will always remember my Papa and Mamma. I know the things they told me. When I would go to Spokane, my cousins tried to put words in my mouth, but I kept silent. Mary, the mother of Jesus, kept these things in her heart. I do too, as I know that God will be the final judge of all. Man's words cannot be fully trusted because man is an ego-protecting creature; biased with his own interest in mind. We don't see everything, and we understand even less.

January 11,

Second Corinthians 5:7 says, "We walk by faith, not by sight."

Puritan Jonathan Edwards was born in 1703 and said:

I am resolved:

To live with all my might while I do live;

Never to lose a moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can;

Never to do anything that I should despise or think meanly of in another;

Never do anything I would be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

January 12,

Elby once told me about Uncle Clark, whose birth name was Albert Clarkston Pierson but was known to many people as A.C. He was Grandma Anna Puckett's older half-brother. Uncle Clark was adventurous and moved out when Anna's mother Nancy Pickering Pierson remarried and became Nancy Puckett. Anna Puckett was born from her father's third marriage and her mother's second marriage. Anna's other half-brother, Charlie, grew up to be a banker and was never married. Anna's younger full-brother, Noah Charles, drowned at the age of seventeen. That was the only full blooded sibling Anna had. Everyone else were halves.

One hot summer's day, Anna's brother Noah and his friends went down to the river to swim, and when Noah's friends wanted to go home, Noah wanted to stay, so his friends left. Noah was such a strong swimmer that he didn't think anything could

happen to him. When Noah didn't show up at his home, his folks became concerned and went looking for him. They found him in the river face down.⁷

What a lesson. It seems to me that the ones most likely to drown are those confident swimmers, rather than those afraid of the water. We must learn to walk this life before God in fear and trembling of our shortcomings, rather than being overconfident about our own abilities.

Uncle Clark somehow became involved with the military for a time during the Texas-Indian Wars⁸ helping to protect settlers and also lived in Texas as a cowboy for a while. In 1893, there was a gold shortage in the US.⁹ Uncle Clark heard of gold up north, so he headed northwards and ended up selling a bunch of cattle to finance his adventure before moving on to the Yukon where he struck gold in 1898. He returned home giving out gold coins to the family. He gave Mamma and all the rest of the children a five-dollar gold piece when he came back to stay with Anna and David for a spell.

Somewhere along the line, he got married and had two children. His wife had gotten him to join the Catholic Church. It didn't take too many years for his wife to leave him because he would not settle down and was always chasing adventures. I don't

⁷ Noah most likely died after cramping-up due to muscle fatigue and dehydration.

⁸ Refers to a long series of conflicts between Native Americans and various settlers moving into Texas.

⁹ Also known as Grover Cleveland's *Panic of 1893* where US Gold reserves fell dangerously low.

know whatever happened to his children. They seemingly disappeared from our family's history.

When he got older, Uncle Clark ended up in a nursing home due to an injury that left him partly paralyzed and in a wheelchair. Grandma Anna Puckett went to get him and when he saw her he cried. He told her, "They took all my money." Grandma took him back home to Iowa where she cared for him the rest of his days. Grandma Anna and Grandpa David fixed up a place for him off of the kitchen. Uncle Halley said, "He was an ornery old cuss that threw shoes at Harv, and I if we went through his room." But those two boys were stinkers. They even replaced Uncle Clark's Holy Water¹⁰ with regular water.

Mamma helped take care of Uncle Clark and I guess he liked the older kids because Mamma liked him, and he told them stories of all his adventures in fighting, traveling, Indian trading, and finding gold. One time during his stay with the military, he and a few others took off without the officer's permission. They came back in a few days hauling supplies. Uncle Clark had two huge bags of peanuts for each side of his horse. He cut a slit in each bag and rode through camp leaving two lines of peanuts as the men of the camp cheered wildly. The officer in charge turned his back and didn't say a word. I guess he was glad they now had something to eat.

¹⁰ Water blessed by an ordained priest for the purpose of spiritual cleansing and blessings

January 13,

Tomorrow is another day. Anna's first husband David died, and then she married George Day. Grandma Anna Puckett Day¹¹ came to see us often, and we had so much fun hearing her stories and debating with her. She made us think. I am so thankful that Papa, Mamma, and Grandma taught me so much about life. So many people have problems appearing so unsolvable.

I saw Papa and Mamma go through so many set-backs in life, and eventually, I saw how they handled old age and the joys they had in their last days. What good parents we had! Mamma taught us how to play baseball and she jumped-rope with us too. We children slid off the sheds into the hay. What fun we had!

January 14,

When Anna said "my father," it was with deep admiration. I think she got her business sense from him. No one ever put anything over on Grandma.

Grandma Anna Puckett Day lived over in Kootenai for about 25 years. Her neighbor and best friend Mabel Calvert told me, "Your Grandma was smart, she got by on very little, was a good manager, and could really bake good bread."

I once went to a town meeting with Grandma when she went to bat for Mrs. McCloud when some of the townsfolk wanted to get rid of her goats'. Every day at 5 p.m., you could hear the goats' bells as Mrs. McCloud was herding them home. She kept her

¹¹ End Notes *January 13*

stalls clean, so that wasn't the issue. Mrs. McCloud was also an accomplished pianist.

Grandma spoke up and said, "Which one of you have not gone to Mrs. McCloud for milk? And did she ever refuse you or charge you?" No one answered her. Mrs. McCloud got to keep her goats.

January 15,

Grandma Sarah Jane was a mountain doctor that brought many children into the world. She never lost a child. She was never afraid to go in where sickness was. During a diphtheria epidemic, she knew how to make air passages and saved many lives. She met my Grandfather Allen during the Civil War era. She was attending to the sick and wounded even back then. Sarah's son, my Papa, went along on calls to doctor people. Surprisingly, Papa never had any childhood diseases like mumps, measles, and so forth.

Allen was smitten by Sarah Jane, fell in love, and wed. When Allen died, Sarah Jane lived with our family until she died at the age of 78. When Lynville was born with life threatening conditions, she was the one that saved his life. Lynville was a chubby baby with a round fat face. Lynville soon grew into a hyper and mischievous boy.

When I was sixteen, Sarah Jane was no longer around to take care of me. But there were others. When I contracted pneumonia, Lu Hunter sent over some Watkins Mustard Roll¹² and Grandma Anna Day made some cough syrup of onions and honey and told

¹² Also known as a Mustard Plaster

my Mamma, "Now Flossie, I want you to give Dorothy one tablespoon every few hours."

Mamma loved all of her in-laws and said, "They were kind people, good homemakers, and steady workers." Allen taught his family all the skills of survival and providing a home for their families. Allen farmed and picked cotton, helped others farm, hunted, fished, and was a general handy man. It was said of Allen's sons, "If Jacob and Alex where put in the middle of the wilderness, they would make a go of it." One thing Allen refused to do was work in the coal mines because he was convinced it caused health problems.

Allen's mother had died when Allen was only nine years old, and so Allen's father taught them much. The skills that Allen taught were handed down to my Papa. Papa's main tools were his ax, hammer, saw, and cobblers-last¹³ to mend shoes. He was very good at making tool handles, hinges, and knew everything there was to know about renovating buildings into livable spaces. He had a travel bag that contained his Bible, shaving mug and razor, Cuticura soap¹⁴, and extra clothes. He was always ready to go at the drop of a hat.

January 16,

Dad's Great Grandfather Asbury Roszell was in the Civil War but contracted dysentery, wearing down his health for the rest of his life. When my Papa's father, Allen, was a Civil War soldier, he

¹³ A device shaped like a human foot used to make or repair shoes.

¹⁴ Manufactured by Potter Drug and Chemical Company since 1865.

contracted some health problems that he would carry for the rest of his life. I believe his life was cut short because of that. Grandma Sarah Jane received a thirty dollar per month Civil War survivors pension which she used to help bring her, Papa, Uncle Alex, and Aunt Mary Jane out west. After they all had contracted malaria one year, Papa begged Grandpa Allen to go west but Allen wouldn't give up his homestead. When Grandpa Allen died, Papa first headed to Columbus, Kansas but ended up in Dunning, Nebraska working for the railroad where he married Mamma.

Some of the family that stayed behind on Grandpa Allen's farm did not fare as well. In 1937, Papa told us about his brother Joseph's daughter that was fifteen years of age. She disappeared and was never found.

January 17,

This morning at 5:30 a.m. the lights flickered and went out. Luckily, Papa was always telling us, "Know where to get your possessions in the dark." It was pitch dark. I looked out the window and the streetlights were all out. I was relieved that it was a widespread outage rather than just my house.

I got the flashlight off the refrigerator and continued my work. Brian had given me this big rechargeable flashlight as a Christmas gift and it came in very handy this morning.

January 18,

Mr. Kitchen was a tall and slender communist that came door to door before World War II to preach the communist party. While

Papa was building onto our Little Red House, Mr. Kitchen told Papa that if he joined the party that he and his family would never want for a thing. I didn't know what he meant because I knew we had all we needed—maybe not everything we wanted but all that we needed. Mr. Kitchen wanted to leave some pamphlets, but Papa told him, "We don't need them."

We had our Sunday cups, which were Federal condensed milk¹⁵ cans with the tops knocked off. Mamma just got them red hot on the stove, then knocked the tops off with a knife. Those cans also made perfect biscuit and cookie cutters. We made do with what we had and were perfectly happy the way things were.

January 19,

Back in the olden days, women used to wear big full skirts when doing their housework. They generally wore cotton in the summer and wool in the winter. When Sarah Jane's oldest daughter, Malinda, was working around her stove at her own house fixing a meal for her three children, she caught fire, panicked, and ran to the creek rather than dropping and rolling. She lay in agony for three days. The local doctor came and prescribed something for her. It was expensive, about five dollars. Her husband, Aaron, went off to buy this medicine, but on the way

¹⁵ Produced by Mount Vernon Cream Company of Seattle, Washington. See https://americanhistory.si.edu/collections/search/object/nmah_1361879 to see a photographic example. This site also states that, "Evaporated and condensed milk was very important to nutrition before refrigeration allowed people to keep fresh milk on hand."

walked into a drinking establishment and spent all his money. Aaron was a drunkard.

It was sad when, as Malinda lay dying, Sarah Jane could not reach her in time. As soon as they heard the news they hitched the wagon up, but before they could get there, the wagon became stuck in mud. By the time they got to Malinda's house, she was dead.

January 20,

Our grandchildren had a big time sledding in the back yard on the hill. We moved here in 1958 and Dad threw all that dirt from below towards the house one wheelbarrow and one shovel full at a time. All the children since have enjoyed it both summer and winter. Dad probably never realized that it would be so enjoyable for everyone.

January 21,

Grieving is a part of our lives. We have to let go, but then we can heal. We can allow God to take the burden by trusting in Him that he will make all things right, no matter how dark the day is now. Jesus' words "I am come that they might have life" give me strength to carry on. I must look at my daily blessings and at the good people in my life.

Wilma, my neighbor, brought me over potatoes and then later surprised me with a zucchini cake. In life, we get many surprises. That is what makes life exciting.

January 22,

Papa was born this day in 1871 at Catlettsburg, Kentucky, six years after his parents Sarah Jane and Allen wed. Papa grew up with stories of going west and found himself there one-day. Papa started his westward trek when his father Allen died in 1911. His mother Sarah Jane was living with him under a western sky when she died in 1926. Right after Papa's mother died, our brother Henry died the next year. This was a very hard time for both my parents.

There is much healing in prayer. I sometimes think that my situation is unique and no one else knows what I am going through. But I know that there is at least One who knows. Dear Jesus, please help my unbelief.

Mamma used to sing, "We should never be discouraged; take it to the Lord in prayer," and things always seemed to work out.

January 23,

In Ponderay¹⁶, we had a two room schoolhouse¹⁷. We all learned this poem when we went to school:

I must go down to the sea again,
The lonely sea and sky,
The stars guide me by.

¹⁶ The phonetic spelling of "Pend Oreille"

¹⁷ See Endnotes *January 23*

I often wondered if this poem had anything to do with Lynville and Elby joining the Navy during World War II. Elby joined first after the war broke out, and Lynville joined in 1943 at the age of 17 after he graduated high school.

During the Battle of the Bulge, our friend Grady Phillips lost some of his toes to frostbite while my cousin Clarence froze his feet. His boots had to be cut off. Many died from the cold because they weren't properly equipped. General Patton sent out a message asking for prayer that the weather would clear. We all prayed and on January 23 the weather cleared. At that point, the Army Air Corps were able to support our ground troops and the tide of war changed in our favor.

January 24,

I was sorting World War II letters¹⁸ from Dad, Elby, Lynville, Mamma, and the rest of the family. These letters are a comfort to me.

We all had bad times during the Great Depression. The kind of times you never forget. The kind of times that haunt you for the rest of your life. Sometimes we didn't have enough to eat. But what food we did acquire was pure and good. The fruits and berries in the fields and mountains were safe from pesticides. We had plenty of fresh huckleberries and loads of fresh clean water. Mamma would individually wrap up green tomatoes in the late fall in newspaper and in the winter Papa and Mamma would have ripe tomatoes.

¹⁸ End Notes *January 24*

One time I was with Papa huckleberrying in 1937 when I discovered that I had filled my pail too full. In coming down the mountain I lost all the extra berries. That is not the only time we lost berries.

I remember one time when we went to sell berries and a lady uninvitedly pawed through the berries to see if there were any sarvis berries in the bottom. Papa said, "There aren't any sarvis berries in any of my pails." She could not find any sarvis berries but said the berries were too expensive and wanted to only pay fifty cents rather than a dollar. She knew she had ruined the pail of berries and now wanted to be rewarded for it. Papa said, "No," and so we left. When we left Papa said, "We can't sell these now, we'll take them home." I can't ever remember trying to sell berries to that lady again.

Another time I went to Sandpoint¹⁹ with Papa to sell berries. We went to this one door and I heard roller skates in the house. When the door was opened, there was a man on a board with the roller skates attached to the board. He had no legs and that is how he got around. The man was so cheerful and glad to get the berries. That man, whoever he was, has always been an inspiration to me.

I learned a lot of things being in the huckleberry business. Not very many people did what we were doing back then. We were one of the first. Now it is big business.

¹⁹ The location was originally called the village of Pend d'Orelle which was no more than wooden buildings on both sides of the Northern Pacific railroad tracks. In 1888 Theodore Roosevelt called the place "Sandpoint" since the small village was located on the east side of Sand Creek. The name Sandpoint stuck and was incorporated ten years later in 1898. See sandpoint.com/community/teddy-roosevelt.php for more information.

January 25,

I had a nightmare last night. I was here with the children and Dad was nowhere to be found. Someone started banging on the back door. I opened the foyer to look at the back door, but I couldn't see anyone. So then I opened the back door to the garage. All of the sudden a large man with very dark hair grabbed me around the waist with one arm and carried me to the kitchen. He sat me forcibly in a chair and said, "Are you getting tired of peeling all those potatoes?" I said, "No, I don't get tired."

January 26,

I was reading a card from Dot Phillips today. We were teenage friends but in later years hardly saw each other. Life is strange. Dot lost all of her hearing and had to cope with her loss for many years. I felt so bad for her.

Mamma had headaches periodically, and I once put my hand on her head. I felt so bad for her. She would tell me, "Your hand feels so good – that makes my head feel better."

I can't get the dream I had last night out of my head. My dream began with a sixteen-year-old girl and some children that were playing in the yard over at the Bingham's old place. This sixteen-year-old girl came to the door and asked if the children could come out to play. I said, "Yes, that would be all right." Then I began wondering why I had said that because dinner was almost ready.

And then I saw a small girl that looked like she might fall into the irrigation ditch so I started to panic and decided that washing my hair would make me feel better. In my dream everything was

in a muddle while I was trying to wash my hair. I had used too much shampoo and there were suds everywhere. As I was washing my hair, someone was trying to hurt my son.

Brian had gained favor with a foreigner. Then they both came up with the idea to tie my son up to a tree and throw hatchets at him, and whoever stuck him with a hatchet would be the winner. I looked and saw a hatchet blade heading for my son's torso. In one split second, my son reached up with his hand grabbing the hatchet out of the air, protecting him and some girl that was with him. It appeared he was trying to protect her rather than himself.

Later the foreigner came into the kitchen where Brian was studying and said, "What shall we do next?" But Brian went on studying and ignored him.

January 27,

I sometimes wonder what I have to give. With my rapidly declining health, it is certainly not physical. I live from day to day and thank the Lord if I make it through another day.

When I was a young girl, Elby was always going to town with Papa. One day I complained and asked, "Why does Elby always get to go with Papa?" Mamma told me, "Because Elby can carry more." And here I am, complaining again.

January 28,

John Wesley²⁰ said, "Do all the good you can, in all the places you can, to all the people you can." Today the grandchildren went to Scouts at St. Paul's Methodist church where Dad and I were charter members. I am a little confused as to the exact events, but we signed up to attend in the spring of 1959 and started attending in October of 1960. Some of the members were our best friends. We always loved Jesus, and Dad talked to the boys as if the Lord was with us. Out on the desert, Dad would tell the boys not to touch the bird eggs because the mother bird would not come back. When they asked why, Dad would say, "Because that was the way God did things."

January 29,

When I was young, we once walked to Sandpoint to hear an Indian preacher. What a crowd there was! It was a tent meeting and the tent was packed. The Indian preacher spoke with emotion about his people with bleeding hearts. He told of how poor they were and could not even afford to go to school. Even at a young age I was appalled. We never saw any Indians, blacks, or orientals in our school. We were in a white community and we were oblivious to the plight of other peoples.

²⁰ Co-founder of the Methodist Church.

January 30,

Papa would always give us his full, undivided attention. That made him into an understanding father. Psalms 119:34 pleads "Give me understanding." Papa used to say, "You hear but you do not heed." I have many things in my heart that Papa and Mamma told me. There are things I don't understand.

We can learn humility and compassion from our trials, and those traits can direct us to God if we but take it one step at a time. My burdens are heavy, and sometimes I question. God does not remove my difficulties, but I know that courage and faith help me to grow in these real trials. As Job 8:11 puts it, "Can the rush grow without the mire?" How we face trials can give us a new dimension to our character. Thank You Jesus for today. Amen.

January 31,

Mamma used to say, "All you have to do to be someone is belong to Grandma." Grandma Anna Day taught her children to be proud of their work and proud of their heritage. Before she went to bat for someone, she would say, "Wait until I get my Puckett up!" She was a spunky grandma that seemed to solve any problem in front of her.

Cold and Damp

FEBRUARY

February 1,

The roads are very bad. Many of the schools are closed. The roads are dangerous out there right now. I pray for those that must drive in these conditions.

One time when Sheila was at the State Fair, I was prompted to pray for her. I started to pray at 10 p.m. that Sheila would be safe. At that time, she found herself stranded and had to walk over a mile in order to be in a location where there were people she knew. This was a long walk in the dark, but she kept going. At about the time I started to pray, Sheila met two teenage boys that said they would walk with her and protect her.

I am thankful the Holy Spirit urged me to start praying for her safety, and I am thankful for the two teenage angels that happened to cross her path and that the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is ever alert to our every need.

When Gracie was seventeen years old, she stayed with us in the spring between her high school graduation and starting business school in the fall. Gracie told me that while Elby, Lynville, and myself were off supporting the war effort, Mamma used to pray every night for us.

As I ventured out into the great unknown world, I seemed to get along all right. The right people always seemed to show up to help me along the way. At one time, I was smug and believed I

had reached success and avoided danger all by myself. Now I know that Papa and Mamma's prayers were the reason I was guided, and those prayers kept all of us safe to come home again.

Had it not been for the protection of the Lord, we might have ended up like the five Sullivan brothers that were on the ship Juneau²¹ during World War II. They were all killed the same night when their ship was torpedoed in 1942. Thank You Jesus for Your help and Mamma's prayers.

February 2,

Our daughter Anne Louise was a Job's Daughter²². Dad's uncle, Mac McClure, was a Master Mason²³ and sponsored Anne so she could participate at the local Bethel²⁴. At the time, Anne had to have a sponsor that belonged to the Masons.²⁵

²¹ A cruiser sunk in the Battle of Guadalcanal. A memorial in Juneau, Alaska honoring the Juneau says, "The cruiser disintegrated instantaneously." There were only ten survivors.

²² Masonic girls moral and spiritual development organization for ages ten to twenty based on the scripture Job 42:15. Also see jobsdaughtersinternational.org for more information.

²³ Third degree Mason also known as a Worshipful Mason who is often in charge of a Lodge

²⁴ Meeting location of a local chapter

²⁵ The oldest and largest fraternity in the world also known as Freemasons

Anne and Sheila loved to skate during the winter months. Sheila was so good on the ice that people would call her "Little Miss Sonja Henie²⁶."

February 3,

How wise my Papa was. I need some of my Papa's wisdom today. He was a true follower of Christ and drew his strength from God. Wherever Papa was, there was calm. He brought calm in times of controversy, in times of tragedy, and in lean financial times. As I went through today, I asked myself how Papa would have solved the problem and the thought helped me very much. Papa always had a matter of fact way of solving problems.

An old song came to my mind:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave me not alone,
Still, support, and comfort me.²⁷

We really can't depend on anything but God who is always there for us if we will but ask. Papa asked and it was so.

²⁶ Famous figure skater who won more Olympic and World titles than any other ladies' figure skater

²⁷ *Jesus, Lover of my Soul* by Charles Wesley

February 4,

Our boys Elby and Lynville, during World War II, fought in many battles and came home safe. Elby's ship was sunk in the Mediterranean and he was among fourteen survivors. Clyde's brother Charles was sunk in the Pacific,²⁸ was rescued the following day, and then sent to New Zealand to recuperate.

Lynville was in a typhoon in the Pacific and survived. We did survive the storms in life through God's protection. Proverbs 10:25 says, "When the storms of life come, the godly have a lasting foundation." Before Dad died he said to me, "You have never nagged or found fault in me and I love you for it." While he was alive, he made a good living for us and he was a good manager of the things we had.

February 5,

I am sure we ask God many times, "Why me?" I think back on Dad and remember what he would often say, "We are all different, but we are all trying to get to the same place." It feels at times as if he is still guiding me along the way. Through the Grace of God, we will be together again one day. Once I wrote him a letter saying, "Please come home." A letter or phone call won't work this time. But one day, I will go to him.

²⁸ End Notes *February 4*

February 6,

I had a dream about Dad last night. I dreamed I was with him in the house and the phone rang. He got up and answered it. I heard him say, "I'll be right over." I was going to ask him who it was, but then I woke up.

February 7,

When Mamma died, she left a lot of things unfinished. She had a beautiful sky-blue baby quilt almost finished. I think it must have been for Maxy. Maxy had the most beautiful blue eyes. Poor Maxy died when he was four years old from a congenital heart defect²⁹.

Mamma made many all-purpose quilts. They were so warm. We used to watch her tie the quilts and thought they looked pretty on the bed. Mamma made one fancy quilt during her 37 years of marriage. It was a double-T quilt made with dark blue calico and white. She started the quilt when Daisy was small and finished it with her last baby. We were so proud of Mamma's double-T quilt.

I had a quilt like this. It was a fan quilt I started years ago, and it took me years to finish.

The Quilt of My Life by Dorothy Belle

For the quilt I diligently sew,
Let me take from the scrap-bag of my life:
The pinks and calicos of a little girl's dress;

²⁹ Defect in the heart or great vessels disrupting normal flow sometimes in the form of a hole

The red and blues checkered gingham of a little boy's shirt;
The satin of a baby's quilt;
The lace from a wedding gown.

Stitch them together with memories,
All the happiness and tears.
Out of all the pieces a whole complete pattern appears.

February 8,

When I was a little girl, I used to have dreams about tigers and lions chasing me. Nobody had a TV back then, and I was too young to go to picture shows. I may have seen them in books, but I don't remember. But I remember Mamma telling me Bible stories like Daniel in the lion's den and Samson slaying a lion. A tiger attack actually happened to one of Dad's relatives. Ruth Roszell was killed at four years of age when a tiger at a circus went rogue and tore into the audience.³⁰

When I was four years of age, Papa took me on walks. I remember holding his hand and talking and jabbering away while he said, "Umm." There was not much said on his part, but he was listening to me and that was very important.

³⁰ End Notes *February 8*

February 9,

Years ago, while the city was fixing the waterworks, city workers broke our pipe and then charged us \$600.00 to fix it. At the time, Dad had his hands full and we had suffered a number of financial setbacks that strained our budget. While they were fixing it, we had to get our water from our next-door neighbors, the McIntire's. What a luxury water is! It brought to mind memories of carrying water on the Great Northern Road to the bucket and water dipper located in the kitchen.

February 10,

Every day we make decisions that shape our destiny. I guess Chipper was destined to be our dog. Dewy Raymond worked at Martin Furniture in Pocatello with Dad. Dewy had two sons. One of those sons, Gordon Raymond, was on the ship with Charles Dee when it was sunk by a Japanese sub in World War II. Dad and Gordon would go pheasant hunting together. Once, Dad took Charles Dee over to Gordon's house when Charles Dee came out west with Betty to visit us. Dewy Raymond's other son was a policeman and gave us Chipper. Small world isn't it?

One time we had a cat named Rosette. She hid the kittens under a neighbor's foundation. Shortly thereafter, Rosette was hit and killed by a car. After we realized Rosette was dead, we went to retrieve the kittens but could not get to them. I even tried to drag them out with a hoe, but to no avail. Finally, a little neighbor boy was able to crawl under the foundation and get them out. We put the little kittens in a basket and our dog Chipper guarded them like they were her own.

February 11,

I was five years old when I became aware of the word, "patient." Mamma worked at patience all of her life. She was not a naturally patient person because she was really sharp and smart and had to be frustrated often by the lack of understanding in others. She was quick to do things and didn't like to wait around. She used to tell us, "I'm losing my patience" and we all knew we should settle down. But through her children, she learned to work at being patient. I would often hear her say, "Now if we are patient..." or "It takes patience."

I know she obtained her goal because my daughter Anne spoke of her Grandmother's patience. We learn so much through raising children.

February 12,

My faith is small. I think Jesus would not want to help someone like me in turmoil about religion. There are so many religions pulling at me. Dad and I went to the Saint Paul's Methodist church. I don't discuss religion with my brothers and sisters. It would be nice to be more open about my religion. I wasn't living the faith I was brought up with, and because of it Daisy said, "You broke my heart." These words have haunted me.

I decided I would do what Mamma did and cling to my husband and tend to my own business. Mamma stuck by Papa through thick and thin, and so I stuck by Dad.

Many years ago, we went to Spokane to see family members. We went to their church called The Church of the Firstborn. Daisy

was the head singer and Elby was the preacher. Both Dad and I liked the singing. I know my brothers and sisters would be happy to have me belong to their church and I feel at home singing and worshipping with them.

Daisy's forte was singing. Her most famous repertoires were *In That Town of Knoxville* and *Putting on The Agony, Putting on The Style*. She was such a practiced singer. When she lay dying she couldn't talk, but she could sing. It doesn't make much sense, but it is a true statement.

Mamma and Papa belonged to the True Followers of Christ, and Mamma's side of the family belonged to the Church of God. Whenever we would visit, they sang the songs Mamma would always sing – Midwestern hymns. I enjoy visiting other churches. Some of my family belongs to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and they are good people.

I believe, regardless of what church you belong to, if one follows and resides in the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, they are right with God. God will bless them for good. And if the families are good, the nation will be good. And if the nations are good, they will live in peace.

February 13,

Mamma used to tell us when we had a sour face, if we kept frowning, our face would grow that way. And I think she was right. Happiness is a learned attitude that sticks with us. The way we choose to view our memories will influence every aspect of our life, including the way we present ourselves.

I have found in my life there is no real happiness unless we figure out how to serve what is greater than what we are. Family, community, and God are greater than the self. How can we learn to be one without service? Christ prayed for us in John 17:21-22 by saying, "That they all may be one." He taught them to serve each other in love so they could be one. This is what family, community, and God are all about. We must feed the part of us that wishes to give in love and starve the part of us that only wants to take.

February 14,

Valentine's Day was a very special day for Dad and I.³¹ We always went out to dinner. We'd go to places like *The Stardust* where the tables were eloquently situated by the dance floor, and we would dance to wonderful music. I remember I liked The Pink Sorbet.

When we got older, in our twilight years, we often had family over. I remember one year my granddaughter Brianne was sad because she didn't have a valentine made for her Mommy. I told her, "Don't worry sweetheart. Just give your Mommy a hug and tell her, 'Happy Valentine's Day.'"

I didn't rise to the situation. I should have sat down with her and helped her make a card. I have made a lot of mistakes like this in my life. Sometimes when I see my faults and make mistakes, I don't like myself too much and I wonder if God is displeased with

³¹ End Notes *February 14*

me. Dear Jesus, help me to do better. Help me listen to Your little children.

February 15,

Dad loved rock hounding and would find all sorts of interesting things. He should have been an archeologist, but it was not to be. When he graduated in 1936, Clyde told his Dad, Charles Gabriel, he wanted to go on to college.³²

After all, his grandfather Henry taught horticulture at Kansas State Agriculture College and was selected to go to the Fruit Growers Convention in Kansas City. His own father, Charles Gabriel, attended and graduated from Kansas Manhattan College. Now it was Clyde's turn.

Henry's mother, Sarah Shull, sold her husband John's farm located by Dallas City, Illinois to cousins, the Foresman's, in 1875. Sarah moved her two daughters to Concordia, Kansas where they ran a rooming house, now a historical site.³³ Sarah also purchased a farm which is still in the family name.

Charles had to tell his son, Clyde, they were about to lose everything because of the hard times brought on by the Great Depression, so he could not afford to send him to college. It was pretty much the same for his other friends as well. They hatched a scheme to work their way around the country as hired hands.

They worked various fields in Idaho, Oregon, and California and then worked their way back to Kansas. In April of 1941, he

³² End Notes *February 15 a.*

³³ End Notes *February 15 b.*

decided to join up with the Army Air Corps. And since it was peace time, he got to choose where he would be assigned. He settled on Gowen Field near Boise, Idaho. I guess I keep thinking about the path that led Clyde to me.

February 16,

My brother Elby was a big guy. He became a logger and loved it. You should see how many pancakes a logger can eat! He was a hard worker, but he never ate right. You don't suffer for poor eating habits until later on in life. Brian doesn't eat right either. He would rather work than eat. Elby was this way. Mamma was the only one that knew how to help Elby eat responsibly.

February 17,

Lynville was born on this day. His birth was a bit of a miracle. He was born blue and would not cry. Grandma Anna Day put him in a pan of warm water and rubbed him. She began to cry as she said, "I think I have lost him." Then Grandma Sarah Jane breathed into his mouth and Lynville began to cry.

The next morning both grandmas were working and laughing together, happy that Lynville made it. Lynville was named after Thomas Puckett's mother's maiden name. Unfortunately, the Quakers don't list the last name of wives, so that is the only documentation of this name in our line. What I know is Thomas' mother and father were from North Carolina and they moved to Ohio where they had Thomas. When Thomas met his third wife, Nancy, he was living in Kansas 30 or 40 miles from where Dad's

family was located at the time. At the time, Thomas had lost his wife and was trying to raise a little girl named Ellie and a baby named Charlie. He was having a rough go of it before meeting my great grandmother, Nancy.

When Papa first came to Ponderay to work, there weren't many places to live in this little boomtown. Ponderay, Sandpoint, and Kootenai were all boomtowns at the time. When I was five, we lived in a little yellow house in Ponderay and we lived next to Herbert and Ruth Ellis. Herbert first showed me how writing was made with ovals and what he called "push and pulls" and then let me practice. I started school when I was six and walked to school barefooted because I had no shoes. But I had a nickel tablet and a penny pencil and was very proud of them. I also knew how to write my name by then.

Mamma had started school at the age of four, and she was a good student. One day she walked to school in a blizzard and by the time she got to school, she was about half-frozen. The teacher was so amazed at her determination she stated, "Now there's a girl that will amount to something."

February 18,

One of Dad's friends, Frank Abrahams, from Wayne, Kansas suffered terribly after being captured by the Japanese during the war. He was first interned at the Philippine Military Prison Camp Number 1 following his capture on May 6, 1942. Later, he was transferred to Philippine Military Prison Camp Number 4. Finally, he was transferred to a camp in Tokyo before the release of more

than 500 American prisoners in the Philippines by American Forces.

Vera Snapp from Belleville, Kansas was held in the Santo Tomas Internment Camp in Manila during World War II. She suffered much but was liberated in February of 1945 and returned home to tell the tale.

We all suffer and face grief, and we all would like to know why. Perhaps it is so we can all have the opportunity to show love and concern for each other. In First Thessalonians 4:18 it says, "Comfort one another." I admire and envy people who know what to do to comfort people in distress and grief. Grandma Day knew when she could step in and help someone. It was a talent she had. What was obvious to her always escaped me. I was never good at knowing when to come to the rescue. I always pray to know what to say because this type of cluelessness is my weakness. Even though we can't all be gifted with knowing what to do or say, we can pray to our Heavenly Father for guidance.

February 19,

Papa ended up taking one of us at a time into town with him. One day, Papa loaded us all in the wagon and took us to town. He ended up spending most of his time trying to keep us together. In the store, he had us sit on a bench. One of us would hop down and he would have to sit us back up on the bench, but we wouldn't stay put. He never took us all again – just one at a time, and that made us feel special.

"No" keeps you safe. "No" can keep your children safe. Papa and Mamma spent their married life teaching and nurturing their

children. Papa believed being an example was more important. He spent a lot of time with his children, often one-on-one. He listened to us and asked us questions but would always let us make up our own minds. He stayed in the background but was always there for us.

Mamma, on the other hand, was a constant mother who was dedicated to our health and welfare. She was very encouraging about school and taught us some very valuable lessons. She taught us much self-discipline.

February 20,

Papa considered history the most important subject since those that fail to learn from history repeat its mistakes. I was looking at the history of the presidents today. One of my ancestors, Margaret Bowcock, was James Monroe's grandmother. I am grateful to God whenever we get a wise president that keeps us out of wars, like President Monroe did with the Treaty of 1818 ensuring peace with Great Britain and our neighbor Canada.

At around this time period, from the 1600s to before the Civil War, much of my family were Virginian lawyers, ship builders, and gentleman farmers. Because of the changing times, we had to learn how to adapt to changing circumstances, each in his own way.

February 21,

I never really listened to Dad. It was hard for me to live the isolated life Dad liked. I would have hundreds of friends around

me and enjoy myself. Dad was selective of his acquaintances. It was a real shock to Dad when he met my family and he never got over it. However, in the last few years of his life, he told me he really liked my family and liked them more, the more he was around them. I liked his family but couldn't stand the smoking they were accustomed to. I had Dad get a hotel anytime we visited them, so I wasn't around the smoke.

February 22,

What are riches? I felt rich because I had everything I needed. Papa said, "To have good health is to be rich." Any singular person may have many dreams, wishes, and wants. But if someone is unhealthy none of those compare to wanting to be well again. I have a warm house and plenty to eat. I am wealthy.

I am thinking about Aunt Fay's boy, Gerald Tevlin, today, and I am praying for him so the Lord is with him. For some reason he is on my mind.

February 23,

Papa used to tell us, "If you can't help, at least don't be a hindrance." When Simon picked up the cross for Jesus, little did he believe he was part of the redemption of mankind which he had traveled so far to celebrate.

There are crosses each person has to carry. A man once helped Jesus carry His cross, and now, if we will but call on the Lord Jesus, He will help. Angels are sent in disguise. Dear Jesus, please

help us to bear one another's burdens as you have shown us.
Amen.

February 24,

Like now, it was in the middle of a wintery blizzard when Mamma went on horseback and helped her Poppy and brothers herd their cattle into warm barns. When they finished and stepped into the house, they were welcomed by the smell of heavenly chicken and dumplings. Mamma said, "That was the best dinner I ever ate." Thus, chicken and dumplings became her favorite.

Mamma told this story to the children when she was visiting us for Sheila's tenth birthday. She asked Sheila what she wanted for her tenth birthday. Sheila said, "Can I have chicken and dumplings?" So, Mamma fixed chicken and dumplings for the ten girls at Sheila's party and, while she was waiting for everything to get done, made each of them a yellow calico riding bandana for their next trail ride.

February 25,

I had a troubling dream last night. In my dream, Brian was smoking cigarettes and I could smell the smoke on him, but he acted all innocent and denied it. Then he got on an ocean vessel. For some reason, we all knew it was going to sink, but Brian went headlong anyway.

Dear Jesus, if there is any solution to Brian getting into something too deep, let me know what to say, and to choose my words carefully.

February 26,

Today I saw a man with only one foot. I wonder how he lost the other one? He used crutches and drove his own truck. Dear Jesus, please help him in his struggles and all people who struggle. Oh Lord, look upon me with tender mercy and bless me through the night. Amen.

February 27,

Today would have been Shirley Ann's birthday and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's had they both lived this long. Shirley Ann was born in our home at 1107 Oak at about 10 p.m. when I was thirteen years of age. Daisy and I were at Mamma's bedside, but Daisy stepped out to get Mrs. Mossberger, a nurse, to help deliver the baby. Mrs. Mossberger called Doctor Tyler. In the meantime, Papa had already delivered Shirley and then put her on a pillow on the table. As she lay there on the pillow, I watched over Shirley Ann. Shirley looked up to the lamplight. She had big blue eyes and was very alert.

At about that time Doctor Tyler and nurse Mossberger arrived. The doctor checked Mamma and tied the cord. The doctor told Papa, "You should have been a doctor." I woke Gracie up to tell her she had a little sister. She was not as excited as I was, for I had witnessed the miracle of birth and heard a baby's first cry.

It was there at 1107 Oak, Mamma started wearing tennis shoes because they caused less fatigue than normal shoes. Mamma was the first woman I ever saw wear those type of shoes. Now, almost everyone has them.

As a little girl, Shirley was cheerful and always singing. She readily loved the unloved. Shirley loved animals all her life. She had cats named Stubby, then Tweety Pie, then Grumpy, and then Boots. Boots was the dumbest creature, but even this trait was endearing to Shirley.

Shirley Ann would go through the house singing like a bird. She even made up songs, "Well, put the little kitty in the basket. Put him by my door and love him more and more. Well, put the kitty in the basket..." She was such a cute little girl. Another song I remember she liked to sing went, "There's a bluebird on my window and a song in my heart."

With her big blue eyes and her winning ways, people took to her in an unnaturally short amount of time. People even liked to do things for her. When Shirley was about three years old, Mamma and Shirley would walk down to the creamery to get free skim milk to use for gravy, bread baking, and for making big curd cottage cheese. One day at the creamery the lady asked, "Does your little girl have a doll?" Mamma told her, "No." So the next time they went, the lady had a nice doll for Shirley Ann.

When Shirley Ann was fifteen, Mamma took her to Coeur d'Alene to get her some shoes. The salesperson paid a lot of attention to her and called her "Shirley." Mamma asked, "How did you know her name was Shirley?" He said, "Because she looks like a Shirley."

I guess I didn't make a mistake by asking Papa the night she was born, "Can we call her Shirley Ann?" Papa said, "That would be all right." The Doctor asked, "Then, shall I put 'Shirley Ann' on the birth certificate?" Papa said, "Yes" and Mamma didn't say anything. Shirley was named quicker than any of us and I was the one who got to name her. Mamma confessed she was thinking of a historical name like Gertrude Edahow. We were told in school "Edahow" meant "sun coming over mountain." That was probably folklore.

February 28,

Our cat, Felix, had her first litter of kittens when Shirley Ann was born. When it rains, it pours, I guess. Papa had to take care of Shirley because Mamma slipped and fell on the steps of Russell's store because of ice. Gracie and Mamma had gone to Russell's store because Papa had made arrangements to buy baby clothes on credit. Mamma walked downtown in the snow and ice to get those baby clothes. This happened a few days before Shirley was born, and Mamma broke her tail bone and hurt her back. It took her about two months before she could even sit in a chair. Mamma was never as active after she hurt her back. At the time of the accident, Mamma was with her little girl Gracie who helped Mamma pick out some of the baby clothes.

I remember peeling potatoes and adding water and then taking them to Mamma's bed to ask her if I had enough water. She told me, "Just a little more." We were all so excited and happy to see Shirley every day, we could hardly wait to come home from school to see her.

I can still see Mamma and Shirley Ann in bed, with Papa sitting beside the bed and all of us gathered around with Papa telling stories of his family. Papa didn't talk much about his family before we had Shirley. Papa must have thought a lot about his family during this time because he started to write to his brother George living in Wheeling, West Virginia. George was serving as a Baptist deacon in his church at the time. George lived to be 86 years old as did Papa. Papa's youngest brother Isaac was in a Soldiers' Home at the time for injuries he sustained during World War 1. Isaac died in 1935 at the age of forty. He was the tallest of the boys and stood at six feet.

Shirley was so charming and unspoiled and enthusiastic that Mamma told me, "I like living with Shirley Ann." When Shirley Ann turned 16, she met and married Ronald Sams. They later moved to Vacaville, California where Ronald worked at the state prison. At this time, they started to have problems in their marriage. Ronald had changed. Formerly taking everyone on family picnics, playing Santa, hiding Easter eggs, and so forth was replaced by Ronald's desire for drinking and partying. Shirley would not go drinking with him. Ronald told Shirley, "I grew up, you didn't!" Ronald became abusive and then got a girlfriend. Shirley Ann moved out.

After the divorce, Shirley met and married a much older man by the name of Tom Mathison who turned out to have a gambling addiction. He ended up gambling away all of Shirley's savings, and Shirley was forced to take a job as a hotel maid to make ends meet. On her way home one day, she was killed by a car driven by a lady with a beer in her hand. The lady had misjudged a curve in a road near Carson City, Nevada. Shirley was ejected from the vehicle and then run over. She died at the scene. The other lady

walked away from the accident. Who would ever think the last to be born would be the first to die?

Dear Jesus, thank You that Shirley could be a part of our lives for a while. She was too good for this world. She was always writing to tell us how good we were. She was the good one.

New Hope

MARCH

March 1,

After World War II, Dad and I visited Lieutenant Albert and Donna Poffenroth. Albert's parents came from Russia and settled in Hillyard. We had stayed with Albert and Donna for a time in 1944 in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

When we decided to move to Pocatello right after the war ended in 1945, we bought a lot and contracted a house to be built by a Mr. Chadwick. After Dad gave Mr. Chadwick a down payment, he began the project by having the hole for the basement dug. After a period of inactivity, Dad tried to contact Mr. Chadwick but found he had left town. Not having the funds to hire another contractor we were forced to sell the lot to recoup some of our loss. Many years later, we visited our old lot and saw someone had put a basement house on the property.

When Elby came back to the states after the war, he was traveling through Pocatello and decided to stop in to see us before going back to Mamma and Papa. He was very nervous and had nightmares at night.

In 1951, while we were living in Pocatello, both of our girls contracted polio, called Infantile Paralysis back then. I was so thankful they survived without any crippling effects, but I felt compelled to help others that were crippled. For many years after

this, I went out for the March of Dimes³⁴ and talked to many neighbors about crippling diseases and collected donations to try to help children from becoming handicapped.

I was touched by the loyalty of our neighbors during my March of Dimes days. It was the ones we've known that came forth to help. Vaccinations proved to be the biggest benefit against the crippling disease of polio.

We left Pocatello after feeling it was less grand than we hoped it would be, and we settled in Idaho Falls.

March 2,

Dad was less tolerant than my Papa. Dad loved all the kids, but they also exhausted him. He was raised in a small family of three children while I was raised in a large family with eight children³⁵. So, I was better able to take things in stride without getting upset.

The advice wise king Solomon gave us in Ecclesiastics 7:9 said, "Be not hasty to anger." When we were growing up, our parents and teachers would have sayings like "Count to ten" and "Look before you leap" to get us to think ahead. As those sayings were being repeated, we would find other outlets for our feelings.

George Washington began with a quick temper, but when he lost his first battle and saw how his rash temper and decisions cost so many lives, he decided to change. Washington worked to gain control and incorporated constant prayer to become one of our greatest Generals.

³⁴ First known as the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

³⁵ End Notes *March 2*

Papa was the runt of his family growing up at only five foot, five inches. My Papa was not perfect or grand, but he was "even tempered," which surrounded him with a certain air of security. Mamma would always say, "Now if we just have patience," even though she only achieved mastery of this skill later on in life. Mamma was a genuinely warm person with two dimples that lit up when she smiled. I had a wonderful Papa and Mamma.

March 3,

Papa used to say, "Every day is the Lord's day" and studied the Bible every day of his life. We never really had a traditional Sunday dinner while we were growing up. We had plenty of food cooked up from the day before Sunday because Papa and Mamma didn't cook on the Sabbath. Mamma always had things made the day before. Mamma and Papa's life was hard, but Sundays were always a day of rest.

When all the kids moved out, Mamma started fixing special Sunday dinners whenever any of us came to visit. She made baked beans, breads, and pies on Saturday for the Sunday dinner. I came to visit them in the summer of 1957. In the early morning, with the sun shining over his shoulder, Papa quoted the Bible aloud. Papa didn't have access to a school in Kentucky and never did go to school that I know of. His father taught him to read from the Bible and he continued to read it for the rest of his life.

The winter after I visited, Papa caught the Asian Flu³⁶ which turned into pneumonia. His last act was to kneel and guide the family in prayer, "Dear Heavenly Father, one more time we come to Thee, to thank Thee for the many blessings of the day. Teach us how to pray and what to say. Forgive us of anything we have said, done, or thought that may have grieved Your Holy Spirit. Be with the sick and the afflicted and direct them in the paths of righteousness for Thy Name's Sake, that we may gain Eternal Life. We ask this in Thy Son's Holy Name. Amen." He died sometime that night. He was almost 87 at the time.

March 4,

Dear Jesus, I am so thankful to be here in this new month of March - the month of the promise of spring. Please dear Jesus, as we look forward into the new life of spring, protect our loved ones. I would fly to their assistance, but they have set out on their own and I am grateful You are with them. Help them find the right way, as all of us search a lifetime for that way. Amen.

All of our children have the heavy responsibility of balancing work and family, and I praise the Lord for their goodness in the choices they make. I am so grateful for good parents and ancestors. Grandma Anna Day used to say, "There is good in everybody," and Papa used to have faith in the goodness of most people. It is well with us when we strive to live for what is good.

³⁶ According to the CDC the Asian Flu caused the pandemic of 1957 and 1958. It started out in Singapore and killed 1.1 million people world wide. Over 116,000 died in the US. See [cdc.gov/flu/pandemic-resources/1957-1958-pandemic.html](https://www.cdc.gov/flu/pandemic-resources/1957-1958-pandemic.html) for more information.

March 5,

The phone was not working today. Our neighbor Mike came over to see if my phone was working because they were having phone troubles as well. I guess the squirrels chewed through the phone wire. When Dad was alive, he would put out peanuts for the squirrels so he could watch them. Cute and interesting things – even if they are a nuisance. They are fun to watch. Dear Jesus, we thank Thee for creatures great and small.

March 6,

The robins are here! Spring is coming. It was during this time of year during World War II we were stationed in Galveston at Fort Crockett. However, we had to live in Palacios, Texas because we couldn't find anything closer at the time. Later, we moved onto a nice government housing project close to the beach.

Anne was nine months old when we moved to Texas. Bananas were inexpensive and Anne loved bananas with Wheaties³⁷. She also had a lot of Texas oranges. We also walked down to the beach where Anne became as brown as any of the natives.

March 7,

Grandma Anna Day would brag about Mamma. Grandma was extra proud Mamma could work in the house or in the fields. I am thankful for parents that taught me to work and taught me how to care for children and for grandparents that loved and cared for

³⁷ First created in 1922 as *Washburn's Whole Wheat Flakes*

me. Mamma carried more than her share of the load and was so ingenious figuring out how to make do with what she had.

She taught us songs, taught us to hum out a tune on a comb and paper, played finger games, stringing rose buds, braiding dandelions, telling all about our birth on our birthdays, and on-and-on.

Papa was The Rock of Gibraltar in times of stress and trouble. Dear Jesus, help us to know how important early training is and help us to be grateful for the teaching and training parents provide.

March 8,

It seems like I am probing my conscience for hidden things, but no one is really interested so it is best to take it to the Lord. As I probe deep into my life, some things have been hard and even painful while others have been pleasant and rewarding. I got out some old black and white photos of the 1940s and labeled them before putting them in an album. What a keepsake.

March 9,

The People of Our Life by Dorothy Belle

We will never forget the people we meet.
We owe so much to people we greet.
There is beauty in every heart and soul,
In all God's creations, I don't sail alone.

People are the purpose of life worth living,
Being so kind, so loving, so giving.
On life's highway we meet angels unaware.
Their blessings to us show God is still there.

March 10,

Exodus 3:5 states, "The place where you stand is holy ground." What holier ground than where your family is? Family is where love calls your name. Dorothy Newton liked talking to Mamma and told me one day, "I would live in a tent if my mommy and daddy would get back together."

Ed Newton and his wife divorced, and Dorothy Newton admired my parents for sticking to each other through thick and thin and for loving each other in wrong or right. Dad once went with Papa to the Pool Hall to talk to Lynville, who became addicted to games and gambling, to ask Lynville to please come home. I think this example influenced Dad later in life when his own children faced troubles.

March 11,

When Papa was in his eighties and we went to see him in Post Falls, he was sitting in the early morning light, the sun to his back. He was sitting so the sun shone over his shoulder onto the Bible he was reading.

My granddaughter Brianne once counseled me, "You know Grandma, if you read the scriptures everyday you will live forever."

And I guess we will because we will live in the hope of Christ forever.

March 12,

At 7 a.m. as the sun was coming up, I looked out the back window. There was snow on the ground and what reminded me of Dad's footprints leading from the alley to the shed. He was always doing all the outside chores and I loved him more and more as the years went by. Dear Jesus, help me to work from my small faith, that it may be increased.

March 13,

When I was very small Mamma told me, "Your eyes are as blue as the sky." Then I said, "They're as blue as the moon." Mamma came back with, "As blue as the sky." And I kept saying, "Blue as the moon." This was our first argument.

I remember Mamma's most excellent bread and cinnamon rolls. The center was my favorite. We always got a piece of dough to fry on top of the stove, which tasted really good! Mamma learned how to make clothes and cook from her mother. Mamma learned to work hard and loved animals. She especially liked working with the horses with her father who called my Mamma "Floss." Mamma's father, David, owned the finest horses money could buy. This theme was repeated with my own Papa.

Even though we often lived hand-to-mouth, Papa liked quality and told us, "When you go to the store, buy the best suit in the store." He bought the best cuts of meats and stuck to the best

brands in everything. He could not be persuaded to take second best.

When Mamma went through her first big heartache at sixteen, the death of her father, those fine horses were sold or given to her brother Bill so he could work them on his farm. Losing those horses was Mamma's second heartache. Bill owned that line of horses up until 1953 when he sold them and bought a new modern combine for cash. At that time, in 1953, Uncle Bill took us for a ride in his new combine and told us he had farmed with horses longer than anyone around Friend, Nebraska.

At the time, when Mamma was sixteen, her father David developed a sore throat. When his wife Anna looked at David's throat she said, "Why, this is a septic sore throat. You can't go to work!" David went to work anyway. From that sore throat, he developed Bright's Disease.

When our daughter got strep throat in 1954, followed by nephritis, and the doctor told me what she had, I must have turned white because the doctor reached over and pushed my head down. After nearly passing out, I explained my Grandpa died from Bright's Disease. The doctor explained that with the proper care, Sheila would get well. Sheila was then admitted into the hospital.

In October, Sheila went to school for half-days and did the rest of her schoolwork at home. At the end of the school year, the principal called me to say Sheila didn't have enough days for a successful year, but her grades were satisfactory. So if I came down to the school and signed a paper, so she could advance to the third grade.

March 14,

This was Mamma's birthday. She was born on a Friday in 1902 near Oelwein, Iowa. Mamma's parents were David and Anna. They were farmers. Her younger sister Aunt Fay was born in 1911 and was the last child of David and Anna's to die.

David's sister, Aunt "Mattie" (Amanda), was a schoolteacher. She was so involved and busy she never had time for housekeeping, so her house was always a mess. David's oldest brother Jonathan, on the other hand, was so clean and particular Mamma didn't really like going over there. He would do things like going around and wiping finger marks off the doors, walls, and furniture that the children had touched.

When Mamma was a young girl growing up in Iowa, her Mommy taught her how to make great bread, cakes, and cookies. She once asked her father, whom she called "Poppy," how he liked what she had fixed. He said, "It tastes like more." David had a great sense of humor and liked to tell Pat and Mike jokes.³⁸

March 15,

When Mamma was 11 years old, Anna took Mamma, Rosie, Harvey, Halley, and Fay to Columbus, Kansas to pick strawberries while David and his oldest children, Bill and Tom, stayed on the

³⁸ Examples of Pat and Mike Jokes:

Pat asks Mike, "What's in your pocket?" Mike says, "Dynamite! Every time that Shanon O'Connor sees me he slaps me chest and breaks me cigars. Next time he slaps me, he'll blow his fool hand off!"

One day Pat and Mike left their native Ireland and began to row to America. When they were half-way, Mike turns to Pat and says, "Let's go back, I'm tired. We can do the second-half tomorrow."

farm to keep it running. It was here Mamma first saw Papa as he was the row boss of the strawberry fields. Mamma was running across the field and she saw a man under a tree. He said, "Howdy."³⁹ This was the first time Mamma ever heard that expression. Eventually, Mamma had to go back to Iowa along with the rest of her family. Papa was the row boss until after the season was over, and then he got a job on the railroad. It wasn't until seven years later they would meet again.

Some ladies in Kansas took Grandma Anna Day to court over her children. Grandma was a working mother, a complete breach of social norms in those days – a social sin.

My Mamma sat on the front row of the court with her younger brothers and sisters. Mamma told me, "My legs felt so heavy and I was missing my Poppy. I was so worried about what would happen next."

The judge asked the women who had brought the complaint against Grandma, "Do these children always look this good?" One of the women replied, "Well when they go to school." The judge stated, "I do not see any evidence here of domestic abuse or neglect. Until such evidence can be obtained, I will not waste the court's time." Speaking to my Grandmother, the judge said, "I suggest you go back to your husband in Iowa, so I don't see you here again. Case dismissed."

Grandma moved her and her children to her brother, Claude Whitaker's house. While they were staying at the Whitakers, a rumor got to Grandma that the court system was going to take the children away from her.

³⁹ An abbreviated "How do you do?" Sometimes said as, "Howdy do."

The following day, Claude and his brother Harry went to the courthouse and asked a number of questions. "Where are Anna's children?" They reply, "Oh, they're on their way to Ocean Dreams." Ocean Dreams was an orphan's home! They hurried back home and told Anna, "Yes, they are planning to take the children."

Grandma immediately packed and took her children to the train station in the dark of the night. There was a train going to Dunning, Nebraska later that night, so she took that one. This is how Mamma was introduced to Dunning. A little later they returned to David in Iowa, and a joyous reunion ensued. David described the meeting by saying, "They fell from the sky!"

They all ended up moving back to Dunning after Mamma's father died a few years later in 1918. Mamma told us of the Dunning Sand Hill and how the wind blew the sand in her face in the summer and blew the snow in her face in the winter. Not much grew in Dunning because it was nothing but sand. Our friend M. A. "Joe" Hiatt wrote about the sand-hills near Dunning:

Sand Hills by Joe Hiatt

If you ever rid in the Sand Hill,
In Western Nebraska land,
Ya'd shore know the feeling of lonely,
And I'll tell ya, it shore ain't that grand.

The wind is always blowin'.
There ain't nothing to slow it down,
Cept a three-wire fence in Dakota,

And ya can't even find a good town.

In the winter the cold is ferocious,
With snow pilin' up in the draws.
Now the coyotes are huntin' for shelter,
Where they can warm up their paws.

Sam Spitler owned the general store there in Dunning and told us that when he moved there in 1929, there was nothing but sand. In some places during the Dust Bowl, they had black dust that caused dust pneumonia. The sand-hills were spared the black dust. During the Dust Bowl, stripping Oklahoma and Kansas of its topsoil in the 1930s, soil and seeds were deposited on the sand-hills. Now there are all sorts of plant life there and cattle graze on it. This is one of the few positive results of the Dust Bowl⁴⁰.

March 16,

Enid Storer came to visit, but I was tired through my heart. The crocuses are blooming. Dad planted them a long time ago. One time, a Post Register photographer took a picture of Dad's crocuses popping out of the snow, which showed up on the front page as a promise of spring around the corner. Like spring, one day I will be with Dad again, and my heart will no longer be tired.

When Brian was about four years old, he chose a rhubarb plant at Town and Country Nursery when they were located by the

⁴⁰ According to many personal accounts some farmlands had most of the topsoil stripped off during the dust bowl. In some cases whole homes were buried in the dust.

ballpark. It was a good plant and has been divided over the years into other plants. The children also got a Wealthy Apple⁴¹ tree at the same time, as a Mother's Day present. Over the years, we have all gardened, watered, and taken care of the yard, which has kept us busy.

March 17,

Dad's Grandma, Maggie Fagan, said the potatoes had to be planted on Saint Patrick's Day. Maggie was a hard worker and a big gardener. Maggie was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and at five years old, her mother died. She was sent to her mother's family, the McQuillians, in Illinois, where she grew up learning the ways of the farmer.

She met and married Henry, who also had a love of growing things. Grandpa Henry had hot-beds made with layers of chicken manure and soil covered with grass for his tomatoes and cabbages. John "Cap" Meyers said, "Henry always had a joke." Henry delighted in his grandchildren and Dad liked to follow Grandpa Henry around while he inspected his fruit trees. Dad gained a love for fruit trees from his Grandpa Henry.

Dad's other grandparents, Nancy and Alfred Roszell, were gentle people. Alfred liked mules better than horses because they were harder working and required less attention. Alfred grew wheat, corn, and oats to sell to the local elevators. They owned all the modern conveniences like Alfred's Model-T Ford. Alfred and

⁴¹ Developed 1868 by Peter Gideon to survive cold winters. The tree was named after his wife Wealthy (Hull) Gideon. For further information see <https://www.mnopedia.org/thing/wealthy-apple>

Ernie England built radios and set up transmission towers for 'hill-to-hill' communication with each other. Alfred liked to make toys, like wooden airplane whirligigs, for the grandchildren. Grandma Nancy would sit up at night with the grandchildren and teach them about the star constellations.

When Dad was five years old, they went to Grandpa Alfred and Grandma Nancy's place for Christmas. When they got there on Christmas Eve, Grandpa Alfred came out of the bedroom crying. Grandma Nancy had suddenly died. He spent a few more years on his own farm and then would spend a few months at Dad's parents and then a few months at his other daughter's home, Floy Walton.

It is said, Saint Patrick⁴² spent thirty years helping rid Ireland of its demonic snakes and adopted the Shamrock as a symbol for the Trinity. We are all different religions, races, and creeds, but we are all a little bit Irish when we celebrate Saint Patrick's Day.

My grandmother had a Quaker mother and a Baptist father and ended up going to both churches. Mamma said her aunts and uncles were Catholics and would say, "The Catholics are good

⁴² St. Patrick's Day marks the day of his death. St. Patrick wasn't Irish, but a British prisoner taken by a group of Irish raiders at the age of 16. Patrick spent six years in captivity as a lonely shepherd and went back to Britain after hearing a heavenly voice telling him it was time to leave. When Patrick got back to Britain an angel told him to return to Ireland as a missionary. Instead of attempting to eradicate native Irish beliefs, St. Patrick incorporated Irish Culture into Christian Lessons. The account of St. Patrick banishing snakes from Ireland is most likely a legend rather than fact. St. Patrick was never canonized as a Saint, but rather, proclaimed a saint by popular acclaim. For more information see <https://www.history.com/topics/st-patricks-day/who-was-saint-patrick>

people." My grandfather was a good person, a good farmer, a good father, and was well thought of. But when it came to religion, he refused to discuss anything about it, except to declare, "I'm Irish." I guess Saint Patrick reminds us all of Mark 6:50 to "Be of good cheer!"

March 18,

Dad came to me last night in a very vivid dream. At one point he told me, "I cannot yet be with you." I wondered why, and then I replied, "I'm afraid you will forget about me!" He then told me, "I will never forget you."

March 19,

It was a 'Murphy's Law' day today. Everything went wrong. On top of having heartburn and a hurting chest, I stumbled backwards on the edge of some shelving and hurt my back. I went to lie down on my orthopedic bed and stayed there with a heating pad wondering how badly I was hurt.

March 20,

It was a beautiful day today. Thank You Jesus for the promise of spring and new life. In the springtime, when I was a very young pre-schooler, I ran towards a big white leghorn mother hen with newly hatched baby chicks. The hen ruffled up her feathers and came running towards me. She was already a big hen, but she got three times her size and I was scared. At this moment my mother

scooped me up and said, "Oh Dolly, don't ever go by a sitting hen."

March 21,

Spring is such a promising season. Once at a tent meeting when I was a little girl, an usher gave me a songbook. It was all my own and I was still clutching it as I went out of the tent. Mamma told me it wasn't my book. I could hardly believe it because the man had given it to me. We then walked many miles back to our home. Actually, it was only two miles, but as a child, it seemed very long to me.

March 22,

I found many letters⁴³ I had been looking for from Clyde, Elby, and Lynville that they had sent to me during World War II. Some of interest concerned an entertainer named Red Skelton. This is some of what Dad wrote to me about him:

"Red Skelton came in today. He is in my platoon and is taking the same course as I am. He is a private and he doesn't give a hoot about anything. He sure doesn't think much of the Army."

"The captain began our course today by saying, 'If you happen to introduce someone like Bob Hope...' then Red piped up, 'I wish

⁴³ End Notes *March 22*

the hell they would draft that guy.' The captain's face turned red as the men howled."

"Red was in our room this evening. I showed him Anne's picture and he thought it grand. He isn't too interested in such small girls, but the big ones. Oh Boy! A wolf that Red."

"He is going overseas as soon as he finishes this course. He will fly from station to station entertaining combat troops. Red said all he wants to do is tell jokes to guys, so I guess that is what he will do. I don't think he could do anything else. He isn't very smart, but I guess he doesn't need brains. He said he only went to the seventh grade. Everyone thinks he is funny and that's what counts."

"Red likes to be in the public eye. He is always funny and keeps the class laughing. But his attitude gets a little old as some of the boys are getting P'ed off at him. He got unsatisfactory marks, which would have sent anyone else out on the next train. He didn't get kicked out and he graduated with everyone else. He was proud of his diploma⁴⁴ and said it was the first one he had ever received."

March 23,

Faith is a hard thing to understand. Perhaps if I can have faith in something small today, I will learn to have faith in bigger things.

⁴⁴ End Notes *March 22*

I looked out the kitchen window today and saw the yellow and purple crocus under our apple tree. I guess faith is like those little crocuses. I know I will see their color next spring, even if I can't see them this summer.

March 24,

Dad's tombstone and veterans plaque was placed at the gravesite on this date. It was such a beautiful day – the neighbors ventured out into their yards while I wandered in my own yard and garden. I planted a second row of peas.

I believe people in foreign lands, just as my neighbors and I do, have in common things that would outshine our differences. I believe it is possible to live in peace if we could understand each other.

March 25,

On March 25, 1941, Dad joined the Army Air Corps at Salina, Kansas. They gave Dad some uniforms and swore him in at Fort Riley, Kansas. From there, he was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. From there, he went to Fort Douglas, Utah. Next, he was sent to Gowen Field near Boise, Idaho where Dad worked for Lieutenant Jack D. Green. Next, Dad's Cadre went with Captain Harrow to the Pendleton, Oregon Air Base. Army Air Corps soldiers were selected from all over the US to come to Pendleton Air Base to prepare to open the Pocatello, Idaho Air Base.

It was here, in Pendleton, I met Dad, who kept calling me "Freckles." As World War II escalated and Dutch Harbor was

attacked, I came into work to find Corporal Clyde dressed and ready to go, spats⁴⁵, and all. I made the statement, "I don't want you to go." At this point he most likely decided I must care about him and he began courting me. Most of our dates were walking in the park or anything that didn't require money.

March 26,

Oh, how I miss Dad and all the things we did together. It seems I am no good without him. It's hard to keep this home going without his strength.

March 27,

I had an interesting experience last night at 3:30 a.m. My heart was further opened up to understanding life through contrasts. I had been working in the kitchen, and I continued well into the night. I walked from the kitchen to the living room to retrieve some pillows for my comfort as I sat at the kitchen table. I went into the living room without turning on any lights, so it was dark. I didn't see anything but the darkness so I thought to myself, "I can feel my way." When I got to the far end of the couch, I turned around towards the kitchen lights and I could see my pillows perfectly there in the contrasting light.

I thought to myself, "God is like that. If we look from the darkness into the light, we can see perfectly." God is light and in Him, there is no darkness. The more you sin, the less you can see

⁴⁵ Short for "spatterdashers."

sin. Adolph Eichmann⁴⁶ helped murder millions who were created in the image of God and thought he was doing everyone a great service. How blind reaching for darkness can make us. As life teaches about the consequences of disobedience, so darkness teaches us about the light. These contrasts of life are a gift from God, lessons we will carry into the eternities. Everything that happens to us, or will happen to us, is an opportunity to open our eyes and hearts to see the light.

Dear Jesus, I pray for this country, for we too, shed untold innocent blood and think it is some great right. We talk of what we should be allowed to do in the name of selfishness and avoid the discussion of Thy standard and what is right and what is wrong. You have said, "Woe unto the nation that sheds innocent blood" but I implore You in the same manner Abraham did. Do not let the righteous be destroyed because of those that are wicked. Please have mercy and at least allow the righteous ones to flee, as did Lot, before the day of Your wrath. Amen.

America is hardening her heart, and may yet learn destruction unless it turns from its secular path. I pray we turn back to God.

⁴⁶ A high ranking SS officer who was one of the major organizers of the Holocaust. According to Edward W. Knappmann in *Great World Trials* (1997), Adolf Eichmann was reported as saying: "I will leap into my grave laughing because the feeling that I have five million human beings on my conscience is for me a source of extraordinary satisfaction." (See "Nuremberg [1945-46]" on page 266)

March 28,

My folks gave me confidence by letting me know I could do things. My Great Grandfather Thomas Puckett used to say, "Anna can do it!" so my grandmother grew up with the confidence she could do anything. Thomas Puckett outlived four wives and was approaching 95 when he died.

Anna's father, Thomas Puckett, used to be in the Quaker religion. One day, he spoke up for an unwed pregnant girl in the process of being publicly excommunicated. He spoke for her using the phrase, "Any of you without sin, cast the first stone." They turned her out anyway. After this incident Thomas decided to leave the Quaker religion and become a Baptist minister. Anna's mother Nancy remained a Quaker, but Anna liked going to her father's church more because they could sing and speak up if they wanted.

Anna was Thomas and Nancy's first child and was very smart. Her father used to call her "smart little Annie" and let her help him in the grocery and dry goods store he owned. She learned how to be a very outgoing person by helping all the customers. She started helping when she was small and would stand on a chair to help out in the store.

Anna was a good scholar at school and was much loved by everyone. Grandma Anna Day used to tell me about wagon rides and coming home from dates to have hot bread and hot chocolate. She would often refer to children of the 1930s as "spoiled."

After her husband David died from Bright's Disease, Anna traveled with her son Tom to work in the harvest. They were camping outside. One day it started to rain and she said, "If you

want to sleep out here in the rain go ahead, but I'm going to go find myself a feather bed." She did that by staying at the Salvation Army. Not only did she do that, but when she came back, she was carrying the bed with her.

Aunt Lula's boys and their friend Emmet went logging at Blanchard and asked Grandma Anna Day for her clock. Grandma said it was Julie's clock and she couldn't loan it out. They took it anyway. As soon as she found the clock missing, she walked the many miles to Blanchard. The boys were surprised to see Grandma, who then asked for the clock back. They gave it back and offered her a cup of coffee. She refused, took the clock, and walked back home.

Thank you Jesus for allowing us to have Grandma Anna Day. There was no one like our Grandma Day.

March 29,

There was a corner streetlight at Oak and Ella. All the neighborhood children played there at night. We played a lot with the Teitsort children. And the people over on Pine Street, like John Forester and John Neer, used to come and see us.

I babysat for Marie who lived down between Bates Service Station and Stone's Store. The baby cried a lot, so Mamma came to show me how to wrap him and burp him. After that, I got along just fine. I babysat until 10 p.m., and then I would walk home late at night.

I remember Papa and Mamma's lamplight in the window at 1107 Oak. Our street was straight and except for the lighted corner, it was dark, but I could see the light in the window of our

house. I always kept my eye on this light and soon I was home. Sometimes Mamma came to meet me. I was the last one in, so I got to blow out the lamp. Then I had to get up with everyone else and get ready for school.

March 30,

Papa's pocket knife was his prize possession, and he always whittled. He even made ax and hammer handles so good you could not tell them apart from the ones bought in the stores. He also whittled the corners of the tables round so they would be safer. He would sell his hammer handles for 25 cents, which was enough to buy a dinner in those days if you wanted. But he never went out to eat. He had more important things to do with the little money he had. All of his money went to the support of his family.

When I was about twelve years old and we were living at 1107 Oak, I asked Papa, "Could I borrow your knife?" He took it out of his pocket and said, "You can bring it back to me when you're through." I used it and then put it idly down. When I got ready to return it, the knife was nowhere in sight. I was sick. I started to look for it. I searched silently all day, and when I finally found it and returned it to Papa, he said, "Thank you" and gently put it in his pocket. He didn't say anything, but I think he knew all along I had misplaced it and he let me figure a way out of my dilemma all by myself, allowing me to learn responsibility.

He also always had an indelible pencil and a hair comb in his bib overall pockets, along with the pocket knife in his pants pocket. With that knife, he could peel an apple without once breaking the peel and it was as thin as paper.

March 31,

It should be warm, but the wind is chilly. I suppose sadness comes to all, but I have the hope that joy will be found on the other side of sorrow. Dad's cousin Sadie Carbutt, who was more like an aunt to Dad, wrote a poem in 1935. Sadie was found dead in her mother's home on this date in 1944. She was sixty years old at the time. This poem was read at her funeral. It was called *Dreamland* and went like this:

Last night as I lay upon my pillow
Tired and defiant of sleep,
A vision, so real and consoling
'Twas far, far out of the deep.
I was riding it seemed, climbing upward,
I just seemed to float all along,
And the way was bright and sunny
And I was humming a song.

I drifted up o'er the cloud tops,
All fleecy and edged in gold,
And small clouds that looked like cotton
Or, a Shepherd gathering His fold.
I floated up over a rainbow
Of colors of beauteous sheen,
And in passing, I put my hand outward
And touched the gossamer green.

I kept going up and upward
'Til I came to a ladder to climb.

It was golden and rose-covered
 With many and many a vine.
I climbed to the top of the stairway
 And there was a golden gate,
I wondered if I had a mission
 And opined I might be late.

The gate on its hinges swung open
 And I tried to look back to the land,
But an Angel closed it softly
 And Jesus took hold of my hand.
His face was so lovely and sweet
 It told of the sorrows He'd worn
His brow was so white and tender
 And I saw the prints of the thorn.

His robes were white and celestial
 And across one shoulder, a band
And I tried to chase a teardrop,
 But Jesus was holding my hand.
We walked through the beautiful gardens,
 Its flowers in colors and green,
Then we came to the banks of a river
 With water of silvery sheen.

We stood on the banks of the river
 And walked in the warm crystal sand
And the birds and the flowers were looking
 At Jesus still holding my hand.

We went on into that City
All golden – what a beautiful thing!
We went to a place all pearly
And Angels started to sing.

We went to the "Palace of Wisdom"
And it was built of Love
And over the top in bright letters,
This is "God's Mansion Above."
I stopped at the "Alter of Justice"
And asked for "Grace's Gift"
And then we started onward
With Jesus still holding my hand.

I asked about the band o'er His shoulder,
It was worked in silken floss,
And He sighed as He answered:
"'Tis where I carried the Cross."
And then I stopped to examine
The stitches – 'twas thinnest of veil,
And He put one hand up to His shoulder,
And I saw the marks of the nails

We went on and out of the city
And back to the river's shore,
And we lingered to gather some flowers
As we hadn't picked any before.
Then He said I should leave the flowers
In the vase at the beautiful gate,

And the Angels would watch over them,
As they were my Heavenly Fate.

I went to the golden stairway
And started to go back to the land,
I could see the beauty of Heaven
And could feel the clasp of His hand.
I sighed as to the earth I descended
And wished that our ways didn't part,
Then with joy as my footsteps wended
I found Jesus was holding my heart.

Remembering Lilies

APRIL

April 1,

Sadie Carbutt had two children, Enid and Cyrus. I found a letter from Sadie that described an event of separation and of being reunited. It was written some time ago and, in part, goes as follows:

"Long ago, a gentleman by the name of Charles Carbutt, and his family were living on the Mexican border. Charles was appointed by the U. S. Government to oversee work being done along the border. It was a dangerous place for his family, but he and his wife were devoted to one another and decided to risk the dangers together, in preference to the loneliness if she remained in their old Kansas home, where they were both born and raised.

"Everything was going along fine, and they were happy in spite of the dangers and hardships of border living. They had a small son, and a sweet little baby girl named Enid Margaret who was named after a best friend.

"Enid did not remain small for long and soon grew to be a little lady with lovely brown curls. She was into everything and got her little wee panties swatted many times.

"Mr. Carbutt was doing well and seemed wealthy by the poorer class of Mexicans. Many envious glances were thrown at them as they passed, causing Mrs. Carbutt many anxious moments.

"One day, when Enid was five years old, she was being as naughty as she possibly could. She was cautioned about the desperados and Gypsies⁴⁷ roving in the area in the warmer weather months, but one afternoon she decided she was old enough to be on her own. So she trudged along and at last had grown tired enough that she started to return home. But alas, she had gone farther than she thought, and the country was strange to her. So instead of heading home, she was going in the wrong direction. Finally she sat down to rest and fell asleep. At about that same time, a gypsy caravan came along and spied a well-dressed little girl, and thinking of the money they could get, picked her up and put her in the wagon as they proceeded on their journey.

"In the meantime, she was missed at home and they searched everywhere without success. They called for help, but it was as if the earth had opened up and swallowed her whole. No one seemed to have noticed the Gypsies passing through the area, so they continued on their way undisturbed.

"At last a man came into town and upon hearing about the missing child told of meeting a gypsy band with a pretty little girl of fair complexion. When he had noticed the little girl, the Gypsies took her out of sight. So, Mr. Carbutt sent his wife and son to Concordia, Kansas, and gave up his work to search for his lost

⁴⁷ European countries with New World holdings would often deport Gypsies to the Americas. But Gypsies could be any group with a traveling lifestyles who kept to themselves. The Gypsies referred to here were most likely Hungarian or Romanian Gypsies traveling in a regular circuit to provide farm labor during times of planting and harvesting. For more information see <https://www.everyculture.com/multi/Du-Ha/Gypsy-Americans.html>

baby girl. It was like chasing the end of the rainbow to find a pot of gold. Mr. Carbutt would hear a rumor of their location, but when he looked, the Gypsies would have moved on. This game of hide and seek continued for over a year.

"They were about to give up the weary search and go home when they passed a dilapidated shack in Guthrie, Oklahoma when an old woman ran out. She told them about the missing girl and said the Gypsies were camping for a few days in a secluded spot fifteen miles from the city. She gave them directions. They rode hard all day without food or rest until they came to a valley with timber around it. There were five sycamore trees growing from one great big base. Behind those trees was a ravine. They searched for the path and found it at about daybreak.

"The five men rode into camp and surprised the Gypsies. After giving them some reward money, he again had his little girl and the weary search had ended. There was great rejoicing at home when they arrived in sunny old Kansas.⁴⁸"

When I was twelve years of age, I was visiting my Grandma in Kootenai. I became friendly with a little brown eyed girl with straight brown hair. We would often play in a nearby field. The grass was tall and as we danced and sung. She would sing, "The music goes down and around, whoa, whoa." She could really sing and dance well.

One day she asked me to go home with her. We went down a path to a wooded area with tents. As we got there I saw a big black car pull up by one of the tents and a well dressed young man got out. The man looked at us for a moment before going

⁴⁸ End Notes *April 1*

into one of the tents. A lady with a full skirt and a fancy headdress came along carrying an armload of firewood. I had guessed this woman was the little girl's mother as the girl addressed her in some foreign tongue I had never heard before. The woman threw and scattered the wood and was very mad as she spoke. The frightening scene caused me to run as fast as I could back to my grandmother's house. I never saw the little girl again.

April 2,

Dad died on this day at 2:49 p.m., just one day before his birthday. The great blessing was he was free of the pain. Loss seems to be common in our family. I guess it is actually common for everyone.

All paths that have been or should be
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane⁴⁹
All who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden gate
Must kneel alone in darkness there
And battle with some fierce despair
God pity those who cannot say
'Not mine, but Thine' who only pray
'Let this cup pass' and cannot see
The purpose of Gethsemane
- Ella Wheeler Wilcox

⁴⁹ Gethsemane means "olive-press" in Hebrew. The location of Gethsemane is on the Mount of Olives outside the city of Jerusalem. Symbolically Gethsemane means a personal state of anguish and suffering.

April 3,

Today would have been Dad's birthday. He was named after his father's college friend. Dad grew up on a farm and worked from dawn to dusk by doing things like, cutting down sunflowers between the rows of corn, cutting wood, milking cows, and anything else that had to be done. We miss him so much. He is gone. It doesn't seem possible.

Thinking of You by Dorothy Belle

But, today you are gone
When the crocus and the hyacinths bloom in the spring
I think of you
When the roses burst forth in the summer
I think of you
Through the summer's growing greenery
I think of you
When the corn is ripe, and harvest is here
I think of you
Now that you are gone
I think of you
Until we meet in the eternities
I will think of you.

April 4,

More thunderstorms and rain. We had a lot of cute little sayings about the weather when I was growing up. If it got cold, we might have said, "It is so cold my shadow froze to the side of the house

and I had to leave it behind." If it was raining, we might have said, "It is so rainy we might have to jump into the river to keep from drowning." If it was windy, we might say, "The birds will have to start flying backwards to keep the sand out of their eyes," or "It blew the cracks out of the fence and the teeth off the saws."

I'm thankful for a sturdy house that protects me from the elements and for a Heavenly Father that protects us from the storms of life.

April 5,

I planted peas, beets, swiss chard, lettuce, and radishes today. Papa used to plant spinach, which was so delicious. I think it was better than what we have now. One day, Papa went to see about huckleberries and brought back some huge, dark leaves that one of his friends gave him. It was swiss chard. Mamma cooked it up with some ham and potatoes and it was very good. Papa still planted spinach, having a more delicate flavor.

April 6,

I couldn't do much today. I have a tired heart. My dear, will I meet you in the end? Dad's cousin said my fondest dream this way:

Highway's End by Sadie Carbutt

At the end of the highway I will meet you,
In the twilight of evening bliss,

In the flowers' sweet perfume, I will greet you
And press to your lips a sweet kiss.

I will gather you close to my breast, dear,
And whisper the secret that's old;
At the end of our highway I'll meet you
Under the heavens of gold.

April 7,

The crocus, daffodils, and hyacinths are all out together today.
The rhubarb is growing fast.

Gods Gifts

Each little bud that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings

He gives us eyes to see with,
And lips that we might pray.
To thank Him for the pleasure,
He brings to us each day.

April 8,

I am so grateful for the gentle rain that fell on the garden today.
During the Great Depression, the Midwest had very little rain,

producing a snowball effect that made everyone suffer. Dad's cousin Sadie Carbutt wrote:

Old Man Depression, Old Man Depression
You've ruled us long enough!
You've ruined our friends, taken our loans
Your system is all a bluff.
You've taken the warmth from the sunshine
You've laughed in glee at our moans,
Now, Old Man Depression, change your expression
And be on your way, be gone!

April 9,

We buried Dad a week after he died. We had a viewing and then funeral services. The children sang, *Over the Rainbow*⁵⁰. During the Great Depression, this song gave us hope in better days to come. Next, the congregation sang *How Great Thou Art*⁵¹, which was Dad's favorite hymn. We all went to the cemetery where Dad was buried with full military honors. The chaplain spoke a few words. The young Air Force military personnel were very impressive in their pomp and precision. Dad received a 21-gun salute.

Papa always used to say, "Always look forward – never look back." I can hear Mamma say, "Now children, everything will be all

⁵⁰ Composed by Harold Arlen. Lyrics by Yip Harburg. Popularized by Judy Garland.

⁵¹ Written by Carl Boberg

right. There is a reason for everything that happens. Some good will come of this."

April 10,

Back in the late twenties and early thirties our folks, and all the folks I knew, washed their clothes on a board and hand carried their water. We were without most conveniences. It wasn't until 1932, when we moved on the Great Northern Road a quarter-mile from the Swenson's, that I saw people with conveniences.

Papa and I were at the Swenson's back door one day and we heard a machine going. Papa asked Mrs. Swenson, "Is that sound a washing machine?" I imagine Papa wished Mamma could have one. When we moved to The Boat House in Sandpoint, Mamma finally had a sink in her kitchen, and we didn't have to haul water anymore.

It was here, in the Boat House, where we met Mrs. Workman. She was the daughter-in-law of Meredith Workman who was Grandma Sarah Jane's brother. We found out Meredith had settled down and vowed to give up his wayward ways so he could marry the love of his life. But he was gone by the time we found this out.

After World War II, when money and possessions came easier, Mamma and Papa got a new electric washer, kitchen mixer to mix cakes, and a new electrical stove. Mamma didn't think the washing machine did as good of a job as the board and boiling water from the copper boiler, so she would sometimes do it the old way.

In the old days everything was built sturdy and built in a way you could affordably fix them to make them work again if they broke. Now, things are flimsy and you can't fix them. When you can fix them, it is often more expensive than to buy new.

My daughter Anne used to like to help Mamma in the kitchen and said, "Grandma, someday I'll come and stay with you." My sister Shirley Ann said, "Anne reminds me of our mother." Anne would always like to give her Grandma some change for her teapot, which is where Mamma kept her cash stash.

April 11,

I had another vivid dream in the early morning hours before waking up. In the dream, I found myself in a big, long room. Then I spotted Papa coming towards me. He had on a blue work shirt. I said, "Papa!" He was glad to see me, hugged me, and smiled. It made me feel good.

April 12,

Brianne was such a cute baby. I remember when she visited one time, and while they were here, she rolled over on the floor for the first time. My son was so excited. I haven't seen him so excited since he saw Santa Claus at the Library, when he was four years old.

April 13,

My parents spoke up if we wronged each other. When I went over to play with Dorothy Sevier, her brother Leonard ruined our playhouse by tipping over things and throwing them around. My friend Dorothy went to tell her mother. As my friend Dorothy issued her complaint, her mother flared up as she said, "Get out of here and fight your own battles." We were both at a loss to know what to do.

I never went back there again. Mamma would have set my brother straight and he wouldn't have bothered us anymore. My mother was a good disciplinarian and kept us in line. Mamma would explain things to us, and she explained many things. We could discuss things with her, but her word was the final word unless Papa was there and then his word was final. And his final word was usually, "Help your Mommy." They would not back down once it was said and done. They lifted each other up, and our home was secure. Jesus was there.

April 14,

Gracie said when Elby was home on leave, he took her to see their sister Ruby. After the visit with Ruby, he got on a train at Ellensburg, Washington to go to Newport News, Virginia to board the USS Knox⁵² headed for the Pacific theatre.

⁵² (APA-46) A large Bayfield-class attack transport used to land men and equipment on enemy shores.

April 15,

Sheila was born on this date, right after the war in 1948, at 5:45 a.m. at the General Hospital in Pocatello. For a little while, it was just her and me. I loved her so much. Her forehead was caved in with her head coming to a peak. She had reddish blotches on her face caused by forceps. Dad looked like he was in shock when he first saw her, so the doctor told him, "If you would have been through what she went through, you would look rough too. All of that is superficial and will go away." The doctor told me to use a weak solution of boric acid to wash Sheila's face, and the red blotches peeled off like a sunburn.

Her hair was reddish blonde and stuck straight up all over her head. Her hair changed to reddish curls and then back to blonde. She was so sweet. She decided not to open her eyes right away, but when she did, they were a pretty blue. Sheila soon slept through the whole night and did not wake up until 6 a.m. She was so good Dad said, "I could have ten like Sheila." She was a cute baby and a delightful child. Julie Howes saw Sheila and sang, "Baby face. Baby face. You've got the cutest little baby face."⁵³

Clyde's sister came to stay with us, with her daughter Jerry Lu, and helped us out a lot especially when I was in the hospital for five days. When we took our new daughter, Sheila, home, it was bitter cold outside so we got warm winter clothes to take her home in. She looked so cute in her pink knit cap.

When Uncle Walt came to visit, he said, "I think she has the world beat." Grandpa Charles Gabriel said to people, "Sheila has

⁵³ Written in 1926. Music by Harry Akst (1894-1963) with lyrics by Benny Davis (1895-1979).

a personality like Dorothy - bright and always cheerful." When we moved to Idaho Falls, the year Sheila turned six, people would call her "Miss Personality." She had many friends around the block, both young and old. She played with Linda Pierson, Janet Keel, the Melville children, Gayla Thomas, and the Earl children. With them played Chipper, who all the children loved. Chipper thought she was one of the kids. Sheila's best friend was Debbie Rosenthal, who she met when we moved to Idaho Falls. Sheila was a happy child that liked people and we depended on her when we had company. Sheila would socialize with visitors and put them at ease.

Dad would always like to hide Easter eggs for the kids. What fun he had watching the kids look for Easter treats.

My Papa and Mamma would never give many material gifts. They gave of themselves and shared the story and meaning of Jesus with their children. Mamma would surprise us with something made with love. Both Mamma and Papa left us with principles money cannot buy. Their gifts were lessons of self-reliance, honesty, and trust in God.

April 16,

Back in the pioneer days, David and Anna, my grandparents, lived in Iowa. Their children included: Lula, Tom, my mother Flossie, Bill, Rosie, Harvey, Halley, and Anna Fay who we called Aunt Fay. David was a farmer and challenged Tom and Bill to see who could get their chicken's eggs to hatch first.

Uncle Bill left his eggs in the hen house, but Uncle Tom put a nest with his eggs under the front porch. Tom began to ask

questions, "What makes eggs hatch?" Grandma Anna told him, "The mother hen sits on the eggs to keep them warm, and that helps them to grow." Uncle Tom asked Grandpa David, "When will they hatch?" David tells him, "When they grow big enough." Tom thought to himself, "If they get warm enough, they will hatch first because they will grow faster!"

So, he got himself some matches and set fire to his nest. The mother hen ran away, and Tom's mother and brothers and sisters help put out the fire. Tom got a lesson on patience that day.

The raspberry leaves are setting on.

April 17,

In 1934, our family moved down by the lake in Sandpoint. All of us children would catch fish that Mamma would then cook. Mamma wouldn't cook the bullhead fish, so Elby would build a fire on the beach and we would fry the bullheads and roast potatoes for ourselves. That was good eating.

We named our house on the lake "The Boat House" because it looked like a house built on a dock for boats. Its foundation was stilts and it had an open basement. At the time, Papa was working for Mr. Hublein's Grocery to pay for the six dollar a month rent.

Mamma had to learn how to make poor-man foods like tapioca and macaroni. Yes, we did miss the good foods we once had, but Mamma learned to make do with whatever was at hand. We all lived like *Little House on the Prairie*.⁵⁴

⁵⁴ Refers to a series of nine books written by Laura Ingalls Wilder between 1932 and 1943.

April 18,

In 1936, we moved from The Boat House to 1107 Oak. Papa worked for Mr. Buck for groceries and the four dollars a month for rent. At that time, Elby was working as a logger and he would pay me a dime to pull his logging boots off.

There were some interesting people on Oak Street. When we first moved there, we had a neighbor, Mr. Maybe, who seemed like a nice man, but rumor had it he killed a man. After Mr. Maybe left, "The Dane" moved in. The Dane would give Papa his paper when he got through reading it.

April 19,

Grandpa David invented some kind of water system that Uncle Bill told us was still there in the 1950s when he visited Iowa. One day, when my Mamma and her father David went to draw some water for the cattle, David hitched the horses to the windmill and drove them around and round to draw the water. His foot got caught in the mechanism and he yelled "Whoa!" then he fainted. His collie was held by Mamma. The collie wanted to go to David, but Mamma sat down and held the collie tight, tears streaming down her face. The collie broke loose and ran to lick David's face. He came to and released his foot. Mamma was so glad to see her Poppy was all right. They had a good life in Iowa.

April 20,

Mamma used to tell us to always build well. When Papa was building our house, he put in a strong foundation. We are so

thankful for righteous parents that used practical examples to teach us well.

Our Noble Family by Dorothy Belle

We're from noble families, that we know:
The blood of Caesars and Crowns
But what gives us names free of shame?
What name frees us from all the blame?

We follow noble names, heroes of standards high.
We feel they look towards what we will bravely do.
They stood the sternest trials, and we will too.
Though the way be long, we'll not wrong the name.

We'll follow noble examples, rather than stoop to shame.
They were bold and brave; they gave us the truth:
The pride of having a noble and godly name.
And we must keep it in mind; keep it sublime.

We'll carry on the name they gave,
Letting it shine like the monarch's crown.
And as fair as it was when it came to us,
It must be, when we hand it down.

April 21,
One of Mamma's songs she would sing to us went:

Hush, be still as any mouse.
There's a baby in the house.

Not a dolly, not a toy,
But a laughing, crying boy.

He's a darling baby too,
With his eyes so brightly blue,

Curly hair and rosy lips,
Dainty hands and fingertips.

So hush, be still as any mouse.
There's a baby in the house.⁵⁵

April 22,

Once, Elby and some of his friends, decided to skip school and go fishing instead. That afternoon, at about the time he would normally get home, he came with several of the fish he caught. Mamma said, "Where did you get all those fish?" It came out Elby didn't go to school. Mamma spanked him and hung the fish on the side of the house until they had to be thrown out and buried. Mamma would show everyone that came to our house the fish and would say, "It's too bad we can't eat them." Elby never skipped school again.

⁵⁵ The tune to the song "There's a Baby in the House" is the same as "Rock of Ages" written by Augustus Toplady in 1763.

April 23,

You don't remember much when you are so very young, but I remember when Grandma Sarah Jane died, when I was four years old. A year before, she had let me dash the churn on the front porch. It made me feel so important. I remember her caring for Lynville on her lap. I remember her wearing a long blue calico dress and matching sunbonnet with button shoes. Grandma Sarah Jane was so happy when Lynville was born, but three months later she suddenly died.

Grandma Sarah Jane's death certificate stated she died of senility. Apparently, they put this on all old people's death certificates in those days. My brother Elby, who was the family's oldest boy, told me Grandma Sarah Jane was never senile. I remember when she was taking care of Lynville, in 1926. In March of that year, she had a pain in her side and her abdomen hurt. She was in pain for about a month, or so, as our family members cared for her. One day Mamma went over to Aunt Lula's, and then to town to buy some groceries. When Mamma came back home, Papa was standing on the porch and Mamma knew Grandma Sarah Jane had died. Papa said, "Mother's gone." Mamma wished she hadn't gone out that day.

I remember the mortuary putting Grandma in a big long basket and taking her away. They buried her at Lakeside Cemetery. You don't forget something like that.

I was told that when Grandma Sarah Jane was 12 years old in 1860, she saw President Lincoln in a parade or at a train station - I can't remember which. But it was about this time in her life that her mother had died. Her father had remarried, and Sarah Jane

couldn't stand to see her father's second wife using her mother's things, so she left home and moved in with an older sister.

Grandma Sarah Jane could not write or read very well, yet she could recite many passages from the Bible. She liked to sing, sew, and was an excellent knitter. She would card to make her own yarn and had all of the skills of homesteading and homemaking such as cooking, milking cows, and hitching horses. My Mamma used to say that her husband's family was kind and they were good homemakers. Sarah Jane was small with brown eyes and hair. She was gentle, wise, and honest.

April 24,

My friend Suzie Savage's grandfather was a slave owner. Suzie told me many stories about how "Old Jim" would tell stories to the children about his ancestry. One story was about the princess that was captured and brought to America as a slave. Suzie once asked her grandfather, "Doesn't the Negro have a soul?" Her grandfather wouldn't answer her, but she knew in her heart they had souls.

Stephen Foster wrote a very popular song *Old Uncle Ned* that started out, "There was an old nigger⁵⁶..." Papa taught us to never say, "Nigger" but to use the polite "Negro" out of respect for a

⁵⁶ The latin word for "black" was being used as a disparaging word to dehumanize our fellow man since the early part of American history. While deciding to edit the text to say, "The N-word" the thought occurred to me to do so would be the same as to claim that such prejudices were never a part of our history. This would have been a terrible injustice to the truth of the ugliness that is often a part of us. I decided to leave the original wording.

displaced people, like the Israelites in Egypt. We changed the wording of Stephen Foster's song so we could sing the song. Mamma bought us a Negro doll and would sing Stephen Foster's song this way:

There once was an old darky,
And his name was Uncle Ned,
And he died long, long ago.
He had no eyes for to see,
He had no ears for to hear,
He had no teeth for to eat a whole cake,
So he had to let the whole cake be.
Lay down the shovel and the hoe,
Hang up the fiddle and the bow,
There's no more work for poor Uncle Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.
I'm a little darky man all the way from Alabam,
And I ain't a goin' back anymore.
I left them in the night when the moon was shining bright,
And I ain't a going back anymore.

In 1913 when Mamma was 11 years old and lived in Columbus, Kansas, the Negro children stoned her coming home from school. As they were stoning her they were chanting, "We's made from the dust of the earth and you is white." One kindly old Negro man befriended and saved Mamma. Grandma never let my mother walk to and from school alone again. Mamma said this "nice Negro gentleman" would pat her on the head and talk to her.

Mamma, being intuitive about human nature, did not hold any grudges about what happened to her.

Much later, when we lived in Ponderay, a Negro hobo stopped and asked for some food. Papa and Mamma never turned anyone away hungry, so he ate with us. He was the first Negro any of us children ever saw. After he left the house, Mamma asked Daisy if she noticed anything different about that man. Daisy said, "He has big eyes."

April 25,

One day, when I was attending high school, some of us kids went into Buck's grocery store. Uncle Halley was standing there in his faded jeans buying a few small items. He had hitchhiked from Nebraska. He said, "I haven't been to your house yet. I just got into town." He walked home with me to 1107 Oak. That was one time I truly surprised Mamma!

Even though we lived in town, we did not have sidewalks in front of our house. There were sidewalks a block away. When Shirley got some roller skates from Mamma, she would skate in front of the Stewart's house because they had cement sidewalks. Mr. Stewart would always run us off, but his wife never did. Luckily, he was usually at work in the daytime so we could roller skate then. We thought the Stewarts were rich because Mr. Stewart bought a new Buick every year.

During World War II, Clyde and I were stranded in Lincoln, Nebraska as the departing train we needed didn't leave until the next day. I said, "I have an uncle living nearby. I would like to call

him." So, that is what I did. Uncle Halley came to get us and we stayed the night. The next day he took us back to the train station.

April 26,

I have heart pain and tears, so I spent the day on the couch. I guess if we had no wounds, there would be no need of a physician. My daughter Anne said this to me a few years ago, "We all need trials to refine us and help us appreciate what we took for granted."

Proverbs 17:17 makes the statement, "A friend loveth at all times." A friend is one with whom you can be yourself. If you want to talk or be quiet, they are accepting of that. If you are glad they are glad. But it is all right to be sad, too. It is one with whom misunderstandings are forgiven. They help you in times of trouble and speak up for you when someone talks about you. Such a friend was Dorothy Newton. We used to walk a long ways and not say a word, but sometimes we would talk the entire time. If we got hurt or mad we made up. We are still best of friends after more than fifty years.

April 27,

"Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold to the traditions which you have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle" Second Thessalonians 2:15. I sometimes wonder if the traditions and principles I was taught are passed down in this day and age. People lie, cheat, and steal openly and casually – even our leaders. The punishment is very mild if at all, so why should they

do right? You would think most people would have a moral compass, yet it seems easy for people to head off in an immoral direction because their self-interest comes first. The principles my parents taught me are all I have to hang on to. Mainly our parents taught us to love God and Jesus.

I talked with my sister Ruby today. Ruby stayed with Uncle Harvey in the 1940s when he lived in Green Acres, or maybe it was Pullman. Ruby told me of Uncle Harvey's gentle side. Mamma loved all of her brothers and sisters, and of course, we did too. We talked about how brilliant Mamma was at math and how Papa would always study the Bible. Ruby told me Shirley taught her to drive when she visited her while she was living in Vacaville, California.

Dear Jesus, I thank Thee I was placed in my family. I was taught the principles of Your Gospel. If we decided to do wrong, Papa would tell us what the outcome would be. After a few of his predictions coming true, I learned to listen to his wise counsel. Well, not always. But, for those times when I did listen, I am grateful. Amen.

April 28,

I ran into a lady today by the name of Pearl Barker who mentioned she had an ancestor with the last name of Runner from Kentucky. I wondered if we were somehow related. According to Uncle Bill, my Great Grandmother, Mary Runner, was a half-Indian born near Madison, Indiana. Since then, this claim has been disputed and never been proven. She may have been either Shawnee or Cherokee, I am not sure which. I hope to find out

more. According to my mother's cousin Maude, Mary Runner was a small and mild woman.

April 29,

Today I picked up a letter from Gracie including a picture of Lynville's Navy crew on the USS Caravan⁵⁷ - a mine sweeper he was on during World War II. Lynville was the youngest crew member. His job was to clear the mines so the troops could land. It was a very dangerous job.

Lynville wrote songs he would play. One that came true for him was a song he wrote that went something like this, "Her eyes are blue. Her heart is true. The girl I'm going to marry." Lynville sang his way through many trials.

While World War II was going on, Aunt Lula and Uncle Alex, with their three daughters Alice, Gladys, and Ina were living in Port Angeles. My cousins had gone to the coast to work in the Navy shipyards. They worked shifts and kept care of each other's children. My sister Flossie even went there for a time and became a welder. She didn't like working alone with strangers in the belly of the ship, so she eventually returned home.

One day my cousins were down at the docks watching the ships come in. As they were watching the ships and the people, they spotted Lynville coming down the gangplank and they all ran to meet him. The girls ran up to him hugging and kissing him. He told his shipmates, "They're my cousins." They replied in a

⁵⁷ End Notes April 29

sarcastically doubtful tone, "Sure they are. We've heard of a girl in every port, but three? Really!" They all thought it funny.

April 30,

Clear back in the 1930s every penny did count.⁵⁸ We, as children of the 1930s, collected junk such as aluminum, copper, iron, etc., to sell. Little did we know Japan was buying it so they could throw it back at us. The tires on their Japanese war vehicles were Firestones!

On December 10, 1941, Guam was invaded. In a wartime letter, Lynville told me Guam was the only island America owned before the war. Three years after it was invaded, we took it back. Lynville made Coxswain and they were being trained to invade Japan. President Truman most likely saved Lynville's life. Lynville had been to Pearl Harbor, Macaronesia Islands, Marshall Islands, saw fighting at Guam in the Micronesia Islands, Islands of Palau as well as traveling to the Caroline Islands, Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas Islands. But Lynville's scariest time was a typhoon in the Mariannes that lasted six days. He thought he was going to die.

Elby wrote, "Victory! Halsey took the fleet!" referring to Leyte. Elby had already been in seven major battles when he came home for a month in July of 1945. He wished he didn't have to go back, but he guessed he would go and get more ribbons. At this time, my cousin Harold had already lost his life in action and his brother David had been blinded by debris from an exploding

⁵⁸ End Notes *April 30 a.*

mortar round in 1944.⁵⁹ Mamma wrote me saying Elby looked thin and battle worn while Lynville looked plump. When the war was over, the commanding officer wanted Elby to stay in. Elby told them, "I have fought on land. I have fought on the sea. I'm not fighting anymore. I'm going home." Elby parted company from military service in 1946, but Clyde and Lynville signed up for another term of service.

Are we volunteers or draftees? Regardless, I am a soldier of the cross and have made my choice and took a vow of service.

⁵⁹ End Notes *April 30 b.*

Flowers of a New Spring

MAY

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May 1,

It's May Day. We would often make baskets from stiff paper. We would mostly put wildflowers in them, but sometimes we made flowers out of paper. After we filled the baskets with flowers, we would put them on the doorstep of some unsuspecting neighbor. I wish I would have done that for Grandma and Aunt Lula, but they lived four miles away in a house they bought across from Fred Stockman's Service Station.

My fingers are red and swollen around the cuticles. They got so sore and painful that sometimes they would keep me awake at night. I thought it might have been the dishwater and detergent I was using, so I put some gloves on and that really helped. Mamma always used Crystal White or Fels-Naptha bar soap for everything – dishes, cleaning, scrubbing clothes on the board, and so forth.

Every Monday was clothes-washing day. Mamma and Papa never did have a water heater when I lived with them. Mamma would fill the copper boiler and then we would carry it in from the outside. Then, one washing tub was filled with hot water from the stovetop and another tub with warm water. Mamma first scrubbed everything on the board which was then placed in the hot water. We first washed the sheets, then the tea towels, then the light clothes, then the dark clothes, and lastly the overalls.

All of the washing was first soaped and then washed in hot water, then rinsed in warm water, then rung out, and lastly hung up to dry. If the water started cooling down, we would add more hot water that we lifted out of the copper boiler. When all of the clothes were flapping on the line there was satisfaction in a day's work that had been well done. In the winter, the clothes would freeze on the line. We would have to shake off the ice the best we could before we brought the clothes inside to dry the rest of the way. Often someone would bring in frozen clothes, and as a joke, form the frozen clothes to stand as if it were an invisible person wearing them. Washing clothes was a lot of hard work in those days. Now, all I have to do is put my clothes into an automatic washer.

May 2,

When I was six years old, Grandma Day opened up a restaurant in Sandpoint where we lived. Mamma and Aunt Lula took turns working for Grandma Day. When I was a little bit older, I helped out by cleaning up dishes and wiping off the tables. When Mamma worked, Aunt Fay or the Soles' oldest girl looked after us. The meals at the restaurant were excellent, and I never saw Mamma move so fast. Grandma Day cooked good roast beef dinners and they were always busy, so I don't know why she didn't make it. Someone said she gave away too much. Or maybe you get tired of it after a while. I don't know.

One time, after Mamma was through with her shift at the restaurant, we went to an Indian⁶⁰ Pow Wow. The medicine man would dance really close to us, frightening me. The Indians used to camp along Lake Ponderay for several weeks in the summer.

When she was a young lady, Mamma was the head waitress at a hotel restaurant in Dunning, Nebraska when she saw Papa for the second time. Papa did not recognize her, for she was a small girl seven years prior to that, and now she was a young woman. Papa was smitten by this tall Irish girl. She was a good waitress.

May 3,

When I was seventeen, I was going back to Hammond, Indiana to marry James Wells. I had misgivings about the arrangement, so I decided not to go. When I told Mamma, she got on her hat and walked to town with me to turn in the fare James Wells had sent me. Mamma took me right up to the window and helped me turn it in properly, so the money could be returned to James. Mamma helped take such a load off my mind. I was so happy and relieved I wasn't going to get married.

May 4,

What a beautiful day. After I worked around the house from seven to nine this morning, I went out to look at my garden. The

⁶⁰ Most likely from the Coeur d'Alene tribe who held annual Pow-Wows and invited the locals. Other tribes in the area included Kutenai known for their skill in fishing and the Kalispel who were skilled traders and had a form of government like a mayor and city council.

new onions are coming up and a few radishes are starting to show. The cherry tree in the back is in full bloom as well as the pear and apple tree. All of this is so beautiful.

May 5,

Dear Dad, I miss you. The late tulips are starting to bloom. The peas are starting to come up. Another beautiful day, but it is without you. My life is not quite what I expected it to be. My life has never been perfect, but it has been a happy one.

May 6,

After Dad died, I went up to see my brother Elby, who was not doing too well. The last prayer I heard him say was one I have not soon forgotten, "O, Kind and Righteous Father, Grant us Thy mercies. Please be with all our departed. We ask Thee to bless this food and keep us safe from harm. In Jesus's blessed name. Amen." It was not too long after this, he too joined the rest of my family on the other side.

I am troubled by many things. I found out today Darla's boy has cancer. To worry for others, is that a sin? Dear Lord, we have seven cancer victims within our family and we pray for them. Help their suffering and if it be Thy will help them get well. Help me take no worries into tomorrow, for I trust in You and Your plan for all. Be with all those that are ill. Amen.

May 7,

People now want many things and experiences not worth having in the long run. Those same people often don't want those things of great worth in the human experience.

I planted some potatoes and parsnips today. In the 1930s we didn't have much to eat. Mamma used to make a delicious fried parsnip as a meat substitute that she served with mashed potatoes and gravy. We ate a lot of fruit and vegetables during the Great Depression years and seldom had any cake, cookies, or other types of sweets. As a treat, Papa would buy peanuts for us when he went to town. Dear Jesus, I thank You for parents that taught us about many worthwhile things. They taught us God gave us a day of rest so we could rest from our worldly cares, and this got us through a lot of weeks.

Mamma used to sing, "Should I be carried to the cross on a flowery bed of ease?"⁶¹ Jesus, help all of us understand Thy ways, for we lack understanding to know what things are for our good and those things that appear good but are not. May we listen to Thee, who knows all things from the beginning to the end, so we can take the proper actions. Amen.

May 8,

Whenever my sister Daisy called, we talked about things like the cows Papa and Mamma had. There was "Lady" the cow who

⁶¹ Likely a modified line taken from the song *Am I a Soldier of the Cross?* by Isaac Watts (1674-1748) which goes: "Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, while others fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas?"

Grandma Sarah Jane liked to take care of, almost as a pet. Lady was brought from Arkansas. Lady was a brown Jersey with long horns. Papa and Uncle Halley, who was only fourteen at the time, walked our cow Lady to Ponderay. When they stopped at the town's watering trough someone would say, "Hello stranger. Do you want to come to stay with us tonight?" That's the way it was in the 1920s. So, Papa and Uncle Halley always had a place to stay and a barn for Lady.

When I was two years old, Mamma sat me out on a blanket, and Lady came up and took the blanket in her mouth and started thrashing it around. I, of-course, was thrown off the blanket and pretty shook up but was not injured.

Then there was "Daisy," the cow that we had until 1933 before she got into some unsecured barley and bloated herself to death. This was a great loss to our family. At the time, Papa was working at the Humbird Lumber Mill and rode to work with Mr. Swenson. When Mamma saw Papa running down the road from the Swenson's, she knew something was wrong. Never was a cow kept cleaner or more pampered than our cow Daisy. Grandma Anna Day didn't seem as upset as everyone else and said, "That just saved Lynville's life" because she believed Lynville was allergic to cow's milk.

After Daisy the cow died, our neighbors, the Woodards, gave us a milking goat. We named her "Nanny" and we had a lot of fun with her. One time, Nanny saw us play "King of the Hill" and joined in on the fun. Nanny was king most of the time.

When we would come home from school on the bus, there was Nanny waiting on the front porch for us. We would run around to

the back door as fast as we could, but Nanny would almost always beat us there.

May 9,

I have been working on an all-purpose quilt, and I am almost done. It makes me think back to my Mamma. How I miss my mother and wish I could talk to her. I always kept thinking, "Next time." Now she is not here. I still draw from her wisdom, her sense of humor, her perseverance, and her love. I heard Mamma's beautiful singing while she was working, and she always made us fill up with pride from her praises over what we did. I saw how well she took care of her babies.

She even taught us to read and write before we entered school. We could all spell our names and say our ABC's before our first day. She was always waiting at the door for us when we got home from school to greet us and help us correct anything wrong on our school work. Her attitude made us all love school. Mamma knew how to say "No" in a way we could understand, and she would never back down.

Mamma made most of our clothes and quilts. In the winter when our house would get cold, we would suddenly feel the warmth of an extra quilt Mamma put over us. I can remember when Mamma made an all-purpose quilt. She was deciding on which bed needed it the most. Flossie's and my bed was chosen. How wonderful and warm it felt!

As soon as we got in from the cold, she would put her warm arms around us and rub our hands so we would be warm again. Mamma made us feel warm on the inside too and had pet names

for all of us. She called me "Dolley," but Papa called me "Little Whippoorwill." She called Daisy "Queenie." Elby was "Barefoot Boy with Cheeks of Tan." Lynville was "Eyes of Blue." Ruby was called "Darkie" because when she was born, she had dark curly hair. And Shirley was called "Little Princess." My mind doesn't recall the rest of the children's names, but she had names for each and every one of us.

No matter what kind of hard times my folks faced, they could always find something to give – even if it was their time and talents. Dear Jesus, I pray I can give with a willing heart. Amen.

May 10,

I stayed in bed so I could survive the day. Habakkuk 3:19 says, "The Lord God is my strength." We need God's strength when we work or play, when we are ill (sometimes so ill that God carries us entirely), when we sin, when we have children, when someone we love is in trouble – the list is endless. Without God, I could not survive the day. Please be with me O' Lord!

May 11,

It is cold and windy today. I received a copy of my brother Henry's death certificate in the mail today. He was born Henry Ellsworth on May 6, 1927, and died May 10, 1927, of bloody dysentery. We had a house with a long porch, and I remember the tubs of bloody clothes soaking in the tubs on the porch. Mrs. Lang came over to help. She set-up oak chairs along the wall and had us sit and then she brought out Henry for us to hold. He was soft

and cuddly, and I liked to hold him. He had a tiny white face with a shape much like mine. His hair was very fine.

Papa cried when Henry died. The mortician brought a white casket to the house and fixed Henry up. He then brought the casket in Mamma's room where all of us children were lined up. At the funeral we all sang *Precious Jewels*⁶²:

When He cometh,
He cometh to take up His Jewels.
All the bright ones,
All the pure ones,
His loved, and His own.
Like the stars of morning,
His bright stars adoring,
They shall shine in His glory:
His love, and His own.

Mamma grieved the rest of her life for Henry.

May 12,

Grandma Anna Day lived near us for almost twenty years and was very important in our lives. Mamma told me my Grandma Anna Day was born May 12, 1870, in Kansas, but some of the records show it was 1871 and some 1872. They were living in Burr Oak, Kansas when the 1880 census was taken. Anna's brother Noah Charles drowned when he was seventeen years old.

⁶² By William O. Cushing, 1856

David and Anna's first daughter, Ora Laura, died at the age of five from diphtheria. Shortly after, their seven month old daughter Daisy Loretta suddenly developed diarrhea (most likely from cholera) and died the following day putting them into a lingering state of shock.

We used to build a big campfire and we would roast potatoes in it. A lot of the time, we would play around the fire. One of these times, the Pomerinke twins were playing around a campfire and one of them was bumped in or lost her balance and fell in. Mamma went over there everyday to dress her burns. It was a sad day when she finally was overcome by the damage and died.

May 13,

In the 1930s, hobos⁶³ would come through our town on the freight trains and they were willing to work for a meal. Grandma Anna Day would have them chop their firewood for the winter and she would ask them, "How long has it been since you wrote your mother?" – and then she would supply them with paper, pencils, and envelopes and mail the letters for them.

A lot of the hobos were men going from place to place looking for work. Some were professional hobos. I never heard of any hobo in those days committing a crime or making any sort of trouble. The hobos wanted to keep a good name for themselves

⁶³ Hobos were generally thought of as migratory workers prevalent from about 1870 to 1950. Tramps, on the other hand, were wanderers looking for a free handout. These two separate subcultures both caught freight trains for travel and were often confused. Grinnell College offers interesting information on Hobos at <https://haenfler.sites.grinnell.edu/hobos/>

and gain the trust of people so they could ask for food and not have people afraid of them.

May 14,

Mamma was a scholar and loved everything about school. She graduated with the highest grades and scores in the county. One of her teachers said of her, "Flossie is going to amount to something!" My mother looked around her humble home and said laughing, "I sure amounted to something!" As far as I was concerned, she did great things raising her eight children. Every day she would meet us at the door and take us in her arms. She would then look at our work and helped us when we needed it. She helped all of us become better at our schoolwork and would often play pencil games to help us learn.

May 15,

In 1938, I graduated from 8th grade, so Mamma and I went to J. C. Penney's to get some material to make a dress. As we were looking through the material, a sales lady asked if she could help and then told Mamma, "There's a dress on sale upstairs that would fit your daughter." We went up to take a look at it. It was an apricot color lawn dress. It was so beautiful, and it fit perfectly. It was \$1.98. We got it.

May 16,

Today is Ruby's birthday. Ruby had a gift of glorifying the Lord in all she did, even in small ways. In 1951, she read the Bible to my children and knew all of Mamma's favorite passages.

She was born in Parnells Hospital in Sandpoint. She was the only one of the nine children in our home to be born in a hospital. Mamma said she would never go back to a hospital again after that. The nurse would not deliver Ruby and even pushed her back in until the doctor could come. With all of her other births, Mamma was surrounded by grandmothers and sisters that took good care of her. There is no substitute for loving care.

When we went to the hospital to visit Mamma, she was in the waiting room in a long white nightgown and she had her arms held out to us. I ran and hid my eyes in the couch. Mamma must have been hurt, but she didn't say anything. They wouldn't let Papa see the birth. We asked to see the baby, but the hospital staff didn't let us. They had some strange rules and let Ruby cry. Mamma said she would get Ruby all warm and settled and they would come to get Ruby, and she would cry again. Mamma was there seven days, and on the eighth day, she had enough and walked out with Ruby and took an electric dinky home. She was very disappointed with hospital care.

May 17,

Emily Menan by Dorothy Belle

I met Emily.

Her hands are thin and frail,

Her memory comes and goes

Of gardening and raising boys,

Of sadness and of joys.

Mrs. Menan she still knows

Friends, 20 cups of coffee, and pie!

May 18,

The bees are very busy pollinating today. The trees are setting fruit. Once in the springtime, much like this, I visited Pleasant Hill cemetery near Belleville, Kansas where Henry and Margaret are buried. Next was the Fairbury cemetery where Charles and Hattie are buried. Henry's and Margaret's first child, Anna Laura, is buried in Zion's Cemetery in Dallas City, Illinois near where the Foresman's lived.

When he was alive, Charles Gabriel loved to hunt. His last hunting dog "Chipper" was a brown and white springer spaniel. That hunting dog outlasted his master by about four years.

May 19,

Once a young, likable hobo with a long pole and hobo pack came to our house and Papa asked him to stay. Since Mr. Hiblin needed shelter, Papa had Flossie and I move out of a nice shed

we had turned into a playhouse. We watched Mr. Hiblin and his peculiar ways. As he was setting up his housekeeping, he hung a sack containing his pots and pans on a nail. The nail sagged or twisted causing the sack to come off the nail and onto the head of Mr. Hiblin while he happened to be reaching down for an item he had dropped beneath the sack.

When all those pots and pans hit his head, he got so mad that he started to throw those pans, one by one, out the door. We had never seen a fit of temper like that and thought it was funny as if it were slap-stick comedy.

Mr. Hiblin lived there for some time and was Ponderay's very own resident hobo. He went south for the winter and came back every year when the weather turned warm. Ponderay had a hobo encampment where Mr. Hiblin would often go to eat. Mr. Hiblin washed his silverware by rubbing them with dirt before washing them in water from an outside faucet. Mr. Hiblin said dirt was a good abrasive cleaner.

When Mr. Hiblin was fourteen years old, he took his father's silver dollar and buried it in the ground so he could grow a money tree. His father called him a "Foolish Dreamer" and beat him severely. He ran away that very night and never saw his parents, or attempted to make contact with them, ever again.

As far as I knew, Mr. Hiblin was never married, never had any children, and never owned a home. I was six years old when he held Flossie and me on his knee and told us stories. I feel Mr. Hiblin added richness to our lives.

The last time I saw Mr. Hiblin, I was seventeen and I was taking a bus from Aunt Lula's house to the high school. Mr. Hiblin tipped his hat back and looked very thoughtful.

When Elby and Papa went to the hop fields in 1937, Papa was old and wanted to get on the train in Spokane. Elby would not leave his dog Ring, so he caught a freight train with the hobos. He was seventeen at the time. The hobos took care of him until he got to the hop fields to meet Papa.

May 20,

The peas are blooming, and I saw the first strawberry of the season today. Today was the day Dad retired so many years ago. He started planting right away: three rows of Swiss chard, beets and lettuce in the garden one day, and three rows of carrots the next day. Such a beautiful time of year with all the plants growing and the flowers blooming.

Once I traveled to the Dunning, Nebraska cemetery and placed flowers on the graves of David, Anna, Cora, Edger, and Harvey O'Neel, as well as on the grave stone of Flossie May Dent. Edger and Cora worked for Mr. Farney during the 1930s until his store burned down. Cora had beautiful long red hair and would often wait on people as the old timers would sit in old oak chairs and pass the time of day. The new store they built is a little more modern, but I don't think they will have any oak chairs or casual gatherings. They have a coke machine instead. Times do change.

May 21,

Mamma once sent away for a kit to sell perfume and cosmetics. A box finally came and we gathered around Mamma while she

showed us how to put powder on her face. It smelled so good and she was so beautiful showing us how it all went together.

She went out right away to give out samples and sell her products. There were so many things in her box: makeup, creams, lotions, soap, powder, etc. The girls in that era didn't have a lot of makeup—maybe lipstick and nail polish.

Papa was of the opinion only wild women and movie stars wore makeup, so one day the box disappeared and it was never mentioned again. I don't know exactly what happened. It could have been poor sales because housewives didn't wear makeup, as it was an unnecessary expense in hard times. It could have been Papa was against it and explained his concerns.

I often have wondered if I sold Avon cosmetics, after I was married, because of that one moment seeing Mamma leaning over that box so hopeful to sell.

May 22,

I worked on a quilt tonight. It has a lot of brown and red colors, reminding one of a lumber jack's shirt. One time, Papa grubstaked Mr. Hiblin so he could go up to the woods to log. He looked so rugged and handsome in his new boots and red plaid shirt. He lasted a week, but was so jolly when he got back, he could hardly wait to tell us stories. The children were entranced with his tale of running into a bear with one red eye and one green eye. Mr. Hiblin wanted the freedom and adventure of being a hobo rather than the confines of working life.

After we were forced to move out to the Great Northern Road, we saw Mr. Hiblin coming down the road with a long stick with a

bandana tied to the end. He waved to Papa and stopped to talk. He said he had stayed at mission shelter with a soup kitchen, but he felt too confined there so he hit the road again back to Ponderay.

May 23,

Willis, who we called Willie, was our cousin and he was one of Elby's constant companions. One day, I saw Willie's older brother Jefferson, called Jeff, carry Willie to our house. They had been playing with dynamite sticks by the railroad. He was too close when one of them went off. He could have been killed. He was bleeding and Mamma doctored him.

May 24,

One day, Willie showed up with his famous smile at our house when we were living on the Great Northern Road. Willie was willing to go huckleberrying with us. Elby and Willie went flying down the road with their long legs. They got so far ahead of us until they were out of sight. I got worried. When I voiced my concern to Papa he said, "We'll catch up to them." I didn't know how we would ever catch up to them. We kept walking until we came to an apple tree by the road. There Elby and Willie were, lying on the grass eating apples!

May 25,

I walked to the park one more time today. How it has changed since the boys and I used to go about three times a week.

Today is the day my Mamma died. At the time, Mamma was staying with Flossie in Sagle. One day she told Flossie, "I have to go home now." She went back to the house Papa had died in, and in a few short months she was gone too.

At the time, we were making plans to see Mamma over the Memorial Day weekend. I was in the city park, with my two boys, when I heard a voice that told me to go to my Mamma. It was so strong that I immediately went home and called my husband at work. He assured me we would see her in a few days.

That very day, I got a letter from Mamma telling me she would be happy to see us. I put the letter to one side and eased my mind with "I will see Mamma in a few days."

They called me the day she died, but I was out to dinner with Dad. The next day my children told me my Mamma was sick, so I called, but nobody was there to answer. Mamma died on Saturday and we buried her the day before Memorial Day.

I was not strong enough to follow the angel's admonition and to fight for my convictions.

May 26,

The kids came and we went up to the cemetery to Dad's grave. We took flowers with us. When we arrived, we discovered someone else had left flowers as well.

I worked very hard to clean and move furniture into our office. Dad told me I could have my sewing in there, so I was the first one

he shared the office with. Later on, he let the kids come in there to build their blocks and Lincoln Logs. We had many enjoyable days in the office. Dad did much of his work in there and he kept things neat and orderly.

May 27,

Willie told my Aunt Lula, "When I earn enough money, I am going to take you to the movies." My cousin, Willie, was crazy about movies and one day, snuck into a movie theater with another boy and was caught. The theater pressed charges and they brought him in front of the judge. His friend's dad paid a fifty dollar fine to get his son off the hook. Uncle Alex, Willie's dad, only made forty dollars a month and times were lean. Judge Long sent Willie to the St. Anthony Industrial School⁶⁴. I heard Willie was learning tailoring in their sweatshop. St. Anthony Industrial School was a forced work center for juvenile delinquents, under the guise of a school name.

Another friend, George Lutz, was there at the same time and lived to tell about it. George said that St. Anthony Industrial School was anything but saintly, but rather extremely strict and cruel. Willie was sick and tried to get help. That plea for help was interpreted as way to get out of work. As a result, they beat him and threw him into solitary confinement. He died alone in his cell from typhoid fever at the age of sixteen.

⁶⁴ A book on the subject was written in 1980 by Clifford Bryan. It was titled: *The Idaho Industrial Training School: 1903 - 1970 (Idaho Youth Services Center) St. Anthony, Idaho, a new social history investigation*. The book was published by Idaho State University located in Pocatello, Idaho.

There were more boys from Sandpoint in St. Anthony than any other place in Idaho. At one point, St. Anthony was called Sandpoint Central. A respected businessman, Mr. Russell, went door-to-door campaigning to get Judge Long out of office. It was rumored he was receiving a kick-back for every person he sent to St. Anthony.

May 28,

In 1952, we all drove up north to visit my folks. We had driven into town when I spotted Papa walking down the street. I told Dad, "Pull over. There's Papa walking down the road." So Dad pulled over and I asked Papa, "Would you like a ride?" I guess it had been so long since he had seen me and didn't recognize me, so he ignored me and kept walking. I said, "Papa! Don't you recognize me? I'm Dorothy!" He said, "Oh" and then got into the car and we took him the rest of the way home.

May 29,

Uncle Alex used to sing a song to Aunt Lula that went like this:

She looks so neat,
She was so sweet
I couldn't hardly stand.
My heart it did but palpitate
It shook the peanut stand.⁶⁵

⁶⁵ Unknown song. Perhaps a made-up song.

May 30,

When I was in fourth grade, Jaunila Port took me home at noon for lunch. There was no bread, so I asked if they had any. Her mom said, "No." I didn't enjoy the lunch and I was wishing I was back at school with Mamma's good bread and apple jelly.

I don't know why this happened, but when I was eleven in 1934, Mamma and I walked into a restaurant and she asked them if there was any day-old bread we could have. They didn't have any, but the lady had us sit at the counter and gave us each a bowl of oatmeal.

The lady was kind to us and could have told us to go to the bakery to see if they had any day-old bread. Mamma tried to get me to eat the oatmeal, but I didn't really like it very well and besides I had oatmeal for breakfast that morning. I think Mamma must have been embarrassed. Sometimes I was not very thoughtful towards Mamma.

May 31,

Margaret Fagan liked to sit on the porch at night and look up into the stars. She knew the names of all the major constellations and where the planets could be found in the sky. But she had a sense of humor about them as well. Her daughter Enid once asked what made the Milky Way, and Margaret answered, "The angels spilled buckets of milk." She would say things like, "The Big Dipper must have tipped because it's raining" and she would call thunder "The Tater Wagon."

If Margaret would ask, "What did you say?" and they replied, "Nothing," Margaret would say, "How do you say that?" Yes, how do you say, "Nothing?" It was incredible to me someone going through so much in life could still find both wonder and humor. Margaret's daughter Annie Laura was buried in the county cemetery near Dallas City, Illinois. Her husband was working the fields when Margaret came running out crying their little girl had just died.

Margaret Fagan's father, John Fagan, wrote about life in a poem he entitled *Shining Through*:

Life is quite a mixture of sunshine and rain,
Teardrops and laughter,
Some pleasure, some pain.

We can't have all bright days.

But it's certainly true
That there never was a cloud
The sun didn't shine through.

The Planting of Hope

JUNE

June 1,

Karl Berg was my brother-in-law who married Flossie. In the 1920s, he was a professional boxer.⁶⁶ With his earnings, he bought 700 acres of heavy forest around his home. He had two houses, a farmhouse, with land he cultivated, and a house on Lake Ponderay, with a long dock and a boat for the lake. He was climbing up the ladder of success. Days after winning a fight with Cliff Parish in 1928, he took a bad fall. His left wrist was wholly dislocated, along with an associated large artery being completely severed. Consequently, he was forced to resign several scheduled offers. His next event was the main event scheduled in San Francisco, California. He regrettably retired from his fighting career.

He was killed fifty years later when a lady ran a stop sign, without reduction of speed, and broadsided him. The impact completely severed an artery from his heart. He didn't have a chance.

After he and my sister Flossie had both died, their children squandered away what Karl had worked so hard to build. It was one foolish speculation after another. One could only shake their head in disbelief. There is one silver lining to this: People will

⁶⁶ End Notes June 1 a.

often learn wisdom by being foolish. But we must be willing and able to learn from our poor choices, or our mistakes do us no good.

June 2,

Just before the Pocatello Air Base came on-line Dad had a transfer down to Utah. I went home to my family. The mailman stopped one day and said he had three letters, but he didn't recognize the name. I stepped to the door and told him it was me! Clyde had written how much he missed me.

When I joined Clyde in Utah, I got a job at a Provo drug store lunch counter. That job provided me with a free lunch every day while Clyde ate at the base.

June 3,

When Dutch Harbor was attacked, and we had lost about one-hundred civilians and servicemen. At the time, I was doing The National Youth Administration (NYA) training at Pendleton, Oregon. At first, I was assigned to work in the library but I went to headquarters and protested, "I was trained to be a secretary, not a librarian!" So, they put me in the morale office where I met Corporal Clyde. Corporal Clyde and I were running the office. But when I came in for work that day Corporal Clyde was wearing leggings, so I asked him about it.

He said, "Japan bombed Dutch Harbor and we are on alert. I'm ready to go." I didn't want to lose his guidance in the office, so I said, "I don't want you to go!" He looked at me thoughtfully and

then acted all tough like, "I want to go where the action is." But then, he started asking me on dates.

We would walk everywhere and if we walked by farm machinery, he would tell me how they worked. Nothing much sunk in and I never did know about gears, camshafts, and engines and how they all worked together, but he seemed to enjoy telling me about it.

June 4,

Things here are looking okay. Things are not like when Dad was taking care of them, but it's passable. I pulled up some radishes today. To the Israelites a radish was a symbol of their bitterness in bondage. Ephesians 4:31 says, "Let all bitterness be put away from you." At noon, Enid and her friend Jesse came over and we all visited.

June 5,

My daughter, Sheila, is a naturally talented artist that studied under Frank Cavino. Even when she was in grade school, the teacher said Sheila had real talent. Mamma was a natural too. I know my mother was a good artist, and would have been much better had she been formally trained. When I was five years old, Mamma had us pick from a magazine something we wanted her to draw. I chose a collie dog and kept it until we had to move. Papa said art was foolishness but Mamma's artistic ability came out in many ways: her sewing, her different ways of baking, poetry, and song making.

After the Great Depression started, we had some hard times in Kootenai, but Papa always seemed to manage. Other people did what they could as well. Some of those people turned to dishonest means of making a living. It was at this time that many salesmen got the reputation of being con artists, trying to con people out of anything of value. I remember one salesman noticed Papa's gold watch and told him if he put acid on the watch and it turned black, the watch was not gold. Papa let him put a drop of liquid on his watch and when it turned black, he offered a few dollars for the watch and told Papa he would gladly take it off our hands. Papa was not often fooled, so he put the watch back in his pocket and said, "I'll keep it." He had actually found this watch in one of the houses we rented, and Papa carried it with him for the rest of his life. He didn't care if it was gold or not, as long as it worked.

But there was one time when we were taken advantage of. We had to move, and Papa hired a man to transport all our worldly possessions. We had packed most of our household possessions up in a shipping container. However, the shipping container disappeared before it made it to our new location. We lost almost everything, including things that could never be replaced like photographs, family Bibles on both sides containing our family lines in them, and Mamma's drawings. Those were desperate times and some people did things that hurt others. We lost our home, and now all our possessions. Back in those days, common people like us never had, and probably never even heard of, insurance. We just had to start over.

Now-a-days, people worship all sorts of things as if they were idols. In our move to Spokane, we lost all our material

possessions, but we still had each other. That was my first and only experience at being homeless. Three families, in particular, helped us out in major ways and perhaps scores more helped us out in smaller ways. Papa and Mamma had faith and told us God would provide, and He did.

June 6,

I was born at 7 a.m. Mamma was ill the whole pregnancy period with me. Mamma said when I was born, I was all hands, feet, and nose. It usually took days after they were born for my folks to get around to naming their children. At first, Mamma wanted to name me Doris, but then Aunt Lula said, "Why don't you call her Dorothy. It's a prettier name than Doris." So, they decided to name me Dorothy Belle. Papa weighed all of his children. I barely weighed four pounds when I was born, but I made it.

Mamma always baked a cake for our birthday, but we never got any gifts. Mamma had the tradition of telling us the individual story of our birth for our birthday. She made the story into, what seemed to be, some grand event. She did that until we left home. Gifts are often soon forgotten, but I will never forget Mamma telling each of us of the day we were born.

Mamma and Papa gave of themselves—lessons of lasting importance. Papa's first birthday present to me, "You are five years old now, so you can tie your shoes." I kept trying all day long. They kept coming untied, but I finally did it!

When I was six Papa told me I could go to school now. When I was twelve years old and decided to sell the Grit newspaper, he

told me what to say. Later on in the year, I sold Christmas cards⁶⁷ and then helped Elby get new customers for his paper route.

I learned a very valuable lesson once on my birthday. Mamma used to tie our money up in a handkerchief and I used to wonder why. For my birthday one year, Mr. Swenson gave me a quarter when he found out it was my birthday. I clutched that quarter in my hand all the way down the road until I got home but when I looked in my hand, it was gone. I still don't know how I could have lost it, as I thought I had a tight grip on it. It was then I realized Mamma had wisdom in her ways.

During the war, we were stationed at Pocatello Air Base when we found out the Allies had landed in France. At the time, we were both happily raising our baby girl, Anne. At the time, Grandpa Charles Gabriel worked on the railroad and was working the swing shift. During the day, he would play with Anne and a bond was set between them.

June 7,

Psalms 19:12 pleads to God, "Cleanse thou me of my secret faults." If I work to correct one fault, it seems like I pick up a few more. We try to present our best to the world while hiding our inner disorder. I end up feeling what I dwell on. Angry feelings get stuck in some closet of the mind where they accumulate like hidden trash, only to come out at the most awkward time. I pretend I am jim-dandy when I know I'm not. I am alone, and a part of me has been ripped from my life. But, what can anyone do

⁶⁷ End Notes June 6

about it? Can they bring my husband back? Can they make me feel whole again? The Bible says, "The two shall become as one," and now, the one is but one-half. This hopeless complaining only increases my pain because I find myself reliving what I am complaining about.

June 8,

The last time I saw Papa, he told me, "I learn something new every day." Papa studied his Bible every morning and every night. As far as I know, Papa loved inspecting the New Testament. Mamma on the other hand, would refer to the Old Testament. She would tell us about David, Jacob, Moses - she brought the characters to life and we learned to love the stories of the Old Testament.

June 9,

One day in Iowa, in 1910, Grandma Anna Pickering Puckett (Day) took her children to town. Her youngest boys, Harvey and Halley, splattered mud on two ladies' dresses. They screeched saying they would never get them clean again. Anna told them she could get them clean. They sent the clothes with Grandma Day and those clothes came back to them all cleaned. Impressed, they both asked grandma if she would be willing to do all of their washing. Grandma was ambitious and took the job. Mamma was

only about eight at the time but was big enough to help iron the crinolines⁶⁸ and other things.

June 10,

Grandma Anna Day went where help was needed. She was the first one there – sometimes against the tide and pride. She took in so many people and never turned anyone away. When she got a call saying Hal was desperately ill in Nebraska, she went to him. She used to say, "Can't never did anything."

She had Uncle Halley's rope, which she strung up by the stove so the clothes could get dry during the winter months. She would say, "This is Hal's rope. I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."

June 11,

My daughter, Anne, was born this day in 1944 at 10 a.m. at Saint Anthony hospital.⁶⁹ I don't know how Mamma knew when baby Anne was born, but I got a compassionate letter written on her day of birth.

⁶⁸ A stiff underskirt used as a dress lining.

⁶⁹ End Notes *June 11*

After being in labor all day, they gave me something called *Twilight Sleep*⁷⁰ which made me insane and so sick I was vomiting. I fought the nurses and doctors so much that they spoke to me roughly and put my wrists in restraints. Dad got to see our daughter Anne right away, but I was so sleepy from the drug I was knocked out until about five p.m.

Years later, I saw an article in *Good Housekeeping*⁷¹ that told stories of babies who died when the mother had been put on *Twilight Sleep*. Vomiting it up most likely saved my daughter Anne's life.

Dad said I was awake and talking to people he had never even heard of. I didn't remember a thing going on around me until after five p.m. when I was completely awake. After I had gained my mind back, the nurse brought our baby girl in. She was asleep and content. She had a little round face with lots of dark hair. The nurse came in with some papers and asked me what her name would be. I said, "Anne Louise" and that is what went on the birth certificate. I didn't think of a name beforehand and I didn't discuss the subject with Clyde, but when I saw her, I felt that should be her name.

⁷⁰ Twilight sleep was a mixture of scopolamine and morphine which had to be administered precisely or the overdose risk was high. During this time of use, there were too many untrained nurses administering this drug creating many health problems. For more information on Twilight Sleep see Arizona State University article <https://embryo.asu.edu/pages/twilight-sleep>

⁷¹ More likely the May 1958 *Ladies Home Journal* exposé titled "Cruelty in Maternity Wards"

After the birth, I had a fever that climbed in temperature and I was in much pain. They said I had an appendicitis attack and loaded my body up with sulfa-antibiotics, which somehow triggered phlebitis in my left leg. I sent for Mamma. What was I thinking? Mamma still had two young girls at home she had to take care of. Instead of coming herself, Mamma sent my younger sister Flossie. She was only nineteen at the time, but she took good care of us and I was glad to have her around.

Anne was a fat little butterball at eight pounds five ounces, but soon became such a tiny little girl. Dad was extremely proud and I was so happy and thought she was the cutest baby ever. She was so gentle. She could walk so softly and almost get up to a bird. She was smart and would copy words from magazines long before she was taught to read.

At 7 years old, Anne would love to play office. Her office name was Doral Macinchte. When she was in 8th grade, she put together an art book where she did colored companion paintings for well-known paintings. I remember one of them that reminded me of Anne called "Pinky." Anne described it as such, "A companion picture for 'Blue Boy.' This shows a little girl posing for a picture, as the wind starts to blow her bonnet and ribbons. The sky shows it will storm soon. But this doesn't bother 'Pinky.' 'Pinky' has her ups and downs, but she is never really down." Anne was a very good student in school.

June 12,

Psalms 55:22 says, "Cast your burden upon the Lord." A story Mamma used to tell us about Abraham Lincoln went like this, "A

family lived back in the hills and the father would get drunk and beat on his family. The little girl cried and asked the mother 'why?' The mother said, 'God will help us.' One day Abraham Lincoln came upon a beating scene. He put the father in a barrel and rolled him down the hill into the creek. The little girls said, 'God came, and he has the longest legs.'" God does send people to help us, but we need to listen and be ready to receive. A closed hand cannot receive.

June 13,

It's hard as humans to put our lives in His hands. We think we know how to solve our own problems and we make a mess of things. Whenever my prayers are answered, I am both surprised and pleased. Things are done in God's own time and in His own way.

When Sheila was a little girl, she contracted nephritis, followed by repeated strep throat and kidney infections. Papa wrote a short letter to me asking how she was. I was so busy taking care of her and the rest of the family at the time, I didn't even think much about the letter Papa sent me. But now, I realize he was fervently praying for her - Mamma too. It was such a serious disease and they announced deaths from nephritis in the news off and on. She did get well and now has a girl of her own.

June 14,

Flag Day today. When I was six years old, Papa gave all the kids a flag and encouraged us to march in the parade. Papa was devoted to God, his family, and his country.

I did some washing today and cleaned up the basement. It is nice and cool down there and sure beats working in the hot sun. The flowers are all in bloom. Roses, cosmos, poppies, and petunias are in their full glory today. The garden is looking good, too.

June 15,

Back in Kansas, my in-laws fought dust-storms and grasshoppers. The grasshoppers invaded in 1932. By 1933, the red dust from Texas and Oklahoma started blowing in. In 1934, the dust storms started in earnest, for there was no rain. All the ponds and rivers dried up, so there was no water for the cattle or for the crops. The crops dried up and my father-in-law was forced to sell all his cattle to the government for five dollars a head and lost over \$6000.00 out of pocket from the cattle deal. The average American income at the time was a little over \$3000.00 a year, so the more than \$6000.00 he lost, was a great deal of money. They had success with growing some potatoes and owning chickens and were making it by selling eggs and chickens. The eggs could also be traded for groceries, coming in very handy. But then, the chickens contracted Infectious Coryza and were wiped out. Shortly after that, my father-in-law lost his farm. My future husband, Clyde, went to live at his grandparents' house. Clyde stayed there for seven years.

My father-in-law was able to find work at the Kansas port of entry in Belleville, but in 1937 my mother-in-law died suddenly at the age of forty-two, perhaps, from a broken heart. I never got to meet her. Dad was always sure she worried herself to death.

When I was in grade school, we got some students from Kansas. We were having hard times, but they thought how wonderful it was we had water.

June 16,

The apples, pears, and cherries are all setting on. The garden is starting to produce. This is really good growing weather. Mamma used to tell me of one day in Iowa when she was seven years old, a late spring cyclone made a mess of everything. She said, "We were only on the edges of the cyclone, but it blew boards and chicken coops and everything else loose, all over the place. I was outside in the yard when I first noticed it. I ran inside. I could see through the window as it ripped off a canvas from a nearby haystack and carried it over our stables far, far away. The haystack was anchored down and had rocks on the canvas to try and prevent the wind from catching it, but it was to no avail."

June 17,

Mamma had a nervous breakdown because she was such an emotional person. She was about twenty-six at the time of her breakdown. Years later I talked to her about it and she told me, "I didn't have Grandma Sarah Jane anymore." There was so much

going on, and with support gone, it became the straw that broke the camel's back.

June 18,

Mamma's father, David, taught Mamma all about farming, horses, how corn cob could be used as fuel, and even how to crochet when Mamma was six years old. Papa's father, Allen, taught his children to read, write, do math and other types of school lessons as well as how to shoe horses, tan leather, make shoe strings, work lumber, and about building structures. Allen had homeschooled Papa enough that Papa could recite any date of any major event in history. Allen had some schooling before he became a Civil War soldier and people came from miles around to get him to read a letter. Every night, Allen would get down the Bible and read it to his children. Papa picked up the habit and spoke aloud its sacred words every night to his children.

Allen belonged to the Elks Lodge and also liked to take his children on walks down to the Big Sandy River, talking to one child at a time. Allen liked hearing his children's ideas.

June 19,

Mamma's father David was born in Indiana. When David was young, he married a second cousin named Elizabeth Moore. They had one child together, Nora. Nora grew up married and had two children of her own, Cecilia and Jackie. David took some supplies, by covered wagon, to Kansas approximately where my husband's family lived at the time. According to Dad's cousin, Grace, around

the same time frame, Dad's Grandpa Henry was taking his wagon out to pick up supplies from Iowa. Was this a coincidence? Did they meet?

On the return trip back to Iowa, David picked up buffalo bones to sell after he got home. The farmers would grind them up to add calcium to their soil. When he returned he discovered his young bride had died and his in-laws had taken their daughter as their own.

After he married Anna, he would often hire himself out to other farmers during planting or harvest. He owned the best teams, often paying a \$100.00 for one horse. He was in high demand and would get up at four a.m. and work all day long. Mr. Ford said, "Dave is a good worker. He gets here every morning at four O'clock, but his boys are lazy. They don't start until six." David also had a milk route where he picked up the big cans of milk to take to the creamery. He also made furniture. Dave worked all the time. And, when threshing time arrived, he put all the children to work as well.

In the 1890s, at the time he married Anna, he was making around \$1,200.00 a year. The average income for families in those days was around \$450.00 a year. When they got married, David gave Anna \$50.00 to set up housekeeping, a grand sum in that day and age.

June 20,

Every situation will last as long as it lasts, and I know I won't be forever like this. Dad can't help me anymore so it's harder on me to watch children, such as my grandchildren. Death is no

respector of persons. None of us can be sure of anything. I was sure we would die together, or not too far apart, but it has been years now. Every moment I exist, I am stepping into the unknown, unsure of what the day holds. I have to accept what comes and be patient in the Lord's timing.

June 21,

This is the first day of summer and it is a beautiful day. When I was growing up, we had to learn how to share.

One summer, Mamma and Papa let me go to Bible school held at the Farmin School. I enjoyed it very much and we also did craft projects. I made a tissue paper pillow with rose petals and it was really pretty. They had a craft show at night and many parents were there, but mine didn't come. I never went to Bible school again.

June 22,

When I was about five years old, Mr. Harriman started to hold a community church in the schoolhouse and called it "Church of God." One evening, he came to our house with his guitar and sang "Someday I'll sing with the angels; I'll learn to play a harp of gold." I went to Sunday school there once. I brought a printed page home to show Mamma and Papa. We never went again. I don't know why.

June 23,

Grandma Sarah Jane died on this date in 1926 at the age of 78 and was buried in Sandpoint. What a strength Sarah Jane was to our family. She was always busy sewing, knitting, and gardening. She would often hitch up a one-horse buggy and drive across Long Wagon Bridge to trade hand-churned butter and eggs for groceries.

Sarah Jane had no formal schooling but had much wisdom. She was even-tempered and gentle with the children. She was a very matter-of-fact type person. Sarah Jane's favorite phrase was, "A house is built with sticks and stones and is soon gone; but character lasts a thousand years through those we have loved," which was taken from what Victor Hugo once said. Much of this marvelous life is a test of character and we owe our character to the ones who helped develop us. I will never forget the big loss of Grandma Sarah Jane's death at such a young age, or the example Grandma Sarah Jane set for me.

June 24,

When Mamma told us, "Maybe things will work out better than we expect," she was planting seeds of faith, helping us go bravely out into the world.

When we were living in Post Falls, Elby and Lynville went swimming. Lynville became caught in a swift current that took him towards the falls. Elby swam to get him and he had to fight upstream to save Lynville, but they both made it. Elby was willing to save Lynville, or both go down.

Papa and Mamma's teachings brought us through many dangerous waters and helped us withstand strong currents. Grandma Day used to say, "Troubled waters make for strong bridges." Thank you, Jesus, for good grandparents and parents.

June 25,

I'm watering the parkway. The Sweet Williams are blooming. The roses are blooming. My yard is only an average size for the neighborhood, but I water, water, water.

June 26,

Mamma told me, "Be thankful for the little things." In this storm filled universe, we are small, and the things we accomplish are small, but here Jesus is! He loves the small and simple things, He loves us, and loves it when we appreciate the small things.

I Love These Small and Simple Things:

Small meals eaten with satisfaction,
Small talk that lends to little stories,
Small children with their small joys,
Small pebbles and flowers, bright and beautiful,
Small victories and accomplishments,
And small prayers that get me through the day.

June 27,

Mamma taught us honesty. I came home one time with a pretty blue marble. Mamma found out I had stolen it from my cousin Rose. Mamma walked me across the field to Aunt Lula's house and had me return the marble and then had me apologize to Rose. My Aunt Lula could see I was embarrassed and said, "Now Flossie, things are going to be all right." Aunt Lula told me she still loved me and put the incident in the category of "a mistake" rather than a crime. Things that didn't belong to me were never such a temptation after this.

June 28,

Papa started by saying, "My name should have been Canterbury. I carry the family name of a grandmother's line, not my grandfather's." The story Papa told of his family history began from lustful sin as follows:

Jedithen was a young, adventurous man who would soon be involved in the Revolutionary War. Jedithen Canterbury and a beautiful girl, met in 1774. This girl, being enamored by his charms, became pregnant and soon had a son named William. He was born in Franklin City, Virginia. William had three younger half-brothers by the names of Nimrod Charles, Benjamin Franklin, and Rueben C. Canterbury.

The girl was bonded to Jedithen Canterbury for seven years but died, for some reason, before the time that was set for her to be let go to freedom. At that time, when William was still under-aged, he was bonded to a man by the name of Mr. George Taylor, as an orphan. William inherited the name of his mother, but not of

his father. The papers from Franklin County, Virginia, in August of 1789 stated, "Order that the overseers of the poor, do bind William Bocock, an orphan child, to George Taylor."

William received an inheritance, from his biological father, at the age of 21, some land and a bond setting William up as a constable. Later William married and became a missionary and a preacher. One of his son's, Elijah, transmitted the stories of the Bible to his children, one of which was Allen. Allen taught the stories of the Bible to his children, one of which was my Papa.

I could tell my Papa was ashamed he carried a woman's name, a scarlet letter.

June 29,

I picked some cherries today to make a pie. Dad used to always help me pick and pit them, but now it is just me. It makes for quite a long day. I also got some fruit leather, out in the sun to dry. I don't know what it is, but the taste of the sun-dried fruit leather always tastes better than the fruit leather made with the dehydrator. After I made some sandwiches for lunch, I took a short nap under the cherry tree and then planted some bush beans in the evening. How blessed I am to have trees.

June 30,

The garden is looking good. It thundered today, but there was no rain. When I would visit Aunt Mary and Uncle Jim in Virginia, it seemed like it rained a lot. On such rainy days Uncle Jim would play his fiddle. He made his own fiddles and he could really get it

strumming. My Aunt Fay was so young and fun loving and always had a cheerful disposition. But my favorite aunt was Aunt Lula. Aunt Lula had us children over for lunch one day while Papa was at work. Lula's son teased us to no end. He got out his pocketknife and said, "Which one shall I cut off their ears?" Aunt Lula would say, "Now, Jeff!" I couldn't eat a bite because I was so terrified.

Celebration of What May Be

JULY

July 1,

This was the day Elby died at 4 p.m. Elby worked all of his life, except for the first three years. At three, he started to carry wood for Mamma. Then, he would pump and haul water into the house. He was always helping Papa.

When I was 16 years old, I worked at the Gresham Strawberry Farm picking berries. After that harvest, I became employed at Patrick's Cafe, later known as Pastime Cafe, washing dishes for six dollars a week. I liked making suds and swishing the dishes through the rinse. I think of how Mamma would have thought it a luxury to have a double sink with hot and cold running water. In Ponderay, we had a faucet outside. We would carry the water in and heat it on the stove, and fix one sudsy dishpan and one with rinse water. I was taught to find peace in doing the mundane. Mamma taught us to love doing dishes. One washed, one rinsed, one dried, and one put away the dishes. After we did dishes, we got to color and draw by lamplight until it was time for Papa to read the Bible. After Papa taught from the Bible and we sang a hymn from our songbook, Papa would wind up the clock sitting on the shelf. He went through this same routine every day at the same time.

After about six weeks, at the strawberry farm, Papa and Mamma went to Aunt Mary's in Greenacres to pick beans and tomatoes for

ten cents a pail. Papa came to the cafe where I worked and told Mr. Dave Patrick that he would bring me back in one week. But I ended up working the rest of the summer in Greenacres near Spokane, 75 miles away. While we were there, we stayed with Aunt Mary. I was glad I got to know Aunt Mary better. She raised lovely girls and two boys. When Aunt Mary would pray, she always said, "O'Lord, be not far from me."

On my last day of work at Patrick's Cafe, Lynville came to pick me up. Papa had given him money for the both of us to take the bus, but Lynville bought oranges with some of the money instead of getting bus tickets. We were now going to walk the whole way. Why we did such crazy things I don't know. When we crossed the bridge to get onto the highway, a man driving truck for Libby's fruits and vegetables pulled over and gave us a ride to Greenacres. He wasn't supposed to pick up hitchhikers, but he did anyway. As soon as he dropped us off at Greenacres, Lynville bought a gallon of ice cream and we sat on a ditch bank and ate the whole thing! We never did tell our folks what we did or how we got there.

When summer was over, I took my share of the money and bought school clothes. I was out on the town with my two cousins, Margie (Aunt Mary's girl) and Rosa May (Aunt Lula's girl). I went back to high school and worked as part of The National Youth Administration (NYA) in the school's office. This was part of FDR's New Deal and I soon figured out I liked office work a lot better than working in the fields or in a cafe.

During my senior year, I was working as a nanny tending the McKee children and moved with them to Hermiston, where I graduated from high school. At the time, I was hoping to earn

enough money to attend Lewiston State Normal School⁷² and become a school teacher.⁷³ Once I left with the McKees, I never really went home again. However, Papa's down-to-earth ways and sound advice went with me.

After the war⁷⁴ broke out, I continued my association with NYA and went to work for the Army Air Corps as a stenographer in Pendleton, Oregon where I met the most wonderful people: Anna Peterson, Bebe Shepard, Mary Margaret, and Loretta, to name a few. I was assigned to work with Corporal Clyde in the Morale Office. Corporal Clyde and I had several show dates and we walked everywhere.

At the time, Pendleton was a country town, and so one day we had stopped by a brook and talked and talked. Finally, Corporal Clyde said, "Let's get married!" I said, "OK, but first I am going home for July 4." When I got home, I told everyone the news. Mamma was visibly upset, but I found I could hardly wait to get back to Pendleton. Clyde was soon made Sergeant and we married there in Pendleton. In a short while, Sergeant Clyde was transferred to the Pocatello Air Base.

I got a job at Headquarters, but Sergeant Clyde sent a request that I be transferred to his office in Special Services where I worked for Captain Matt Davidson, who was later promoted to Major.

I got an apartment at 605 South Garfield with Mrs. McCabe. Mrs. McCabe was a seamstress for CC Anderson's and she would

⁷² End Notes *July 1 a.*

⁷³ End Notes *July 1 b.*

⁷⁴ World War II

let me use her sewing machine. When Clyde came, Mrs. McCade said, "I didn't know you had a husband, or I wouldn't have rented to you. I rent to girls only." But, after a bit, Mrs. McCabe got to liking Sergeant Clyde so much that she started bringing homemade bread, rice pudding, and so forth. They became friends for life. That is the way Sergeant Clyde was, and that is why I married him.

After we had our baby girl Anne, Sergeant Clyde became Dad, and I didn't go back to work until after the war. I worked at a Gallenkamps shoe store in Pocatello for a short time until Dad could find steady employment.

The last time I saw Mrs. McCabe she was almost 100 years old and she said, "How is that little baby I used to bounce on my knee?" I told her Anne was married and had seven children of her own. She wondered where the time went.

After the war, we had some good fishing, camping, and hunting trips.⁷⁵ We were close to Yellowstone so we visited there often. After the big earthquake there in 1959, the Old Faithful geyser was not as spectacular. When we visited my folks, we went huckleberrying and went out in the boat to fish. Nobody could cook fish like Mamma and we would have a feast.

July 2,

Aunt Merna died on this day. She was a dear person. I am so grateful I knew her. She always thought the best of everyone. The last time I saw her she said to me, "No one ever told me about

⁷⁵ End Notes *July 1 c.*

Jake and Flossie's death." Aunt Merna was a caring, sensitive, and humble person. When she died, we bought her flowers and I decided to sign the card, "The children of Flossie May: Elby, Dorothy, Flossie, Lynville, Ruby and Gracie." The oldest and the youngest of us had died already, so I left their names off the card. Now, there is not even that many – there is Gracie, Ruby, and myself. I am the oldest of the three.

It was very hot today. The water evaporated almost as fast as it hit the dirt. Later on in the day, my son put a foundling bat up in a tree so it could fly off.

July 3,

Papa helped Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary start a "True Followers of Christ" church in 1935. We went to Spokane because Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary said there were believers there. Papa baptized them in the Spokane River. I can never forget going to their meetings with Sister Bailey—the singing, preaching, and prayers. The True Followers of Christ sang a lot.

After we moved our things to the Little Red House, Papa went to Port Angeles with high hopes of baptisms for the Lord. He also went with David and Margie to Oklahoma on the same quest.

Papa and Uncle Alex held meetings for the "True Followers of Christ" in Kansas, Nebraska, and Montana. Later, Uncle Alex moved to the coast and joined the "Church of the Firstborn." Another of the churches Papa helped start is called "Church of the Newborn," and some have kept the name of "True Followers of Christ," but all of them call their religion "The Faith."

When Elby became a preacher, he told me that when he registered his church, the US Government would not accept the name of "True Followers of Christ" because every church claims to be true followers of Christ. So, he changed the name to Church of the Newborn.

Originally Papa's family were Baptists when they lived in Kentucky, but when they moved to Heber Springs, Arkansas, Papa joined the "True Followers of Christ." Brother Follower was still writing Papa when I left home. Brother Follower was a doctor and gave up his practice after he joined the faith. Papa said he was in poor health and would not have lived if he had not been healed and joined "The Faith."

Papa and Mamma helped heal me when I was five years old through prayers of faith. I had infantile paralysis, which they now call polio, and I could not walk. I even had to be turned over in bed as I was very sick. After their prayers of faith, Elby urged me to run to the end of our lane. I hurt so bad, but I did it. And then it hurt so bad when I climbed over the pole fence, but I did that too. I felt like a gnarled 90-year-old. I still would climb on the rocks on my own so I could watch lizards. Then Papa and I walked over to Aunt Lula's. I mentioned the pain to Papa, who said, "You'll be all right in the morning." I was, and never had another stiff joint or pain. Papa's faith in the Lord carried us through many illnesses and difficulties.

July 4,

We always had orange Jell-O on July 4, and apple-cabbage salad on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Sandpoint really knew how

to celebrate July 4! The festivities began with a bang-up parade with a band. Then, they had all sorts of contests: log rolling, log sawing races (which Elby entered when he was a lumberjack), foot races, community picnic, and all sorts of booths including one that gave away free ice cream.

Our family has long tradition of supporting the freedom of our country, starting with Mamma's third cousin, six times removed. Timothy Pickering impressed George Washington to the point that Tim was appointed the Secretary of State. Tim's grandson, Charles, had Pickering Hall named after him, at Ohio University.

July 5,

My son weeded Dad's flower bed and brought me a bouquet of roses and cosmos flowers. Dad used to love all the beauty of the flowers, especially those in his rose bed. Who and what we loved defines us and shapes what we become.

July 6,

What a trying time. Once a blind preacher came to Ponderay and our whole family went to church to hear him preach. He told of how he crossed the United States carrying his Bible and his cane, and how he was protected from all harm.

Then we sang a lot of songs, and after one song he pointed our way and said he heard the little children singing and asked if we would come up front to sing a song. We went up, and many more

children came up, and we sang *Old Rugged Cross*⁷⁶. I don't know how the song was decided on – everything was more spontaneous in those days. At the end of the service, Daisy went up front and sang a solo, *The Prodigal Son*.⁷⁷

When we walked home, I was between Mamma and Papa holding their hands and was so happy and secure. Mamma said to Papa, "I think he gave a good sermon." Papa said, "Umhum" and very little else. I got the feeling Mamma would have liked to go again, but we didn't.

July 7,

Papa had the kindest, most understanding heart of anyone I ever knew. Reading the Bible is like reading letters from home. The Bible tells us of God's love and concern for us. Papa and Mamma taught the Bible to us and lived by example, to give us a life of understanding. They gave us their time, encouragement, and understanding. We didn't have a lot of money, but we had a good quality life.

We would always go to Cocolalla to barn-dance, when we could get a ride. The sign above the door read "No Logging Boots," as they would scratch the wooden floor. We sat on hay bales, but we mostly danced. If we wanted refreshments, we walked over to the service station where they had tables set up for soda-pop and hamburgers. There was always a fight outside – as

⁷⁶ Written in 1912 by George Bennard (1873-1958).

⁷⁷ Lyrics by Thomas Obediah Chisholm (1866-1960) and music by George Coles Stebbins (1846-1945).

in the old west – and nobody interfered. So, if you got bored of watching people dancing, you could go outside to watch a different type of dance.

July 8,

Daisy and our cousin Rosa May were singing *In the Daytime*⁷⁸ and Mamma told them, "You know Papa doesn't like those 'Holy Roller' songs." So, I became aware, that some religions were acceptable in our house and others were not.

I was once living in Hermiston, Oregon, and a girl invited me to the Brethren Church. They wailed at the altar and I saw a little boy turn white and go into a trance at the altar. I knew God would not do what I was seeing, so it scared me. I no longer had anything to do with the Brethren Church—it wasn't for me.

July 9,

Dad's brother, Charles Dee, had polio and had to first crawl and learn to walk again. We lived in constant fear of polio and I took out a polio policy in about 1950, with the newspaper. They collected the insurance premiums at the same time as the paper payments. Our friends Marvin and Pauline's boy, Raymond, came

⁷⁸ Most likely "Jesus Gives Me a Song" which starts out with the words, "Songs in the daytime..." "Jesus Gives Me a Song" was published in 1937 by Reverend Homer W. Grimes who was a popular evangelist and composer living in San Diego, California at the time. He was born in 1895 and was best known for his hymn, "What Shall I Give Thee, Master?"

down with polio first and our girls came down with it seven days later. That morning the girls were vomiting together.

They had chills and a fever the following night. Anne shook so hard she was shaking her bed. Dad brought her to bed with us and held her all night long. The next morning Anne seemed better, but Sheila became paralyzed, so we called a doctor that made house calls. The doctor took us to the hospital where he did a spinal, confirming they had polio. Sheila was placed in isolation and jerked so badly she found it impossible to get any rest, so I laid my body across her body to keep her from jerking so much.

After the sickness passed, Anne was in good condition but Sheila, age three, had one bad hip and had to have therapy with Doctor Sutton. Dad got Sheila a scooter so she could have her hip exercised when she rode it. I was so thankful we had polio insurance and I was grateful there were no major complications for our girls from such a dreaded disease. People didn't always have serious issues with polio, but some were paralyzed and others had to be put in iron lungs so they could breathe.

Mamma thought cats were carriers of polio, and so we were never allowed to have house cats, even though we had feral cats living outside. Our family used "The Sister Kinney Method" to treat polio. Sister Kinney was an Australian outback nurse that knew nothing of modern hospital methods. "The Sister Kinney Method" involved soaking wool packs in hot water, wringing them out and then applying it to the affected areas in addition to exercising the affected areas. If my mother would have relied on hospital methods rather than "The Sister Kinney Method," we may have never gotten well.

July 10,

The Battle of Gela, on the Island of Sicily, was Elby's first battle. This is what he wrote to me in a letter dated November 25, 1943. "I could write a whole book on what I did while I was in the Mediterranean. We landed the first assault troops at Sicily and Italy. I was the Coxswain of a thirty-six foot landing boat of the first wave at Gela, Sicily. I never did see a more beautiful sunrise."

On that day friendly fire took down twenty-three of our own planes. War is a crazy thing. It took 38 days to chase the Germans across the Strait of Messina. The Germans had better equipment and so many of them escaped to the mainland where they continued to fight. The Sicilians at Gela were glad to see the allies. It was in Salerno, Italy where Elby rescued a wounded German soldier from drowning, before taking him, prisoner. The soldier told Elby, "Danke-Shön" and tried to say, "Thank you" in English because he was glad to be out of the war and still alive.

July 11,

Happy Anniversary, Dad. When Dad and I decided we were going to get married, Joseph Lepo, Henry Fleishman, and Al DeMaio decided to have a Yugoslavian lamb barbecue as part of the wedding festivities. They built a pit and cooked lamb in it for a good part of the day. Convoy trucks carried the wedding party into the Blue Hills near Reith, Oregon. The wedding ceremony was performed by Chaplain Charles M. Buck who had everyone form a ring around us while he performed the ceremony. Corporal Joseph Barile sang a solo. Guests included the mayor of

Pendleton, Buck Lievallen and his wife, the National Youth Administration (NYA) instructor Gladys Kelty, 25 NYA young women, Mrs. Frances Palmer the director of the Red Cross, her assistant Miss Pat Wold, other members of the Red Cross, and many others. We had a big night of singing, dancing, festivities, and chatter in the light of a bonfire. Because of the unique nature of the ceremony, the Associated Press ran the story and the event was also published in a Croatian newspaper in the Croatian language with the title, "Hrvatska Pjesma, Janjetina Sa Ražnja I Hrvatsko Kolo U Američkom Vojničkom Logoru U Državi Oregon Našli Svoje Mjesto."⁷⁹

July 12,

Watering! I saw a duck fly from one canal to another canal. When Dad was still with us, he watched them and showed me how they hid in the reeds. He chased the cats away and the mother duck raised twelve babies to be a good size. The mother duck and the baby ducks went from one canal to the next. They were so cute. I wish Dad could be here to watch over us. Maybe he is! Dad's kin folks were always for the family. I have been much blessed to be in their family. I admired Grandma Maggie and now, I am a grandma that carries the same name and I love my family.

In those days long ago
I wonder, as did Maggie
In hills, we were both born

⁷⁹ End Notes *July 11*

We both watched families grow
And, where the waters once flowed
To turn the mill, now is stilled

That creek and creaking mill
Dear Maggie, the grass is gone
Where the daisies once sprung

I loved the same as you
As of olden times, Maggie
When you and I were young

July 13,

It is Brian's birthday today. The day Brian was born, we went to the hospital early in the morning. Four girls were born that morning and Brian was born about 11:45 a.m. After Brian was born, Dr. Carey said, "We've got our boy, so now we can go to lunch." Dad was very proud. His sister Anne called him Brian and Dad named him Gabriel, so he became Brian Gabriel. Dad said, "Now I have two sons." We enjoyed every day of having Brian with us.

At the time of Brian's birth, I had recently lost my Papa to pneumonia, and Dad lost his father to a brain tumor. My Mamma came to see us when Brian was a few months old and mentioned to me that, the Lord had recently blessed us with two boys because our fathers had died.

We had bought a green Schwinn bicycle and we needed to take it to town to get it licensed. Grandpa Charles Gabriel said he couldn't go with us as he was dizzy and needed to lie down, but we guessed he would be well again. Grandpa started getting headaches and drinking more beer than usual and slept more. We went to see my Mamma and when we came back, Grandpa Charles Gabriel's left arm was drooping and he said he had a stroke because that is what his doctor had said.

Grandpa kept failing, but when the children would get home from school Grandpa would go for a walk with them. One night he wouldn't eat, and his eyes were glassy, so Dad asked if he would like to go to the hospital and he said, "Yes." He went into a coma shortly afterwards but responded to the children and would look at them as if in appreciation.

July 14,

I talked to Ann Nickerson today, the school's science teacher. She asked how my children were doing. She was so glad they were doing well.

The peppers in the garden are blooming, but the peas are all gone. How I miss going to the pea patch to get a few for dinner.

July 15,

Such a beautiful day! I picked and pitted cherries and then I made some cherry jelly. I cut swiss chard and lettuce and then pulled onions and radishes. I then made bread and gravy and scrambled eggs for dinner. Those were the kind of dinners

Mamma used to fix in the summer. Sometimes she would fry thick slabs of bacon. We all took Mamma too much for granted. She was always there for us.

When I read from Joshua 1:7 saying, "Be thou strong and very courageous" it reminded me of Grandma Anna Day. Grandma Anna Day was very compassionate, but had a lot of sayings that showed how determined she was, like: "Can't never did anything," "We don't want to be lazy do we?" "You have two hands," "HOLD IT!" and "When the going gets really tough, then we will see what kind of stuff you are made of." Whenever we were confronted with adversity she would say, "We need to get stronger."

Grandma Anna Day's mantra, which she would always recite, was by Etienne de Grellet saying, "I shall not pass through this world but once. If therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do, let me do it now; Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

July 16,

One of Grandma Anna Day's sayings was "The road is open wide and I'm well shod." I never knew a braver person than Grandma Anna Day. She had the courage to put things in motion and was a good honest person. She knew no strangers. She would go on long walks and would often say, "I'm going to find a stranger," but they were never strangers for very long. She got to know a lot of people this way. Mamma and Anna were people persons. Anna was buried in Dunning, Nebraska.

That was kind of funny because Grandma also said she was a stranger in this land. When Aunt Fay was very ill, she told me

before she died, "I want to go home." Aunt Fay was the last of Anna Day's children that died and went back home. They are no longer strangers in a strange land.

Now that I have made some cherry cobbler, I can go to bed. Thank you Jesus, for a wonderful day.

July 17,

Grandma Anna Day used to say, "The Puckett's and the Pickering's can do anything." She was of course referring to both sides of her family, a father that did well at everything and a mother that was an efficient homemaker, who taught Anna many skills. This can-do attitude is what I inherited from Grandma and what she said about her father. I think it was passed on down. She learned a lot of Quaker ways. She never used any type of physical punishment I ever saw, but she was very strict, and you had no doubt of what she was telling you.

July 18,

Daisy, Elby and myself contracted whooping cough when I was six weeks old. Papa, Mamma, and Grandma Sarah Jane cared for us around the clock. Papa was working nights at the sawmill.

When Papa got home from the sawmill, Mamma would make everyone breakfast. After breakfast Grandma Sarah Jane would go to bed, as she had stayed up all night with us sick children, seeing to our needs. Papa looked after us in the morning, and then Mamma would look after us until Papa headed off to work

for the midnight shift. All of them working together pulled us through.

Humbird Lumber Mill lost money in the 1930s with the Great Depression, and as a result the workers were not paid, so Papa moved on. I guess people stopped building houses because there were no jobs. After that, he did whatever he could during the Great Depression: cut poles to sell, cut, split and sold cord wood; made cider to sell from apples he had asked to pick up from off the ground, and other various odd jobs for families and businesses. He would raise gardens and we once sold our red heifer so we could make ends meet.

July 19,

The poppies, periwinkles, petunias, roses, and pink carnations are beautifully blooming in full force. I have even been picking red sweet gooseberries and raspberries.

Mamma used to take us berry picking, and I remember we even hunted mushrooms. Mamma showed us the difference between the poisonous ones and those we could eat.

July 20,

Uncle Hal was born on this day in 1910 at Oelwein, Iowa. Uncle Hal said his dad stepped out on the porch to watch Halley's comet when he was born. When his dad came indoors, he decided to name his newborn son Halley Clarkston. Clarkston was a name that ran on the mother's side of the family.

July 21,

I was up early today. I worked outside in the cool of the morning and then did some dishes later on.

Mamma once told me a story about Uncle Willie. He was about fourteen when Nancy Pickering decided to marry Thomas Puckett, who owned a local grocery and dry goods store, and was farming many acres near Clay City. Willie did not want his mom to marry another man. His father William Pierson had run off to Anoka, Minnesota with an eighteen-year-old hired maid named Abigail Caroline George. Willie always had the false hope his father would come back.

Without support, Nancy had to move into humble accommodations, a sod house.⁸⁰ That first winter, all they had to eat were beets. My parents always taught us to stock up on food for the winter months. It is experiences like these that cause us to prepare, even if times are good.

July 22,

Dear God, even though we err, please forgive us and protect us. Sometimes, I neglect to pray, and things go very wrong or I say things that hurt people. When speaking of people's errors, Dad, as well as his father, would always say, "We need to make allowances." I pray the Holy Spirit will guide me to a higher plane, to higher ground.

⁸⁰ End Notes *July 21*

Sometimes, I give God very little. If I have time, I will read the Bible. Let me be like Papa. With the early morning sun over his shoulder he read the Bible softly – aloud. By lamplight, in the late evening, he would read to his children out of the chapters of the Bible.

July 23,

Today I had a flock of ducks fly overhead. Later on, I made some casserole and had some of the cherry jelly that I made.

July 24,

It is Pioneer Day here. I am so grateful for the pioneers. They were a God fearing people. I am so grateful for our pioneering heritage. Our pioneer people were hard workers, ingenious, and good managers. Our pioneers were people of sufficient faith to let God provide. What bravery they had to leave behind the life they knew.

As Israel left Egypt, many had second thoughts about leaving their homes and going into the unknown. They needed God's reassurance that He would be with them as they were led to freedom. Many in the modern world face uncertainty and will need reassurance that freedom will work for them as well. I pray for them.

July 25,

My Mamma told me once, "When both of your grandma's get together, no one can get a word in edgewise." Sometimes we feel we are not heard. Sometimes things don't go our way. Sometimes it's a perfect day and you still don't get what you set out to do.

Now that summer is here, we see clowns in parades, circuses, and rodeos. They distract us and lighten the mood. They can even make us laugh at our misfortune. Do you remember a tragedy in your life? Put circus music to it and you might see it in a different light. Or, you might realize clowns remind us that sadness is another part of life. There is both positive and negative in everything. But, like spring, happiness always seems to come. All we have to do is wait.

In 1933, when we lived on the Great Northern Road, there was an airport on the other side of the road. Since there was a lot of room, circuses would come there and set up. When the circus would come to town, we could hardly wait to get our chores done so we could walk across the road to the circus. We would watch the elephants and their trainers, all the different exotic animals, and the clowns. Even though we didn't have any money there was always plenty to see.

July 26,

When Papa prayed to God he would say things like, "Strengthen us where we are weak," "Harden not our hearts," and "Overcome evil with good." My husband wrote me while he was in the Army Air Corps, "No evil shall undermine me, but shall be cast aside and ignored as all evils should be."

I was a puny baby and Mamma said I didn't start to fatten up until I was two years old. Papa was the eldest boy in his family, and the weakling of the family, but he was a strong leader. His mother Grandma Sarah Jane, his brother Alexander and wife Lula, along with their children Jeff, Willie, and David, and Papa's sister Mary, with her husband James Wilson, all followed Papa west.

Mamma's family also followed Papa: Grandma Anna Day, her children Rosetta, Harvey, Hal, Anna Fay (Aunt Fay), and Thomas with his wife Betty. All of those families moved within one-hundred miles of Mamma and Papa, except Uncle Tom and Aunt Bessie ended up settling in Montana.

July 27,

First Samuel 12:24 states, "Consider the great things He has done for you." The last time I had phlebitis, I could feel the sensation of needles and pins going up into my left neck vein and then my head. I was scared I might lose my leg, so I fervently prayed. I wondered if I would live the rest of my life with the pain and agony in my leg. I was afraid to ask the doctor if I would lose my leg.

About a week later, I was laying on my own bed in the sun and the most peaceful feeling flooded my body and my head. It felt unusual, but light. Then an electric feeling went through my body, lasting a minute or two. Since that time, I have had no more trouble and was able to work. What a privilege it was to work again. Thank You, Lord, for the healing, and that I can get around pretty good. People don't realize what a privilege it is to be able to walk and work. Amen.

July 28,

Dad always made things easy for me. Now I have much to do. I am trying to spend more time outside, so Lord, thank you for the sunshine. We need the Lord's help, but sometimes independence gets between us and God. I have a stubborn independent heart and have a hard time being humble. I am self-righteous and think I can do most things better than anyone else. As much as I fight against anyone helping me, including God, I wonder why He sticks with me. Help me Lord to overcome this fault.

In spending the day outside, I got tired and fell asleep under the cherry tree. When I got up, I watered the beets, chard, and zucchini. I am glad I have a delicious garden—but what work.

July 29,

I went outside and picked some Swiss chard and had it with scrambled eggs for breakfast. Uncle Hal was born on this date in 1907.⁸¹ I found out he had cancer and other problems before he passed on. We all lived a hard existence, but we pressed on.

⁸¹ Dorothy had mixed up the birthdates of two brothers. Hal (Halley Clarkson O'Neel) was born in July. However, he was born in 1910. His brother Harv (Harvey Guney O'Neel) was born in 1907 on the 29 day of the month. However, the month was not July but November. The correct day for Harv's birthdate is November 29, 1907, while Hal's birthdate was July 20, 1910.

July 30,

Our Uncle Bill learned to be a great peacemaker. Over the years, Uncle Bill came to terms with his own temper and reprioritized what was important. He angrily walked out of Mamma and Papa's house and it took him 35 years to return.

Mamma and Aunt Alma were standing at the window looking at Lynville and Boyd playing and laughing. It started as a happy day. A short time later, Uncle Bill and Papa were on the opposite sides of the table. Uncle Bill declared he was "saved". Papa said, "We needed to work every day towards the goal of eternal life.⁸² Even if only God is perfect and our works can't buy us tickets through the Pearly Gates, we still need to work towards perfection to honor our Savior."

When Uncle Halley saw the discussion was "going-south," he tried to add a little humor to the situation, but to no avail. Uncle Bill slammed his fist on the table and stormed out of the house. Fortunately, Uncle Bill's wife Alma continued to remain in touch with the family in the proceeding years.

When Uncle Bill finally did return, he went to work reaching out and encouraging others to do the same. I admire his growth and bravery to make amends. Uncle Bill first needed to find peace in his own heart before he could make peace with others, like my Papa.

Dear Lord, help us to make peace with our brothers to find peace within ourselves.

⁸² End Notes *July 30*

July 31,

When Dad was still alive, one of the best days Dad had, happened on this date in 1995: The 50 year reunion of our Army Air Corps squadron. We opened the Pocatello Air Base in the fall of 1942 and closed it February 1945. In about 1964, the old Air Corps Headquarters burned down, and the rest of the original buildings were either sold or dismantled.

Lewis and Jimmy Barret, from North Carolina, came to visit us at our home some days before. Other friends we saw at the reunion included: Vincent and Loretta Schmaltz, Harold and Mary Kay Hession, John and Margery Gregg-Oteswalker, Tom Mooney, Paul J. Dolan, Marion and Grace Gerton, John and Margaret Sanna, and Kurt Nestler, who had lost his wife to cancer. There were others, and some who already passed away.

We went out to the Pocatello Airport where the Chamber of Commerce gave a ceremony and a luncheon. It was almost midnight before we got back to our hotel room.

Hope of Relief

AUGUST

August 1,

In 1857, the Dred Scott v. Sandford case told the American citizens that Negro slaves were not people, and the public believed it. In 1936, Nazi Germany declared Jews were not people, and the public believed it. In 1973, Roe v. Wade told us the unborn are not people, and the public believed it. In all these cases, deception was essential, and fundamental truth was ignored. All this sin and death is done in darkness of mind and spirit.

A person does not have the right to kill themselves or to kill those dependent on them for life. To believe otherwise is a result of darkness. If someone becomes sick and becomes dependent on us, we don't have the right to take their life because they are causing us an inconvenience.

A baby has their own body that is dependent on their mother. The mother is obligated to nurture and protect that life. To do otherwise, is to have a mind and spirit that has become darkened.

August 2,

In 1944, Elby disobeyed direct orders to gun down our own Negro troops.⁸³ He understood they were God's children, created in His image, and knew he must fear God more than man. He understood who they really were, and he understood his relationship with God - I am proud of him for that.

Elby received the direct order, "If those N_s refuse to get off and fight, you shoot them."⁸⁴ That's an order. You are not to bring them back! Do I make myself clear?"

"With all due respect sir..."

Elby was cut off, "I don't want to hear another G_ D_ thing come out of your mouth, you N_ L_ H_ You do your job or I will have you court-martialed before you can say Jack Robinson. Now get out of here."

Elby was the Coxswain and his job was to land invasion troops on the beach and on this particular occasion he was slated to take Negro troops ashore. In this particular chapter in our history, if you were of African descent, you didn't have the same rights as everyone else in the USA, no matter where you came from. It wasn't right, and our Negro troops knew it. Some of the Negro troops reasoned, "Why should we fight and die to earn freedom for you, when we don't have the same freedom for ourselves?"

The troops were loaded on the landing craft. They were taken to shore. They refused to get off. Elby brought them back. He was court-martialed for disobeying direct orders. They stripped him of

⁸³ End Notes *August 2 a.*

⁸⁴ End Notes *August 2 b.*

his rank, but he kept doing the same job without interruption because they needed him.

What a small price to pay in order to stand before the Lord without blood on your hands.

August 3,

I guess Grandma Anna Day started to get lonely with all of the children moving away. I was gone by the time I was eighteen and so were most of the other children in our family. We all started lives of our own.

Mr. Kunzler's wife Rose suddenly passed away and he began courting my grandmother, Anna Day. Anna's son, Uncle Harvey, didn't like Mr. Kunzler at all and felt something was off about him. Grandma Day dated and soon married him anyway.

He moved her away from her home and tried to prevent her family from seeing her. Mr. Kunzler isolated her because he wanted Grandma Day all to himself. Not long after, Grandma Day left their place to run some errands. She was attacked from behind and struck in the head. Someone had found her dazed, but still alive. She died in August of 1951, at the age of 81. Mamma grieved for years because no one told her right away her mother, Grandma Day, had died.

August 4,

I was awake and looked over at my clock, 4:04 a.m. I was getting up when I looked outside and saw the crescent moon. Mamma used to sing to us,

O mother how pretty the moon is tonight.
It was never so stunning before.
Its two little horns are so sharp and so bright.
I hope they'll not grow anymore.
If I were up there with you and my friends,
I'd sit in the middle with you at both ends.
And there we would rock 'til the dawn of day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.⁸⁵

August 5,
In Grandma's Pocketbook by Dorothy Belle

Anna Puckett's big black pocketbook,
Which she always took,
Had every needed supply
Whatever the season would be.

She'd bring forth a needed key,
Maybe wormwood tea, just for me.
Herbs for a cough and a cold – tonic too,
Whenever there was a season of flu.

Handkerchiefs for tears, scarves for ears,

⁸⁵ *Pretty Moon* by Clara Beeson Hubbard published by The Balmer & Weber music house of Saint Louis in 1881 and again in 1887. Clara was the director of the Eads Kindergarten in St. Louis, MO and believed games were how children made sense of the world.

Mittens for hands, and other things grand:
A shoestring, a needle, and thread,
Whatever the need might be.

She had a nickel for her coffee,
Which we would run and get,
But the mystery always remained:
What was in that Big Black Pocketbook?

August 6,

It is so hot, that the water evaporates from the yard and garden too fast. I am getting too old to water and to process all the bounty I receive. I have decided this will be my last year for a garden.

August 7,

In 1938 and 1939, I was dating Charles Hardy somewhat. He was a friend from Ohio I met in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). In my eyes, he was not a serious boyfriend, but he was nice and helped me with my economics homework. We wrote notes to each other in shorthand and that helped me practice. One day, he said he would marry me and take me away from all of this. He was referring to our family's impoverished condition.

I didn't want to leave Papa and Mamma and I saw nothing wrong with my situation. We all had to work hard, we had no car and walked everywhere, and our house was small. But, I had good

clothes, enough to eat, and all I needed. Few people in those days had everything they ever wanted.

We had a merry house where we laughed, joked, and sang each day. Mamma would laugh so hard she would almost fall off her chair. He asked me, "What do you have to laugh at?" Charles Hardy saw we had little in the material things of life, but did he really understand what really made life worthwhile? He was a good guy and I hope he found happiness in life, and the secret to laughter.

August 8,

Lynville never did have a dog, but you would never have known it. Lynville would whistle, and all the dogs in the neighborhood came running to him. There was one dog we called "Ring," who was a big Shepherd dog that would not leave.

Ring knew how to stay out of the way, and never caused any trouble. He somehow knew to crawl under the porch or go someplace to hide when the dog catcher came around. The dog catcher spoke to Papa and said, "All dogs must have a license. Your dog doesn't have a license." Papa told him, "I am not going to buy a license for a dog that wandered onto the property. You can take him." The dog catcher could never find Ring, let alone catch him.

When Ring and Elby saw each other, it was love at first sight. Ring was the only dog our cat Felix would tolerate. Felix sent all the other dogs scurrying. Ring was Elby's dog and went wherever he did. They hitchhiked all over. One man even offered Elby fifty-dollars for him, but Elby wouldn't have taken a million. They were

inseparable. One day Elby and Ring were walking to Bonnie Top Mountain together. To get there they had to cross the Great Northern Railroad tracks. As they started to cross, Elby realized some trains were coming and called for Ring to get off the tracks. There were two freight trains moving in opposite directions. Ring got caught between them. Elby was never one to cry, but he did then. So did everyone else.

Many years later, Shirley got a little terrier dog she named Grumpy. It was a sight to see that little dog jump high over the tall grass to catch pheasants as big as she was. We ate the pheasants, but then Grumpy started catching the neighbor's chickens. Then the summer ended, and so did Grumpy.

August 9,

Mamma tells of a time Flossie and I were scuffling over an apple box, and Grandma Sarah Jane told me, "Let your little sister have the box." So, I got up and gave it to her, but I spanked her and said, "I spanked her britches!" I suspect I heard the saying from Grandma Sarah Jane, even though she was a gentle person. She would give her children ceremonial switches so their father Allen would not give them real ones.

August 10,

I never did get the fireplace I wanted, but many of my dreams did come true. I wrote to Dad once and said, "I want a fireplace someday so we can sit and dream. Of course, the dream will all

go up the chimney and no one, but us, would even know the special dreams we dreamed there."

Sometimes it takes a long time for something to happen. Paul Holmberg was two years younger than Dad but was still one of Dad's friends who grew up with him in Wayne, Kansas. Like Dad, Paul joined the Army Air Corps and was at first stationed at San Antonio, Texas before he was transferred to Fort Stockton, Texas for further training to become a pilot. He became a First Lieutenant in the Eighth Fighter Command who flew a P-51 under Major General Kepner to provide escort for B-17 bombers. He had one confirmed kill to his credit, a Messerschmitt 109. But, on August 10, 1944, he was brought down by anti-aircraft ground fire.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Erick E. Holmberg, never did see their son's remains. But many years after his parent's deaths, and some forty years after the war ended, they found Paul and brought him back to Kansas for internment.

August 11,

One evening, I was playing in the stove by twirling a stick around in the fire to make sparks. In playing with the stick, I struck Lynville's eye with it. Mamma came to the rescue but, I sure felt bad about it, as he was in danger of being blinded by the accident.

Lynville has had so much turmoil in his life. As a child, he had asthma attacks and Papa sat with him telling him to breathe easy, and calming him down. Lynville was always doing something. He

was a very busy boy. One thing he loved was to play with Mr. Harriman's dogs and our little red calf.

August 12,

Things like reading the scriptures, saying our prayers, and attending church all remind us life is a sacred journey. After Dad and I got married, the chaplain talked to us about some things on religion. Because neither of us claimed a particular religion, he said we could find a church together. We bought a house at North 8th, in Pocatello, with a G. I. loan and a down payment given to us by Charles Gabriel. When we moved in, we were all baptized into the Methodist Church. After I was baptized the minister called me into his office and gave me a pledge card, but no lessons or spiritual help of any kind. I guess someone has to keep up the church, but they were rather blunt about it. I didn't care if I was a Methodist. I just wanted to belong to God. We all tend to drift away from Him if we are not strengthened. Going to church seems to bring you closer to God because you are setting some time aside to remember Him, with others of faith. I taught Bible school one summer and was elected as a treasurer, which duty I performed for three consecutive years.

When I got pregnant with Sheila, I decided to resign my position as treasurer with the Methodist Church. They wanted to have a little going away get together at someone's house. I had never been to this house before. Dad and I drove round and round trying to find the house. Of course, we were late, and I suppose some of those people thought we had snubbed them. When we finally found the house, some of the people were upset

with us, even though I had apologized and explained we had a hard time finding them.

They presented me with a lovely, long sweater for the new baby, but the magic was absent amid their scowling faces, so I never went back to that church building again. I wish I could say this was the only negative experience I had with them. It wasn't the only disagreeable experience with that particular congregation – it was the last one.

August 13,

Once Mamma's good comb was broken and Flossie told Mamma she had done it. Mamma told Flossie, "I won't spank you because you told the truth." That stuck with Flossie, as she was a truthful person all her life.

August 14,

Mrs. Woodvine warned us nobody liked George Mac, but we rented from him anyway. He would store junk in the space we were renting and told us we couldn't use the washing machine. George made Charles Gabriel as mad as I have ever seen him. We couldn't even get the house heated or the hot water we needed. But it all worked out. Before Sheila was born he asked us to leave, so we decided to buy a house rather than rent.

I try never to give advice like Mrs. Woodvine. I said I try, but a lot of times I end up doing it anyway. For the most part, I usually regret it. Bad advice will, of course, discredit you and make you look like a fool. Good advice is almost as bad. Good advice is like

calling the other person stupid or incompetent. If they take the good advice, then the advice feels like a resented obligation. If they don't take the good advice it's like you're saying, "I told you so," even when nothing is said. All-in-all, I am mostly disappointed with the giving and the receiving of advice. This doesn't seem right, but that's how things turn out.

August 15,

Papa lost a lot of his Southern accent, but some phrases stuck with him like, "over yonder," "trading" which was his way of saying window shopping, and "dry up" which was a plea to quit crying. Papa taught us every good gift comes from above even the ability to change.

Only the presence of God can help us tell the difference between good and evil. Through Papa's teaching, we knew righteousness was not our gift to God, but it was God's gift to us. As the First Epistle of John 1:7 explains, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

August 16,

When Dad and I were first married, it was hard for both of us when we had to be apart. Dad was transferred all over as part of the war effort. When our daughter Anne was born, it made it even harder to not be together. We both spent a small fortune in quarters for phone calls and we wrote to each other every day. He was so mushy and always started his letters differently. He would start out with "Dearest Loved One" or "My Darling Wife" or "Most

Beautiful Sweetheart" or "My True Love" or "My Dearest Darling Dorothy" or "My Most Beloved." Oh, how I looked forward to those letters. I was devastated when one didn't come. The next day, two might come, and the world was set right again.

August 17,

My brother Elby and a friend, Emmitt Sevier, were working together. Sand suddenly collapsed around Elby and he was buried alive. Emmitt dug frantically with his hands and somehow uncovered Elby in the nick of time and saved Elby's life. Emmitt has gone on to his reward, but he had a star added to his crown that day.

August 18,

I woke up thinking of Mamma today. Besides all of her sacrifices, I have her crooked little finger, and I used to have a light colored mole of a duck on my arm. Mamma had lighter skin than me and more moles. She died at the young age of sixty-one.

I guess I was average height. Papa's side of the family was a little smaller than average and Mamma's family was taller than average, so we had all sizes in our family.

Papa's mother, Sarah Jane Workman was five foot one inch tall, with brown eyes, long dark hair and a dark skin complexion, with little freckles on her face. Papa's father, Allen, was five foot seven inches tall, with blond hair and blue eyes.

Mamma's mother, Anna Margaret Pickering Puckett, had long black hair and hazel eyes, standing five foot five inches, with a

slender build. Anna's husband, Grandpa David Henry, had red hair and a red beard with dark blue eyes. He was six foot three inches tall, with a trim build.

August 19,

The kids and I attended the neighborhood breakfast at the 20th Street Park today.

August 20,

I had chicken soup with all the garden vegetables in it and I also baked an apple cobbler. It was a mild beautiful day. I really liked this poem I found on a bookmark:

Family is like a book.
The children, the leaves.
The parents are the covers,
Protecting all.

Time will write the memories
And paints the picture there.
Love is the little golden clasp
That binds them there.

I altered the poem a little bit. Dad always said I was altering things: my clothes, a recipe, or whatever suited me. I am always trying to fix things to suit myself, I guess.

August 21,

I put the lounge chair up so I could be outside. I then worked in the vegetable garden and pulled carrots, picked some of the second planting of peas, and peeled apples.

Dad would often hear the term "carrot-snappers" being applied to people from Utah, and eventually found out the term "carrot-snapper" was a historical reference made to people who came from central Utah, from Mount Pleasant to the Richfield area.

August 22,

Papa went off to Wenatchee, Washington for the apple harvest. We all missed him, but he sent the most beautiful apples home to us. One day, we saw Papa walking down our road towards our house. He was sporting a full black beard, but we knew it was him. We all ran to greet him, and Mamma came running out of the house and said, "He's Alive!" Papa then grabbed Mamma and kissed and hugged her.

August 23,

Papa used to say, "If you have good health, you are rich." Papa did not have good health because he had a hard life and contracted many illnesses such as malaria. But he took care of the health he had so he could support his family, so they might have a better tomorrow.

Dear Lord, it seems you taught us to work to earn our way and to feel a sense of accomplishment. So many people are purposefully idle now and try to live off of the government and

what little charity is left in the world. Not only this but, preferring not to work. Rather than building a life of lasting accomplishments, they build their life around getting the highest game score or their next substance high.

Why do we try and trick ourselves into thinking we can hide our past regrets and our future fears with distractions, or the poisons extracted from plants? Why do we try to indulge in unearned pleasures rather than realizing, a life worth living is not laced with drugs and games? The tricks we give ourselves destroy our power to know what is truly worthwhile. We all need more of an open-eyed faith to believe that today's pains make the rewards of an industrious life worthwhile.

Perhaps in some far-off future, these "brain pleasure-centered life wasters" will not be found in our society, for the same reasons other dangerous things are no longer allowed – because they are a source of disease and death for the soul. The habit of seeking "unearned pleasures," destroys action, wisdom, and the love of work well done. A person starts these vile things in order to try and enjoy life a bit more. They have a good time and want to do it again.

As the years go on, it becomes hard to get up, and the necessities of life seem to get in the way. Then one day, the person catches a glimpse of themselves in the mirror and realizes they are a useless reprobate, spending their life and substance on seeking things of no real value. Those useless things turn out to be deceptive illusions, making them believe idleness and acts of becoming senseless, were worthwhile pleasures. Too late, those poor fools find out that life would have been better lived being fully aware, rather than being numb to the human experience.

Thank you Jesus, that our parents and our Grandparents taught us to work, to show pride in our work, and to sing, joke, and laugh when we worked. Give us righteous, worthwhile desires to live industrious lives, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

August 24,

Watering the lawn seems to be a big job. I surely miss Dad. Not only his companionship but all the work he did. My son and grandson, Jacob, take care of the yard on the weekends, but I have the weekdays and it is almost more than I can handle.

Emmalee told me, "If you get lonely Grandma, Jesus will be with you."

August 25,

The only thing that seems to remain the same is change. Change is good. If we stay in the same surroundings we don't grow. Love remains strong and true in separation.

Isaiah 28:9-10 teaches us that life gives us just a little bit of information at a time. Life's changes make me feel I am on shifting sands, moving from moment to moment. Life has been a mystery that is constantly revealing itself, yet I never fully understand it. I sometimes get the feeling I am in a confusing labyrinth that really doesn't go anywhere, and I don't know what will be around the next corner. That unknown corner keeps me on edge, as it may result in disaster or something wonderful and amazing.

Because I don't know what life will bring, I find myself moving forward on faith alone. My faith in God is my invitation for God to

reveal Himself to me through what he has to teach me about life. I have faith, not that things will always work out the way I want, but faith in life that never fails to show and teach me what God wants in His sometimes surprising ways.

August 26,

It seems nowadays there are a lot of attacks on the existence of God. Those that worship evolution, the clever amoeba, want people to believe evolution is scientific even though there are more questions about it than answers. They have a belief they hold tightly to. I have faith, allowing me to let go of anything I currently do not understand. God will reveal it to me in due time. I am at peace knowing, I do not know. Our true condition is the way we all think and behave. We are flawed and will never know all the answers, and it was never meant to be otherwise. I am fine with all the cracks. Cracks give our existence in this mortal life character.

August 27,

I have lots of apples and beans growing this year.

August 28,

I read in Romans 3:10, "There is none righteous" and then, to make sure he is understood, Paul emphasizes, "No, not one." I think of myself in that sense. I fall short even of what my parents were, and they had faults.

I take great heart in what Paul says next in Second Corinthians 12:10 stating, "For Christ's sake, for when I am weak, then I am strong." We were made weak so we would look to Christ for our strength. In Him alone, are we made strong. Chapter five, verse twenty-one of Second Corinthians says, "We might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Christ Jesus makes us righteous, so we become worthy to receive the blessings sent to us. Now God can work through us to do great things of rightness.

By ourselves we deserve nothing, but in Christ we deserve all. This is a great comfort to me.

August 29,

When I read "Blessed are the pure in heart" in Matthew 5:8, it reminded me of Mamma. Her heart was set on doing good – she loved Jesus. Her love overflowed for her children and family.

I peeled apples and baked an apple pie tonight. For supper, I had green beans, corn, and peas, and potatoes from the garden. I remember Papa would plant potatoes, and when he dug them up, he put them in a wheelbarrow and took them around to sell. He mostly planted and sold the red ones. If someone called them a spud he would say, "No sir, a spud is the thing you peel bark off of a tree with. These are potatoes."

August 30,

Dad's cousin, Grace Jones, came to visit us a few years after her husband died. Every Christmas, she would send each of our children ten dollars to buy a Christmas gift. She was born in the

year 1904 in Fort Worth, Texas. Her mother, Mayme, had two suitcases packed all the time because her husband Barney was a traveling journalist who went where the stories were. They met in Salt Lake City, Utah, as they were both telegraphers for the railroad. Prior to this, Mayme was a school teacher in Talmo, Kansas.

In 1944 Aunt Sade and Aunt Mayme were doing dishes one morning and Aunt Sade kept going to the door as if she wanted to go outside saying, "What a beautiful day it is outside." Suddenly she told Aunt Mayme, "I have a terrible headache that has set in. I need to lie down." Aunt Mayme took her an aspirin. As Aunt Sade sat up to take the aspirin, she fell back down into Aunt Mayme's arms – dead. Aunt Sade was buried in the Pleasant View Cemetery.

Auntie Mayme and Grace would often stay at Clyde's grandparent's home during the summer and prepare meals for the threshers and other hired hands on the farm. Grace loved to play with her cousins, Enid, and Cyrus, and loved her Grandma Maggie Fagan. Maggie would take Grace on her lap and say, "Oh, little Maggie Fagan" and then tell her stories. Maggie was born in Germantown, a part of Philadelphia.

When Maggie went to town, she always wore black and took off in her black buggy. She was a little lady with big skirts and would let Grace come with her. It made Grace feel so grand sitting in that buggy. Maggie always gave Grace two cents to buy candy, while they were at town.

Grace loved her Grandpa Henry too. He always had the swing ready for her, when Grace got there. Henry would rock on the porch and smoke his pipe while Grace sat on his lap and felt his

beard. Grandpa Henry like to work in his orchard and kept an ample supply of fruit handy for Maggie and the girls to pack into jars.

When Grace grew up, she moved to Hollywood, California with two other girls from Kansas City to share an apartment costing them \$160.00 a month. What an outrageous cost in those days. Grace knew her music and worked for Lud Gluskin, coordinating music numbers. Once her father died, Grace got another apartment and brought her mother, Mayme, out to live with her.

While there, Mayme made friends with Anna LaSueur, and they talked often. She was introduced to the Crawfords and met many other ladies. The excitement of the studios made Mayne come alive again, after the death of her husband.

While on tour in the 1930s, Grace met Albert Michael "Mickey" Garlock in Chicago, Illinois, whom she later married. Grace settled down to more mundane tasks and jobs. At the time of their meeting Mickey was playing for Ben Bernie as a violinist. They had one son, Mickey, Jr., who grew up to be a smut writer. Grace didn't ever know his pen name, for obvious reasons. After her husband Mickey died, she married Henry J. LaLiberty. When Grace died, the year my son started building his house, her only child had her body burnt to ashes. I can only pray this was not some kind of omen.

August 31,

In her last day's Mamma told the doctor, "I eat hearty!" when he told her she was malnourished. Her skin was paper thin rather than plump and firm. She had arthritis and other health problems

that I felt where linked to her diet. One problem she had, was she drank too much coffee. She started to drink coffee during World War II, and I believe it was at this point her health started to go downhill. When I was growing up, I remember her as being really healthy. Sometimes we think we are doing something good, but in the long run, it does us harm. Coffee steals the energy of tomorrow for today, leaving tomorrow depleted. Papa didn't like coffee and thought it was not good for anyone.

Remembering What Was

SEPTEMBER

September 1,

In September of 1939, Dad and his friends Ernie Norland, Lorraine Snavely, and Buck Kenley took off and headed towards California. Their car broke down in Kimberly, Colorado. While they were fixing it, Dad knew of one of his friends, Pete Kenley, who worked on a ranch nearby. Some ranch-hands took Dad up to see Pete. Dad came back from the ranch with Pete in tow. Pete quit his job and joined the rest of the boys on their quest. By mid-September they were in Twin Falls, Idaho, topping onions at the Peter's Farm and topping beets for Mr. Hansen, in order to raise the funds to continue their trip. Next, they found themselves in Prineville, Oregon. From there they traveled down the coast. About the time they reached California, they broke an axle. To raise funds, they worked cutting down walnut trees to clear the land for housing. After they had the axle fixed, they continued to Needles, California and then turned on-to Route 66 to Phoenix, Arizona. Then finally, to Oklahoma City, north on 81 back to Kansas. They were glad to leave Oklahoma City because the meals were too expensive. About the only thing they could afford was breakfast, costing between 15 to 20 cents a plate.

September 2,

Papa included "harden not thy heart" from Palms 95:5 in his prayer every night. It seems like we all need to struggle against strife in our hearts.

Growing up in a big family gave us a lot of good times, and some bad times. In times of financial distress, Papa told us "God will provide" and He always did. Our parents had faith in God, and I am thankful. Often people will call upon God in times of trouble and then forget Him when things are better again and they forget how good He has been.

September 3,

It is almost one a.m. and my teeth were aching so I stayed up and peeled apples. It's hard to have these crumbling teeth and other things wrong with my health. Papa used to sing, "And it seems that I can see by the dawning, that we are nearing the end of the way."⁸⁶ All my brothers, and sisters, and I, and the others I grew up with, are all at the end of the way. Where did the time go? Life slips by and soon it is gone. As they say, "It was all but a dream." Too soon we are a part of eternity.

Mamma's father died when Mamma was 16 and told me the loss of her father was her first greatest grief. Mamma took those things very hard. I know as well as anyone, separations are hard—and lonely.

⁸⁶ *Joyful Meeting in Glory* written in 1888 by reformer Daniel Sidney Warner (1842-1895) and set to music in 1911 by Daniel Otis Teasley (1876-1942).

September 4,

To understand Jesus, one must recognize the role of the Holy Spirit. Depend on the Holy Spirit. When you come to a place of despair, pray Christ will meet you there. A twenty-month-old girl fell and drowned in the canal today. I am so grateful none of our children or grandchildren drowned in the canal. I worried often and had nightmares about this. My prayer was that I could raise them to adulthood, which I did. Dear Lord, help us accept Your plan and to know You are never wrong. Amen.

September 5,

Papa always used to say, "Work while there is still daylight." When we were teenagers, a lamp light was always there in our corner window, and the last one to come home got to blow out the light.

Dorothy Newton was my best friend growing up. Because we were so close, people used to refer to us as, "The Two Dots." When I was 16, my girlfriend Dorothy Newton began wearing glasses and told me she thought our eyes were good because we had lamp light, rather than having an electric light glaring in our eyes.

In the 1930s, Aunt Fay wrote to us about Grand Coulee, Washington. It was an "all-electric" city after the dam was completed.

When Mamma was bedridden after having Shirley, Papa would get up at night to fix Shirley's bottle. He would put the milk in the old, glass baby bottle and warmed it by setting it on the chimney of the lighted lamp. Daisy wrote in a reunion article about our

different lights. Most of the time we had lamplight, but if we were out of the ten cents a gallon kerosene, Mamma knew how to make a grease light by twisting a wick to put in a container filled with her prepared grease. We also used a stove light. To the best of my knowledge, we never owned a flashlight.

By the time I left home in 1941, Lynville had electricity installed at our place at 1107 Oak. My folks had lived there for about ten years, then Papa and Mamma moved to Maple Street. The Maple Street home already had electricity. I made plans to visit them and to see their new home. When Clyde, myself, and our new baby Anne⁸⁷ went to visit them in their new home, we arrived in town at two in the morning and looked for Papa's home. I spotted the old kerosene lamp light in the window and told Clyde, "There's Papa's place."

I knocked at the door, and Papa answered it, and I started talking because I had assumed he knew we were coming. Papa said, "We don't have any room for strangers." Was he kidding? I said, "Papa. You don't know me? I'm Dorothy!" Mamma came out and was excited and stunned to see us. She took us upstairs and showed us to our rooms.

Dear Lord, because I was so thoughtless of my parents give me understanding when my children were thoughtless of us. We think our parents will always be with us, but the years pass too quickly and they are gone. It always seems to me, "Today will not be the day I leave this earth." So, I don't prepare as well as I should for the eternities. I always think I will have tomorrow. Please help me to prepare today. Amen.

⁸⁷ End Notes *September 5*

September 6,

I put a soup bone on to cook with vegetables. It was delicious. I peeled apples and made pies in the evening. One year, Mrs. McKenzie gave us apples. Then Mrs. McKenzie made Shirley a pair of mittens and then sold them to Papa. Mamma got mad at Papa and said, "Why didn't you just buy some yarn? I would have made them." Papa didn't say anything, but it wasn't his idea. It was Mrs. McKenzie's idea.

September 7,

My relatives each have their own little clicks. And there are a lot of people I don't see because they smoke, causing breathing problems for me. I guess it is really my own fault for not, "getting my Puckett up." I saw Dorothy Newton and her brothers Bud and Ted. They seemed so glad to see me. After all these years of feeling inferior, I am amazed if people like me. Papa once told me, "Life is too short to go where you are not wanted."

September 8,

Grandma Anna Day was with us most of our growing up years. She loved all of us, but Elby was her favorite because he looked like her very own brother, Noah Charles. Elby loved it at Grandma's house and was with her more than any of the rest of us.

Grandma Day used to say, "I shall never pass this way again. Therefore, if there is any good I can do, let me do it now."

It was a lot cooler today with some rain.

September 9,

Mamma always made a huckleberry pie whenever we went huckleberrying. She made the best huckleberry pie I have ever tasted. Huckleberry picking was a big part of our life. Times were hard growing up, so Papa took us all huckleberry picking. We sold them for one dollar a gallon, usually to both Hubble's and Jenkin's grocery stores. The huckleberries were thick, plentiful, and big. It seemed like it didn't take long to fill up a bucket. Papa liked to take Mamma because she could pick four gallons per day. We had to walk about five miles up to the mountains like: Old Baldy, Bonnie Top, or Round Top, as it was referred to when we went to pick our crop in the middle of the summer.

We girls went twice a week, but Elby and Papa went every other day. On the days they did not go, they were in town selling the berries. We put the money away for school clothes and groceries. When Papa was 75 years old, he was still climbing the mountains and picking berries.

September 10,

Trains helped shape a lot of destinies. In 1897, Grandma Anna Puckett decided to move out of the house after her brother and mother had both died within a short period of time of each other, and then her father had decided to remarry. She moved "Lock, stock, and barrel" and then went to the train station and bought a ticket "to see some of her people."

She was stranded at a train station with a big steamer trunk, wondering how she would get to her destination when a big tall man stepped forth to offer assistance. He threw the trunk on his shoulder and accompanied Anna to her destination. He later returned that day and asked Anna to go on a buggy ride with him. That man was named David O'Neel. Anna admired his strength, and David admired her spunk and good business sense. They eventually married each other and had four boys and four girls together.

September 11,

Tonight, I had pork chops and fresh corn. The corn from the garden is almost gone. Mamma always sang songs while she worked. Both my parents worked very hard providing for their family and they appreciated it when extra things came their way. Many people gave them fish. Mister Underpass would often give us apples and I remember one time he brought over some cabbage and parsnips.

One day, I remember Mamma's look of gratitude when Axel Swenson came over and chopped wood for us. He did that for Papa, in 1933 when it was cold and Papa was walking to town with a scoop shovel so he could make money to buy groceries. Mamma said the best way is not to expect anything from anyone, and if someone does do something for you always accept it with grace and gratitude. Thank you Jesus, for all the things that have been added to us in this life. Amen.

So many people do not have reverence for God anymore. And when we lose our reverence for God, we lose reverence for His

name, the charity of our divine nature, and for the things He creates. Most tragic of all, we devalue the thing created in His image, even human life.

I had a horrible dream last night. From the kitchen window, I saw some boys come into our backyard and start taking our apples. I became angry over their trespassing and theft so, I started to cuss at them through the kitchen window. I was mortified at my behavior because, as far as I know, I have never blasphemed the Lord's name. Then I remembered our family prayer, "Forgive us for everything we have said, done, or thought that might have grieved the Holy Spirit." Lord, I ask that You forgive me and help me to think of good thoughts. Amen.

September 12,

In eighth grade, I was part of "The Good Writers Club," and was a good writer with excellent penmanship. I was selected to enter a national contest. One teacher, Mrs. Flora Campbell, was very strict and unyielding. She was rough on everybody, and especially rough on left-handed people. My sister, Ruby, was left handed. Mrs. Flora Campbell taught penmanship and she despised left-handed people, as though inferior.

We had to fill out our papers, and have our teachers check them before we sent them into nationals. I had each page checked as required. Close to the end, I was to have Mrs. Flora Campbell check one of my papers. I took the page to her to be checked and stood by her desk with paper in hand. I could see she was correcting arithmetic papers. She did not look up at me,

tell me to come back at a different time, or make any attempt to acknowledge me in any way. She just kept on checking papers.

I could see her pursed lips and her determination to ignore me. After many minutes, I began to see even more determination on her face. I left the side of her desk and slinked back to my own desk to put the last page in my book to be sent off.

After she was done correcting the arithmetic papers, she informed me I had just broken a rule by putting my paper in my book without having her look at it first. Apparently, according to her, that made me ineligible to compete nationally and they would have to withdraw my name for consideration.

I went to our principal Mr. Stidwell, who called Mrs. Flora Campbell into his office. She said I had broken the rules by inserting the required paper into my book without her looking at it first. Mr. Stidwell asked me if I had done that, which I did. Then he said, "Well, it looks like we can't send in your book or have you continue to be a member of 'The Good Writers Club.'"

I was heartbroken. My sister Flossie tried to console me by saying, "She knew you were a better writer than she was, so she didn't want you to win." True or not, I learned I had to get better at patience and jumping through hoops.

I don't think she was singling me out as much as she was just plain mean to every student, for whatever reason. Years later, Tom DeMers told me, "She was strict and mean to all us boys. I would be sitting at my desk and she would come up from behind, grab hold of my ear and twist it hard. One time she dug her fingernail into it while twisting and it started to bleed."

September 13,

I went out and picked a few peaches today. Dad started this peach seedling many years ago. He would have been proud of that tree. Mamma used to sing a song, "Hello peaches and cream! You'll be the peaches and I'll be the cream." With her lilting Irish voice, she had many little ditties that made simple things seem grand. Mamma always had a gift of turning the ordinary into the extraordinary.

Mamma always sang songs to us. Sometimes it was to make us feel important. Sometimes it was to teach us a lesson. Sometimes it was to make us happy. Sometimes it was to praise the Lord. She would often sing the same song to all my siblings, using their different names. One of the name songs she sang to me went like this:

There is a little house and it's humble as can be.
Standing on the banks of Susquehanna.
There's where the birds warble and the nightingales sing.
'Tis there, lives my darling little Dorothy.
She is fair as the dawn and sweet as the rose.
And as graceful as the banks of Susquehanna.
She's my ideal and the angel of my heart.
'Tis there, lives my darling little Dorothy.
If I were the wind, I'd whistle through her curls.
If I were a fish, I'd swim by her side.
If I were no one but myself, I'd stay no place, but beside

her.⁸⁸

⁸⁸ Unknown song

September 14,

At this time in my life, I go to Wallace Dairy to pick up huckleberries. Once I went with Papa, Willie, and Elby huckleberrying on Mount Baldy. On the way up, we met a forest ranger who told Papa there was a mother bear and her cub on the trail. Papa seemed undaunted, and we continued on our way.

Suddenly, I saw places where a bear might suddenly come out and get us. Papa kept up a steady pace and was unafraid, somewhat putting my mind at ease. Then we reached the top of Mount Baldy—it wasn't bald at all. The growth was lush, green and beautiful. There were no big trees, so it appeared bald from below. We looked over the whole valley and could see for miles and miles.

My cousin Willie could pray eloquently. He was a spiritual little boy. He had a ready smile and made friends easily. At the age of sixteen he died of typhoid fever. Some people we will never forget and the Lord takes them to His own.

September 15,

When Lynville started school, Mamma made him two Royal Blue outfits and he marched proudly to school. I bet he felt like our ancestor, Allen de LaZouche. We all got new clothes for school, and I can't remember Flossie's or mine, but I will never forget Lynville's Royal Blue outfits, his reaction, and our joy because of that reaction on the day he started to school.

September 16,

Prayer has saved my life. Once while at the hospital, a nurse was helping me get ready for bed. As she was about to inject me with something, the head nurse came in. Realizing a medical mistake, the head nurse quickly pulled out the syringe needle. It was pure heparin, a blood thinner. When I told one of my friends, Elsie, about it she said she and all my Bible class friends were praying for me at that time. Elsie and I went out for lunch every Tuesday after Bible class. Elsie's daughter, Sandy, was Anne's best friend while they went to school. I am so grateful for our prayer lines.

Joel 2:19 says, "The Lord will answer." God answers all prayers "yes," "no," or "wait." Once again, I am not doing too well. I am waiting to see if I get better. If I don't, I will pray for eternal life.

Dear Lord,
I know I'm unworthy,
But I love You so.
Please answer my plea –
For health and eternity.

September 17,

The kids are coming over this afternoon. I am so thankful, as it gets lonely here.

September Blessing by Dorothy Belle

Dear God, I like my colored paints,
From orange to red to blue.
And I can tell from Autumn leaves,

You like painting too.

September 18,

I cooked up some roast beef and vegetables from the garden: carrots, green beans, spinach, zucchini, yellow summer squash and potatoes.

When I was growing up, Mamma put beans on to cook while she worked around the house, and then all was well with the world. I always feel a certain amount of security while a pot of beans is cooking. When Mamma was away, Papa put beans on to cook and kept things going.

September 19,

I used to call Aunt Fay for her birthday. She was always so happy to hear from me because most of her family passed away. Uncle Hal died before she did, but they were both so old, they couldn't ever make a journey to visit each other.

Mamma could never talk serious when she talked with her sister, my Aunt Fay. They always had a good time and laughed a lot. Proverbs 17:22 says, "A merry heart does good, like medicine" and that was Aunt Fay.

Aunt Fay lit up the room when she entered. We all loved to see Aunt Fay come to see us. When I was a teenager, she would always take one of us kids to the store with her. When I was a little girl, I would always like it when Aunt Fay would babysit because she was so fun.

Not all of Aunt Fay's life was filled with laughter. Poor Aunt Fay's oldest daughter, Julie,⁸⁹ died at the age of six years old while attending school. The children were hitting her, and one boy punched her really hard in the stomach, causing intestinal bleeding. She died later that day in the hospital.

Mamma's dad, David, had a sense of humor too. I actually never met him, because he died in 1918 of Bright's disease when Mamma was sixteen years old. She told me her dad loved Pat and Mike jokes.

One time, when I was thirteen years old, Aunt Fay sent us a box of raised donuts. Before we opened the box my Mamma said, "My sister sent these." They were so good. She made good breads. Thank you Jesus, for using bread to teach us many lessons.

September 20,

I picked some fruit off of the trees on the side of our house and took them to the old gentleman that walks by here. I told him to pick as much as he wants when he walks by. Dad always liked to share.

Later in the day, I picked some yellow squash and zucchini and put them in a greased casserole dish. The next layer was garlic, cut corn, cut green beans, and onions. Then another layer of summer squashes. The last layer was sliced tomatoes and shredded cheese. Then I baked it at F 350 for about an hour. I learned to make this when I was in Texas, and it has always been a favorite side dish for many a year.

⁸⁹ End Notes *September 19*

I am mindful of the Lord's bounty and the command to love the Lord with our whole heart.

I Will Love Thee

My Jesus, I love Thee
I know Thou art mine
I'll love Thee in life

I'll love Thee in death
I'll love Thee as long as I draw breath
And forever after, in the eternities.⁹⁰

September 21,

During the war⁹¹, I bought war bonds.⁹² I was glad I did. When we had Sheila in 1948, we moved into a new home on 8th North but, there were no appliances. So, I cashed in the war bonds and purchased what we needed.

⁹⁰ Taken from *Lord Jesus, I Love Thee, I Know Thou Art Mine*. Lyrics by William Ralph Featherstone (1846-1873) and music by Adoniram Judson Gordon (1836-1895).

⁹¹ World War II

⁹² End Notes *September 21*

September 22,

The flowers have bloomed and gone. My last garden is gone, and my son is working hard to plant grass in its place. Dillan trimmed the hedge. I am so lucky to have all this help from my children. Dad would have been proud. What a wonderful few days we have had. Our families go on and on and I am thankful for that.

September 23,

Dear Jesus, please forgive me of my shortcomings. I fall short daily. I am thankful for parents who admitted their shortcomings. Papa used to say, "I was mistaken." Mamma said, "I don't have any wisdom teeth, which is why I don't have any wisdom." Mamma also used to say, "Let that be a lesson to us." We all hope to do better next time, but sometimes don't.

September 24,

I am writing this with a pen I bought in Dunning, Nebraska. Mamma lived in Dunning until she was 18 years of age. At the time, Mamma had wanted to study to be a school teacher. Her father was supportive of her dream, but he died, so Mamma went to work at a restaurant at the age of sixteen, to help out the family. She worked there for two years. It was there she reconnected, with Papa who had moved to Dunning to work for the Burlington railroad, which Papa saw as a better choice than working in the coal mines back where he was born.

Mamma's sister, Aunt Lula, married Papa's brother, Uncle Alex. Mamma would often visit Lula and Alex. Mamma liked Papa's family. Papa had beautiful blue eyes, and Papa was a friend and a wise counselor to Mamma. My Mamma kept thinking what a good man he was, and Papa was thinking about her, because one day walking home with her, he held her hand and said, "Flossie, will you marry me?" Replying she said, "No Jake, I can't marry you." "Is it because I am too old for you Flossie?" "It's not that Jake. I just haven't thought about marriage and I have to help my family out, sorry."

Mamma made a new lilac-colored dress, and then Mamma met Papa at the train station to travel to Chadron, Nebraska. Mamma and Papa were married in Chadron, Nebraska, and went on their honeymoon in Coulee, Washington. On the way to Coulee, the train went through northern Idaho, and Mamma thought it was the prettiest place she had ever seen.

When they were very first married, they went to a second-hand store to buy their household goods. Uncle Jim Wilson was with them. Espying a feather bed, Jim asked the storekeeper, "Why don't you give these folks this feather bed? They just got married today." The storekeeper was softened and gave them the feather bed.

Papa had a good job with the railroad and had bought a house in Alliance, Nebraska. When they returned to Alliance, Nebraska to settle down, Mamma's mother, Anna, had Papa arrested because her daughter had run off with an older man that she imagined was taking advantage of her. Papa and Mamma made the mistake of eloping and getting married days before Mamma's eighteenth birthday. When the County Sheriff came to their

house, he said to Papa, "I don't want to do this, but I have a warrant for your arrest."

Grandma Sarah Jane said to my Mamma, "I don't know what I will do without Jake." My Mamma replied, "I'll stay with you." Mamma loved Grandma Sarah Jane. They didn't quite know what to do with Mamma, so the sheriff's wife took her to stay at the sheriff's house.

The next day at the hearing, after talking to the couple separately, and then together, the judge scolded Grandma Anna Puckett by saying, "These are good people. They have done nothing wrong."

Mamma's brothers, Harvey and Halley, were resentful towards Papa for taking their sister, who was like a second mother to them. They never really got over it. Grandma Anna needed Mamma's moral and financial support at that time in her life, so she was sore about Mamma eloping too. But she got over it and ended up loving Papa almost as much as Mamma did.

Mamma's mother, Anna Puckett, did not have any type of contact with the newly married couple for years. But, they all eventually followed Papa out west. Papa was far sighted and a leader who people would follow, even if they followed reluctantly.

In those days, times were good, and everyone had a job, but after that incident Papa had no heart to stay there in Nebraska. After what had happened, the newly married couple moved out west where he got a job at a sawmill.

During that time of uneasy tension between the families, Anna Puckett got married to George Day. Perhaps Anna's acceptance of George's marriage proposal was for financial support reasons, which were not good reasons to get married. The marriage to

George Day didn't last, because George turned out to be a drunk, and so Mamma never did meet her step-dad. Even though the Day's never had any children, being an older couple, Anna was called Grandma Day. Nobody in our family line has that last name, except for Grandma Anna Day.

Grandma Day took the first steps in making amends with her family after her divorce from George Day. Grandma Anna Day came out west to join the family when my Mamma became sick, then stayed close to us and helped us out many times after that. It was wonderful how the family came together and stuck to each other after all those hard feelings over Papa and Mamma's wedding.

September 25,

Our new minister is the type of man who does not greet people at the entrance, and neither does he shake hands when they leave. I came face to face with him at church the last time I was there, and he turned and walked away from me. At incidences like this, I remember "look at the mote in your own eye" and wonder how many times I have passed some friend without speaking. More than I am aware of, I am sure.

We all miss our chances. We have all fallen short of the Glory of God. The Holy Spirit is fleeting and if we don't grasp the moment, it is gone forever. All of us do this, but we can all ask the Lord's forgiveness.

September 26,

I once asked Daisy what town Papa was living in when he was run over by the train. She didn't know. When Papa was 46, he was suddenly caught off-guard by a moving train while working in the yard, setting rails over the ties. Seeing the train at the last moment, he laid as flat as he could, close to one of the rails, as the middle offered no room above.

Two of his fingers were still on the rail when the steam engine rolled over him. His sheepskin coat was badly burned, but it saved him from the roasting. Uncle Jim jumped upon the engine and yelled, "Brother Jake is under there!" The train had stopped, but now they had to back it up to get to Papa.

They rushed my Papa to the hospital for care. They gave him enough ether to put out three men, and Papa still knocked over two men trying to restrain him during the medical procedure. When the operation was over, and he came to the doctor told him what happened and said, "You must have been quite a scrapper in your day." Then Papa said, "I never had a fight in my life." Papa didn't like fights, but he used to say, "If you ever fight, fight like David."

Daisy did say that he could have got a settlement, but the foreman told Papa he was about to retire and asked Papa not to say anything, because the foreman would get fired and lose his pension. Papa had compassion on the man and so Papa didn't say anything.

September 27,

It is lonesome around here without Dad around. There is an old saying, "You'll never miss the water until the well runs dry."

September 28,

I miss Dad while I sit reading old letters I wrote to him when he was going to Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. I wrote what I missed about him, how he winked and smiled at me as he ran in and out of the house. He was always busy doing something. Now that he is gone I miss those things, but I have the blessing of beautiful memories.

September 29,

Albert Carson was a chicken thief. It was said, Albert would beat his son Johnny if he came home without a chicken. He was such an undesirable character, that the people of Ponderay ran him out on a rail. He left in such a hurry, that he left his own mother behind without any regard for her. Her name was Mrs. Smirl. Papa thought abandonment was a shabby way for someone to treat their own mother. My folks had compassion on her, and she stayed with us for a short time until she could join her son Albert and the rest of his family in California. I was afraid of Mrs. Smirl. She talked funny and I thought for sure she was a witch.

September 30,

Today I am making apple pies. In 1935, we lived by the lake in "The Boat House" and Papa was working for Mr. Hublien. Times were hard and money was scarce, yet Mamma had a surprise for us. One evening after supper, Mamma took us to town and walked us into a restaurant. She ordered a slice of pie for each of us. She was so happy and proud that she was able to give us such a special treat. This was one of those times that Mamma was making a special memory for us. It was hard to beat Mamma's pies, but the magic of that special moment lasted our lifetime.

There is Beauty

OCTOBER

October 1,

As Psalms 30:5 puts it, "Weeping may endure the night, but joy cometh in the morning." When I was a child, if I were sick, the night never seemed to end. In my misery, I could hardly wait for the morning when things always seemed better. Papa and Mamma were up by then. Morning always came with Papa building a fire and Mamma bustling around the kitchen. Now, everything was all right after the long dark night.

October 2,

It was windy and chilly today. The last time I saw Papa, he was happy to see me. He smiled and hugged me. Adversity is sure to come, but there is sunshine in my soul today. Papa believed when he prayed to God, his prayers were heard. His prayers of faith carried us through many hard times.

Allen and Sara Jane were happy in their Kentucky mountain-home, when one day, a band of outlaws rode up to their home and told Allen they needed his home for a hideout because it was in a remote part of the mountain. In exchange, they offered Allen a place nine miles closer to civilization where there was more tillable ground that he could work. They would come back in a few days, and if Allen and his family had left, there would be no

trouble. Outnumbered and out gunned, he took them up on their deal.

When Allen and Sarah Jane left Kentucky, they moved to Wayne, West Virginia where my Aunt Mary was born. My Great Grandmother was born in Shenandoah, West Virginia, and this is most likely where Sarah Jane's family is from. I wish I knew more about them. After West Virginia, Allen homesteaded in Heber Springs, Arkansas.

What was Allen thinking, going to a Confederate territory when he was a Union soldier? Someone poisoned his spring and they were persecuted. Papa tried to get his Pap to go west but he wouldn't leave his homestead.

Many years later, my brother Elby went to Heber Springs and stayed with some members of the "True Followers of Christ" church. There was an old woman there who remembered Papa. Papa had been instrumental in healing her when she was 12 years old. At some point, Papa's whole family got malaria and Allen died in 1911. After Allen had died, his wife Sarah Jane left the homestead with her sons Jacob and Alex, her daughter Mary Jane and her husband Jim, along with their daughter Effie, and moved to Columbus, Kansas. It was here in Kansas that Grandma Anna Puckett and Grandma Sarah Jane first got acquainted at church. My Papa and Uncle Alex would hold "True Followers of Christ" meetings, and Mamma's family would attend. That is where Anna and Sarah Jane became friends. They sat while Papa and Uncle Alex preached. Mamma said Uncle Alex could really sing.

The Sloane's, who hosted my brother Elby in Heber Springs, were nice but had some very backward Confederate ideas like,

"You know they don't have souls, don't you?" He was not going to argue with his hosts in their own home, so he let it pass. They helped Elby find the gravestone of our Grandfather. When they saw the marking of G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Republic), they recoiled in horror, "Did you know your grandfather was UNION?"

October 3,

Psalms 77:14 says, "Thou art the God that does wonders." Mamma would often get up in the middle of the night to pray for us. Papa would often fast and pray for us. Elby once told me of a missile, or something of that nature, going right by him down the ship's deck.

General Patton was perhaps the most colorful general of World War II. He was very outspoken but effective. He did anything to win. My brother Elby was there in Italy, with the Navy, when they received orders to land and fight like the Army. An Army Sergeant came along to tell them how to dig a foxhole and Elby told him, "Go tell someone else. I know how to dig a hole."

While in the heat of a battle, Elby helped a wounded German soldier and pulled him into his foxhole at Salerno, Italy. At that time, he was wounded in the hand, which gave him pain for the rest of his life. War is not pretty, nor is it full of glory. Elby was saved through those and many more ordeals that we don't know about. We all were.

October 4,

In October of 1935, we moved into Grandma's north room because we were homeless. In May of 1936, we moved out of Grandma's north room into 1107 Oak. Papa had worked all fall, winter, and spring to get 1107 Oak ready for us.

Lynville was about eight years old at the time, and he would climb on the pole fence and yell at Grandma, "Yay, Yay Grandma Day." It was a catchy saying, but not much appreciated by Grandma, who talked to Papa, who talked to Lynville. Lynville never said it again.

Papa had placed beds around Grandma's north room, with one corner for Mamma's kitchen. When they had delivered the stove for the north room, they damaged the oven door. Mamma had to prop the oven door closed to bake bread. Because it was a difficult task, Mamma ended up making a lot of fried bread on top of the stove.

October 5,

When fall came, Papa sent me with bus tickets to put my sisters Gracie and Ruby in school. My sister Shirley and I went on from there, to go work in the hop fields. Our bus had a layover so we decided to go to a show while we waited. Somewhere along the way, I had lost the bus tickets and when the bus arrived, I had to explain to the driver that I lost the tickets. He believed me, so we were allowed on the bus. I don't ever think I told Papa. I am so thankful for kind people along the way of life.

October 6,

The Lord moves in our lives in mysterious ways. After Flossie lost Karl in an auto accident, she was riding on a bus in Spokane, Washington and talked to a lady that Flossie said was very kind. This stranger had also lost her husband. There was a connection. While they were talking Flossie told her, "Well, if you can make it, I can make it too." That stranger, as it turned out, was Enid Storer, one of my neighbors. It was interesting this meeting took place so far away, and both of them shared this story with me. I guess it is a small world after all.

October 7,

It seems like we spend our whole lives trying to understand and to be understood. If we listen closely, maybe we can understand. When I got a letter from Anne, a number of years ago, asking me not to send any more money to her children, my memory took me back to Pocatello when she was eight years old. Anne was taking piano lessons, but we didn't have a piano, so she would practice at the Minardi's house.

She had taken piano lessons for some time, and on her last lesson the teacher told me she wasn't going to charge us for this last lesson. It was a goodbye gift. After we left, Anne was furious and wanted me to go back and pay the teacher for what we got.

A gift should be graciously received with a simple, "thank you," but we cannot always understand enough to be gracious.

I remember Libby always had to give. Libby wanted a cummerbund type belt, that she was looking at it, so I bought it

for her. Instead of gratitude, she was mad when I gave it to her. She lived to give, but she died when she received.

When I sold Avon, I got Mamma some really nice soap and told Mamma, "Now Mamma, don't give this soap away. I got it for you." She gave it away. There was a song, "Someday we'll understand. Not now, but in the coming years. Someday we'll understand."⁹³ When to give, and when to take, requires a lot of understanding.

October 8,

When I was much younger, I sold Papa's pails to get money so that me and my friend Helen could go to the show. When we moved to Post Falls, the large cargo container with most of our earthy possessions in it was stolen. Papa had managed to hold on to his pails, and I sold them for two dimes.

I lied to Papa and told him my friend Helen sold them. He knew better and said, "I know you alone are responsible." He never said

⁹³ The song title is "Sometime We'll Understand" by Maxwell N. Cornelius and goes in part:

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

Maxwell N. Cornelius was a building contractor/carpenter who was involved in an accident resulting in his leg being amputated. Following the accident he attended seminary in Ohio and became a Presbyterian minister in 1876 in Pennsylvania at the age of 34. He wrote the words to "Sometime We'll Understand" in 1891 which was put to music by James McGranahan that same year. Maxwell N. Cornelius died in 1893 of pneumonia in Washington D.C. and was buried in Ohio.

anything else to me. Maybe he wanted me to stew in my own guilt, but I never, never told him the truth about that incident. Many more wrongs I did. When I got older and had a lot of boyfriends Papa told me, "Don't be deceitful," but I continued to be—letting people think what they may.

But, Papa's love for his children transcended our wrongs. When I think of how much our parents loved us, I get an inkling of God's love. Our only hope is, through the Grace of Jesus, we will get second sight. The kind of sight beyond the superficial that reveals Christ in others. The kind of godly sight that distinguishes between the lasting and the passing; between the wise and the foolish. By the mercies of God, we stand, and I am thankful for tender mercies. "O for the wonderful love He has promised for you and me: Come Home. Come Home, ye that are weary. Come Home."⁹⁴

October 9,

There are fall colors on the trees and there are still flowers in bloom. Sonja Johnson gave me some apples she had picked off of her tree today. They are the best apples ever. Quite a few years ago, her mother planted a crabapple tree. During a very hard year, the weather froze the tree down to the roots and the crabapple stock died, but the rootstock remained alive. As a result, a beautiful apple tree grew from the mother root. The apple variety remains a mystery to everyone, but everyone enjoys

⁹⁴ Words taken from the fourth verse and chorus of the song "Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling" by Will Lamartine Thompson (1847-1909)

them. Sonja invited everyone to come and delight in the joyfully sweet fruit that sprang out of adversity and death. Thank You Jesus for good neighbors.

October 10,

Brian by Dorothy Belle:

Who is this guy called Brian?
Whose pup waits at the garden gate.
Whose children wait by the door.

When he comes, they all jump for joy!
Nothing but good he does for them.
Kindness he has shown.

Cruelty crashes around him.
Our hearts wish for his relief.
But the best not always are blessed.

Jesus understands and knows our hearts.
The reasons for what we do and say.
We thank Thee Lord for His care every day.

October 11,

Matthew 5:9 says, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." We have peacemakers in our family who go a long way to find problems and fix them. Elby

keeps the peace among the relatives and tries to understand each one. Sometimes he just listens to them and sometimes, with the help of a few words, he brings things into perspective.

Papa could help with very few words. I was touched once when he wrote to me about one of the in-laws causing contention. He wrote, "I don't want any fighting around me." Maybe it made him feel better to put it down on paper, and I lived far enough away not to cause anymore friction.

October 12,

Psalms 53:22 states, "He shall sustain thee." I have been so thankful down through the years to have Dad do all the heavy work. Now I am by myself and can't do much. But, help often comes when the help is needed.

October 13,

Life is not fair, but God is always there. We can worry, but all worry is unfair interest on debt we don't own.

October 14,

Songs reflect and affect the way we feel about things. Music has been a big part of my life. We always sang growing up when we were at church, at school, and at home. I still like to sing and listen to music. When I am grateful, I remember the song about Johnny Appleseed that went, "And so we thank the Lord for sending us the things we need. The sun, the rain, and the apple

seed."⁹⁵ Being a faithful friend in trials of life, reminds me of one song I learned in my youth that went:

Old Faithful,
We rode the range together.
Old Faithful,
In every kind of weather.
When your round-up days are over,
There will be pastures white with clover,
For you Old Faithful, pal of mine.⁹⁶

October 15,

"Prayers to all men; For kings and authorities, that we may have a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." Papa often included this line in his nightly prayers.

October 16,

Mamma and Papa's grandchild Roberta passed away on this date from breast cancer. Daisy's children were there: Loretta, Daniel, Millie, John, Wally, Jimmy, and Tommy. There was a lot of other family there as well.

⁹⁵ Music of *The Lord is Good to Me* by Paul Smith was sung by Dennis Day in Walt Disney's 1948 classic "The Legend of Johnny Apple Seed" in memory of the pioneer John Chapman (1774-1845).

⁹⁶ Sung by Gene Autry in the 1936 movie "The Big Show"

The one thing I learned from Daisy's life was, a baby can go anywhere the mother goes, or the mother shouldn't go there if the baby can't go as well.

Daisy's mother-in-law had somehow been able to take Roberta away from Daisy, after Daisy's husband Bob had left her for another woman. Her infant being ripped from her arms caused Daisy unbearable grief as I saw her cry, wail, and constantly wring her hands in desperation.

Despite attempted legal action, the courts failed her, and the prosecuting attorney refused to do anything because Bob's family somehow had influence over that particular court, so the case never came to trial. Roberta was told growing up that her mother had deserted her, and what a terrible person Daisy was. Daisy only got to see Roberta two more times in her lifetime before Daisy died. Bob's family treated Daisy terribly.

About that time, Daisy wrote me to borrow \$35.00 to get a divorce, but I turned a deaf ear. Forgive me Daisy. Forgive me, Jesus.

After Bob left her, Daisy went to work in the laundry room at Farragut Naval Base. She later met and married Albert Draine.

October 17,

When we think of the pioneers, we often think of covered wagons. Rather than the whip, my grandmother used verbal training. She was different from most people in her approach of raising children. She was a pioneer. My father never used physical discipline and said, "If you beat your children, they will grow up to

hate you." He was a wise pioneer too. I am thankful Papa and Mamma agreed on child raising.

October 18,

With the garden harvest, I got behind in my housework. It will be good to have everything back in order again.

Mamma took baby Ruby with her to the garden, and the vegetables Mamma cooked were so delicious—especially her creamed peas and potatoes.

October 19,

James 1:3-4 says, "The trying of your faith works patience. But let patience have her perfect work..." In 1938, at 1107 Oak Street, Elby felt something sharp on his arm. Mamma felt it. It was a needle that was starting to poke out of his arm. How did it get there? None of us could imagine how it might have gotten there.

Mamma started to work on it and when its head was poking out, she got a pair of pliers and worked and pulled. The sweat started rolling down her face. She almost got it out when the pliers slipped, and the needle drew back into Elby's body. Mamma had to start all over again. We were all very quiet while Mamma worked patiently. Finally she declared, "I've got it!" We were relieved Mamma patiently worked the needle from our brother's arm.

October 20,

I am tired.

October 21,

The flag case I ordered came in the mail today. I put Dad's coffin flag, medals, and name tag in it. It looks very nice—a memorial to Dad. I was putting leaves on the rose bed when I discovered some vandals had torn off the sides of the protective fence. The posts are still very sturdy but, it broke my heart and I wonder what might be next—I pray the Lord will protect me.

October 22,

The leaves are turning yellow, red, and some are still green. What a beautiful sight.

October 23,

I remember when Papa would pick up all the glass around our property and throw it in the stove. I used to like to watch it, and when Papa would pull it out, the glass was smooth with interesting shapes and colors.

At one time, we had a Majestic Stove which is much bigger than the stoves of today. Not only did it make much better bread, but you could bake much more bread and pies at one time.

October 24,

Denham told me his mom made him clean up his messes. I told him that was good, and he said, "I can clean up little messes, but I'm too little to clean up my big messes." I told him, "I guess you shouldn't make big messes." He didn't answer.

October 25,

I cooked up some small beets and greens from my garden today.

October 26,

When I was growing up, I would often feel inferior because we were poor, and people would often make fun of me because I did not have the finer things in life. I thought, "When I get married my children will have a fine home and good clothes, and we will be looked up to and never be made fun of." I did get a nice home and I dressed my girls in nice clothes, yet they had many of those same experiences. It is somewhat funny; I attributed my experience to the wrong cause. Maybe that is why people are slow learners. We are great at observation, but so poor at deciding what our experiences mean. We think we do well because we have some great skill, or we think things didn't go our way by chance or by the interference of another, and so we don't learn what we should.

When I was in my teens, I really couldn't see any blessing in my life. We were poor and didn't have a nice house and had only average clothes. We had three meals a day, but we didn't have

many material possessions. Now I know we had everything, a Papa and a Mamma who cared and prayed for us. They used to pray, "We thank Thee for the many blessings of the day."

October 27,

Psalms 30:5 states, "Joy cometh in the morning" and so it was today. It was beautiful, sunny, and warm with no wind. I walked to the plum tree and found a nice big plum I had missed earlier. I then made juice from some of our grapes. I took two pounds of grapes, added a quart and a half of water and a third a cup of sugar, and boiled the combination for 30 minutes. I love the smell of grapes going through the house. It makes me feel like singing.

I was in the glee club with Daisy when I was a sophomore in high school.⁹⁷ Daisy was the singer of the family and she was pretty. Daisy looked good in anything she put on or in any hair style because she had such a pretty face. Our glee teacher liked her very much and gave her star roles. Her voice rang out true. Her first public solo was at church with the song, *Prodigal Son*. She sang a number of times on stage. During glee club performances, we usually wore a dark skirt and a white blouse with a white tie. I was always put in with the alto's and was more of a background singer. Mrs. Nolan was a good, yet stringent, teacher and we learned a lot of songs like *Santa Lucia*⁹⁸, *This is My*

⁹⁷ End Notes October 27

⁹⁸ *Saint Lucy* or *Santa Lucia* was a traditional song from Naples, Italy made popular in the 19th century

*Task*⁹⁹, and *Danube Waters*¹⁰⁰. When I was a junior, my big sister Daisy had graduated and my little sister Flossie joined me in the glee club. Flossie kept getting caught by Mrs. Nolan chewing gum, which she was asked to throw away. Flossie was very embarrassing to be around as she was pulling endless antics to try and get a laugh from the other pupils. I wish Mrs. Nolan could know we still remember her.

October 28,

Mr. White a retired Baptist minister used to visit us. I thought he and his wife were nice. One time, a missionary stopped by and left a book with Joseph Smith's picture on the cover asking, "If I leave this book, will you read it?" Mamma said she would and propped it up on the buffet. I asked her what the book was about, and she said, "It is about a man who was persecuted for his religious beliefs." I guess about that time, the missionary came back to pick up the book. Later, a Jehovah's Witness came to the door with a petition allowing them to assemble for worship. Mamma signed the petition for them to have meetings.

I learned religious tolerance from my folks who taught us never to speak ill of another's belief, even if they had very contrary views.

⁹⁹ *My Task* has the tag line "This is my task" at the end of each verse. *My Task* was written by Maude Louise Ray with music by E. L. Ashford.

¹⁰⁰ Most likely *The Blue Danube* with music by Johann Strauss Jr., and words written by Joseph Weyl. The instrumental version is more commonly performed.

October 29,

All of our crops are in before the freeze. One time, when Mamma was a little girl, Grandma Anna Puckett put all of her children in the wagon and bundled them all up in blankets, because it was snowing and very cold. They were going on a long road trip to see relatives.

The snow was blowing into a blizzard, but Grandma Anna Puckett kept driving the horses and wagon until they came to an abandoned little house, where they stopped. The house had no panes in the window to keep out the snow and cold, so Grandma nailed blankets on the inside and outside, so no matter which way the wind blew, the hole would be doubly sealed. Grandma Anna Puckett found wood and got a fire started in the old stove, and they all huddled together.

In the morning, Grandma got the blankets warm by the fire and bundled Mamma and the rest of her children up in the wagon for the rest of the journey.

October 30,

Ephesians chapter six starts out by saying, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." Papa used to read from this chapter often when I was a teenager, and its verses were a guiding light to me, for I didn't want to do anything that would hurt my parents.

Mamma once told me, "If you do everything people want you to do, you will become commonplace." What she meant was, you would lack originality because you would be a copy of those

around you. Our parents would prefer we reflect the glory of God, rather than be a copy of the world.

If we can trust in God's wisdom we would be better off, but most of us try to do things without involving God by not asking and not listening. Mamma would sometimes say, "I knew better, but I went headlong."

October 31,

I talked to my friend Fay today from Port Orchard. Someone had shot and killed Allen about two months ago. Does one even get over something like that? I think not. I am still in much pain over losing my own husband. Before he died I told him he had taken me to the end of the rainbow.

Papa did not write very many letters in his lifetime. Any letter he wrote, really meant something important. Papa wrote me a letter a few weeks before he died, dated October 31, 1957. He said he would like me to come and see him if I could, "but I guess you cannot." As usual, I had skimmed over Papa's letter without grasping the meaning of it. I went over it again some thirty years later, and this time, I knew he knew his life was almost over.

I was surprised he wrote, as it was the time of year he was getting ready for winter. He had carrots, potatoes, and wood to get in, but he took the time to write. The letter was as follows:

Dear Clyde, Dorothy, and family,

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I received your letter with the money in it. Well, Thank you for it. I hope that you are all well. We are all up and about.

I wanted you to come and see us, but I guess you cannot. Well, come if you can while the weather is still good. It is good right now. I hope to see you all soon and have a conversation with you all.

I will close now. Write soon to let me know. Love you all. Well, to you all.

Signed,
Jacob"

Papa didn't see me too often after I married. It is such a wonder that he thought enough of me to write. Dear Jesus, thank You for all our departed loved ones that are now with You. I hope they can look down on how we are doing. Bless us that all their efforts and help they gave, may not be in vain. Help us in this world, until we can all be with You. Amen.

Frosty Times Ahead

NOVEMBER

November 1,

Charles Gabriel was born on this day in 1891. I was glad I spent fifteen years as part of his family. Charles loved his whole family and would do anything for them. He was a good hunter and fisherman and spent all the time he could engaged in those activities. The 1890s were a prosperous time known as "The Gay '90s" and things looked up, right until the end of the Roaring Twenties when the stock market crashed. My own family was poor during the Great Depression. Papa lost his job with the mill shortly after the stock market crash because the place he worked for went in the red and didn't pay their employees.

After that, he could only find odd jobs because everyone wanted young able-bodied men, rather than older men of advancing years. Even when our family was poor in material things, we were rich in love for one another. I took a picture of Papa's old house in Post Falls. Papa, Mamma, and Shirley moved in when there were only two bedrooms. Papa hired someone to help him build an addition. When they were finished, Lynville and Papa built on a back porch. The siding matched up perfectly.

They moved there in 1950, and Papa died in November of 1957 when he caught the Asian flu, which turned into pneumonia. They had the house paid off the year before Papa died, and Mamma bought new curtains. Ruby and Kenneth bought them

some new modern furniture for the living room, but Mamma never got her fine dinner room table and nice dishes she always wanted.

She wanted so much to have a place where her family could gather around and enjoy each other's company. Papa would always build a rough-hewn table and benches that Mamma would place an oilcloth on. Mamma always called the worst seat, "the place of honor." But our folks always supplied us with a secure happy home where we were all happy. There was a quality about them that surpassed their humble surroundings.

So many today are busy doing and making a good living they forget to make a path to happiness and fulfillment.

November 2,

Every Sunday my Papa held church where he would pray for the hope that we would take ourselves out of the world and think on heavenly things. We sang a lot and prayed a lot. We did not have much preaching, but rather, Bible reading. They never took up any collection of money or discussed material things.

We were at 1107 Oak when I first attended the Baptist Sunday School. They taught much about the Bible. I would babysit during church services. Mamma started to go to the Baptist church, and she took communion there. Papa asked, "You took communion at a worldly church?" A relationship might be built on getting by giving, but Mamma didn't say anything because she believed the foundation of a marriage relationship was kept from cracking by biting one's own tongue.

The following week the Baptist minister asked Papa if the children could be baptized. Papa replied, "Reckon not."

November 3,

Past memories can bring sadness, joy, laughter, and tears. Papa had an eye for the future. He saw that the socialist reforms President Roosevelt brought about would turn able-bodied men into government panhandlers. Young men wouldn't want to work if they can draw unemployment or some other benefit. Social programs becomes a trap. Mama use to say: "There maybe plenty of free cheese in the mouse trap but you'll never find a happy mouse there."

Back in the 1950s, when Shirley's husband Ronald Sams was drawing unemployment, he asked, "What would we do if I couldn't get my unemployment check? How could we live?" Papa said, "You'd find something to do."

I think of all these benefits and how they have robbed the young men of this nation of their incentive and pride. All these things have brought about lax living. As the saying goes, "Idle hands are the devil's workshop." Now we have a nation of thumb gamers, gamblers, and gropers.

Dear Jesus, help us to vote wisely and get good people into office, for there are not many. Amen.

November 4,

Mamma said she never cut her wisdom teeth because she never had any wisdom. I think she had much wisdom. Mamma

was almost a genius, but she was not in a position to reach her potential. Mamma could fix her own sewing machine, and other things, and could pick a dress from a catalog and make it without a pattern. Mamma would often order the material from National Bellas Hess¹⁰¹ to make all of our school clothes. We could have our dresses any style we wanted. All I had to do was show Mamma a dress in a catalog. She made a four gathered tier skirt and then an overlapping gathered skirt for me.

She made the choice to live in humble surroundings and care for her family. She spoke with respect of her mother, brothers, and sisters. She taught us that everyone was different, and those differences don't determine worth. Her great wisdom was also the love and respect she had for her husband by saying, "We'll wait to see what Papa says." She never nagged us, so when she said, "That's enough now," we listened.

November 5,

When I was growing up, I felt bad because I had the biggest feet of any of my sisters. One time, I saw my Grandma Day's letter she had sent to her daughter Katie which said, "Jake has three of the most beautiful children." I knew Daisy and Elby were such beautiful babies, but I always assumed I was a scrawny kid with big feet. That meant a lot to me to have my Grandma call me beautiful.

¹⁰¹ National Cloak & Suit was formed in 1888 and reorganized as National Bellas Hess Co. Inc. in 1910 to become one of the largest mail order businesses in the country.

Papa told me when I was little, "Because you have big feet, you will have a good understanding." I guess I had to grow up to the size of my hands and feet—hands for prayer and feet to walk in the steps of Jesus.

Since then, I have prayed many times for understanding. Proverbs 2:2 states, "Apply thine heart to understanding." I am working on listening more and talking less with the spirit of faith because, as Hebrews chapter 11 tells us, it is "through faith we understand."

November 6,

Thank you, Jesus, for those who have served our country, and thank You for those who have returned. I've had some more pictures developed which were taken while we lived in Galveston, Texas. First we went to Palacios where Dad went into the real estate office to acquire a rental home, then to Texas City, then Island City in Galveston. After we got to Galveston, we shopped at Fort Crocket and saw the war prisoners from Germany and Italy. They went where they pleased because, where were they going to go? I noticed quite a few of them worked in the commissary doing things like baking bread. That was very delicious baked bread.

We got settled there fairly well when Dad was suddenly sent to La Junta, Colorado, and then on to Peterson Field in Colorado Springs, where he was made Tech Sergeant and later Sergeant Major at headquarters. We went by way of Kansas and stopped off to see Dad's family. When Anne saw her Grandpa and Uncle

Walt together, she became confused on who was who. We stayed there on the farm while Dad went on to La Junta.

November 7,

When my grandson, Jacob, had a baby blessing, the bishop said, "I pray that I, in a small way, will be like Jesus." Maybe we could all work little by little to be like our Savior Jesus Christ. As someone has metaphorically said:

Watch the curves, the fields, the trestles.

Never falter, never fail.

Keep your hand upon the throttle.

Keep your eyes upon the rail.¹⁰²

November 8,

I had a dream about Dad last night. Dad and I were visiting Aunt Alma and Alma's granddaughter was also there. I heard a car door slam and Dad said, "Well, so much for that!" It was Mamma and Sheila! When they came in Aunt Alma was very pleasant, but her granddaughter was bustling around and making all sorts of mischief. I told Mamma we were getting ready to leave. I reached out to Alma's granddaughter's hand, but it was limp and unfeeling as I said, "Let us know how your mommy gets along."

¹⁰² Loosely the second verse of *Life is Like a Mountain Railway* by Charlie D. Tillman (1861-1943)

November 9,

Everything that leads us on the path of life seems to be in the Bible. Psalms 16:11 says, "Thou will show me the path of life." Papa learned to read by the Bible, and he was very wise and successfully led his eight children along the path of life and taught us to love the Lord. During the Great Depression, I saw my folks were sometimes concerned with how things were to go, but Papa always helped and encouraged people around him. Papa's encouragement was his favorite song *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*.¹⁰³ The Great Depression taught us to manage with less and also taught us our needs are not as great as we think they are. I heard Mr. Swenson tell Papa, "You're the best friend I ever had. You made me believe I could make it because you were making it. Thank you, dear friend."

November 10,

There was a light snow on the ground this morning. I saw a flock of birds going south with deliberation.

Papa used to pray every night, "Give me fruit for my labor, that my labor be not in vain." As mothers, we hope as we send our children out on the sea of life, that our labor of raising them will bear good fruit. Everyone makes mistakes. Everyone knows everyone makes mistakes. Yet, I don't seem to know this when I think of myself. I have made my share of mistakes, but I hope the

¹⁰³ Written by Joseph Scriven (1820-1886). The song was penned from intense sorrow after the accidental drowning of his bride. The song was falsely attributed to Dr. Horatius Bonar before Joseph Scriven was given rightful credit sometime after his death.

good outweighs the bad. I have always tried to pay attention to what is good in my life. Life is what you focus on. When I lose my focus on the good that God grants me, I find many of my poor decisions or impulsive actions came from focusing on the wrong thing. At the close of this day, I look back on my life and hope I have been the kind of person You want me to be, Lord. Give us wisdom to say and do the right things. Amen.

November 11,

Armistice Day was what it was called when I was growing up. Now they call it Veterans Day. In the 1920s and 1930s we sang World War 1 songs like, *Inky Dinky Parlez-Vous*¹⁰⁴, *Gay Paree*¹⁰⁵, *Yankee Doodle*¹⁰⁶, and so forth. The songwriters made it sound so glamorous. I believe it was just to prepare our boys for World War II. In 1940, all the boys signed up for service so willingly. In their minds, military service was an exciting adventure.

When I was living in Sandpoint, we would have dances at the Community Hall. One night in October of 1940, before the dance, all the boys lined up as the recruiting officer enlisted them. The next day, Flossie and I went down to the bus depot to see them off to Fort Lewis. The next month they all came home on furlough for the holidays.

¹⁰⁴ The song's actual title is *Mademoiselle from Armentières*

¹⁰⁵ Most likely a phrase used in a song rather than a song title

¹⁰⁶ Most likely *The Yankee Doodle Boy* from George Cohan's *Little Johnny Jones*

November 12,

As we go through life, it is often hard to find answers to our problems that bring peace of mind. My Mamma was so capable and could have done anything she set her mind to do. However, she gave up all she could have been, for the love of her family. Above all, she had the wisdom to have the willingness to stay in the background. When you walk into a fancy building you notice the chandelier, and the fancy furniture, and decorations. But, none of the things you find praiseworthy hold up the building. Mamma was like that. She was the pillar and beam of our family.

November 13,

Our parents taught us to give. If it was from their garden, they gave the very best they had. Sometimes that meant we had the inferior goods. I remember one time, Uncle Alex came by and Papa and Mamma gave him a lot of basic staples like flour, baking powder, salt, potatoes, and so forth. That meant we were out of about everything, but we still seemed to manage well with whatever we had left. Mamma was our family's bookkeeper and was such a good manager of what she had. Mamma used to say, "Make it do, or do without."

On one occasion Mamma told us we couldn't go out to play. "We're going to work today." That week Flossie and I had gone over to Helen and Lila Lee's to play every day – but not this day. Mamma was making tea towels out of flour sacks. We worked all morning taking the sacks apart and cleaning them up. Daisy and Elby did the heavy work with the boilers and the water. When the cloth was hanging on the line to dry, we asked again if we could

go and play. Mamma said, "No, we have to fix dinner and then Lynville and Ruby can take a nap." When the cloth was dry Mamma had us cut them to size and then said, "Now we can hem them." We had over twenty tea towels and learned fulfillment in creating something useful.

November 14,

Papa's brother Alex died from the Asian flu two weeks prior to Papa's death, and Papa was very sad. A few days before his death Papa had chopped a stack of wood almost as high as the house. The next day, he put up five-foot poles so people could tell where they needed to go, in case we had a heavy snow.

On this day in 1957, Papa worked all day fixing the potatoes and carrots in the ground for the winter. Mamma could tell he was not well and as she felt his forehead she said, "Jake, you have a fever, you shouldn't go outside." He went anyway. That night he left his shoes out by the oil heater in the living room. He had never done that! His shoes were always put under his bed. He said, "I won't need them again." After supper, he said his evening prayers and slept peacefully away into the next life. His work on earth was done.

When the storms of life are past,
Safe into the Haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.¹⁰⁷

¹⁰⁷ Taken from *Jesus, Lover of my Soul* by Charles Wesley

I got on the bus to Post Falls a few hours after I was informed Papa was dead. Gracie met me at the bus stop, her blue eyes filled with tears. Poor Mamma had a terrible ordeal and could hardly talk. Everyone wanted to take Mamma home with them. Mamma said, "No. If I leave now, I'll never be back."

After Papa was gone, Mamma made bedroom slippers to sell to get extra cash. She even sold them in Karl's store. After a few months, she ventured out of her home to see her children. She spent a lengthy time with all her children. Mamma said, "I never expected to be so popular." Our children loved her. She spent three months with us at our house. Then one day, she got a call that Uncle Tom's boy was killed in an auto accident. Mamma said, "I have to go to Tom now" and she was off.

November 15,

Things went a little smoother this day. In 1943, my brother Elby was in the Mediterranean. Elby left New York City in ship LST-13 and zig-zagged with two escorts until they landed in Algeria. Elby ended up being in the Mediterranean area for almost a year.

He wrote me a letter that said, "The first thing I noticed back here in the US was, the women aren't wearing white sheets over their face. I guess they aren't ashamed of their face. That is the only reason I could figure out why the women over in Africa wore sheets over their faces. I think they must have been very ugly."

By the time he got back to New York City on November 14 of 1944 on the USS Stanton¹⁰⁸ he was so broke, he couldn't afford

¹⁰⁸ Edsall-class destroyer escort that provided convoy protection

the train ticket to come home. Gracie said he spent all of his money in Africa. He bought a cashmere coat for himself, an ivory comb for Gracie, and some beads made out of seashells for me, along with other things for the rest of the family. Since he was broke, he wired home for the money for a ticket.

When Mamma and Papa got the telegram, Mamma sat in the rocker holding the telegram close to her heart and rocked and rocked for she was sure the telegram was to inform her, that her son had died in action. That is what happened to Aunt Lula and Uncle Alex. They received a telegram their son Harold had been killed in action against the Japanese.

Elby said Harold died during an attack by 'Washing Machine Charlie'. It was a plane that sounded like a washing machine, so that is what they called the pilot and the plane he flew. Uncle Alex was Papa's younger brother by four years. Uncle Alex passed away in 1957.

When Mamma wouldn't open the telegram, Papa finally said, "You know we are going to have to open it!" So, Mamma let Papa open it. To Mamma's relief, Elby wanted them to send some money for a train ticket because he had been so foolish in spending all of his.

Elby was home for a whole month! He didn't want to go back into battle, but he was resigned and said, "I guess I'll have to go back out and get a few more stars for my campaign ribbons." He was then sent to the Pacific and landed troops during invasions: The first was Saipan, then Tinian about a month later, Leyte, Luzon was next, then came Iwo Jima. On the way over, they dodged

Japanese fireballs¹⁰⁹, some of which were flying around on the deck of the ship.

When Elby was home on leave, we were living on the Gulf of Mexico near Galveston Island State Park, Texas. Mamma wrote to me that she had never fixed so many dinners in her life! They had a war hero home from the Mediterranean and Italy and there was much company for Elby.

Elby also wrote me, to thank me for the fruit cake waiting for him in New York and said it was really good after eating all those C-Rations all the way home.

November 16,

After baking an apple cobbler, I ate a piece of it and now it is 1:30 a.m. I am going to take a bath and go to bed. I remember Mamma putting us to bed each night. There was so much beauty in our everyday lives and in our ordinary moments.

Ordinary things are a big part of life and surround us constantly. If we pay attention, those ordinary things can come to life. I remember the ordinary cloth patterns on Mamma's dress. I was very happy when I sat in Mamma's big dress as she brushed my hair, a hundred strokes every day. Mamma always wore her hair up in a knot and was always working. How ordinary and how wonderful are those memories.

First Kings 19:11-12 tells us the Lord is not in the wind, or the earthquake, or the fire or any other big and exciting thing. The

¹⁰⁹ This may be a reference to one of the four types of Japanese Navy guided missiles broadly known as Funryu (Raging Dragon) rockets.

Lord is a still small voice. He is in the quiet times and in the ordinary moments of life.

November 17,

Mamma cherished every moment she had with each of her children. We played all day outside and would come in the house all spun-up and rowdy. At 6 p.m. Mamma would say, "Papa's coming home now. You can settle down." Somehow, we did. Then Mamma would quickly straighten up before Papa walked in the door. I loved our family time so much.

November 18,

Hope Again by Dorothy Belle

When I woke this morning,
High in the barren tree,
A bird's nest I did see.

A great hope arose in my heart,
Of God's promise for a new start,
Which gave great joy to my heart.

The birds will return this spring,
All of God's creations will sing:
Joy and hope are found each day.

November 19,

The morning was so lovely. What treats I had today. I went into the backyard and picked up some Golden Delicious¹¹⁰ apples that had fallen off the tree to the ground. They were very delicious. I then wrote this poem after I remembered the Lord's goodness amidst gloomy days.

Always There by Dorothy Belle

"When we are down and out,
And none seem to care,
Jesus is always there.

When we are in trouble and pain,
And on One is there to share,
Jesus is always there.

When the road seems long and rough,
And we think we can't go on,
God says: "Come, follow My Son."

¹¹⁰ According to "Specialty Produce" the Golden Delicious started in 1890 as a chance seedling of Anderson H. Mullins. Originally, it was called Mullins Yellow Seedling. In 1916, the rights to sell the apple were sold to Stark Brothers Nursery who renamed the apple Golden Delicious. See https://specialtyproduce.com/produce/Golden_Delicious_Apples_120.php for more information.

November 20,

When Elby was first born, Mamma wanted to name him Meredith, but Papa said, "No. I won't name our son after a thief."

Grandma Sarah Jane had two brothers, Jamison and Meredith. Their parents were Steven and Katherine Edwards Workman. Grandma Sarah Jane had a saying, "Do right, not wrong. Be strong." One time when Papa was eight years old, Sarah Jane would not accept groceries from her brother Meredith, even though they were starving that winter. Unfortunately, that year Allen had met up with his brothers after harvesting his crops and drank up all the profits. I guess this was an example of what not to do because Papa never drank or smoked.

Meredith Workman saw himself as a Robin Hood¹¹¹, who robbed the rich to give to the poor, of which he was proud. On the 1880 census, Meredith listed "Professional Thief" for his occupation. On this particular occasion, he told Sarah Jane he didn't steal the groceries, but she couldn't take the chance. When Papa's Uncle Meredith showed up at the door, Papa said, "At the time, I thought she ought to have taken them" because she had hungry children. What a wonderful lesson on honesty Sarah Jane taught her children that day.

How Meredith got his ideas, considering Steven and Katherine were upright Bible reading Baptists, is beyond comprehension. Meredith thought our society was all wrong and thought the rich should support the poor. He had many ideas similar to a socialist

¹¹¹ A mythical folklore bandit who rationalized theft and eased his conscience by giving some of the stolen goods to the poor.

or a communist and did things like standing on the train depot steps giving speeches about the wrongs of society.

Because Meredith actively robbed from the rich to give to the poor he ended up in prison. When the Civil War broke out, the prison let some of the prisoners out to fight in the war, so Meredith fought on the side of the Union.

November 21,

Papa had the same schedule every day. He arose at 6 a.m. and retired at 9 p.m. He kept this schedule no matter who was around. At 9 p.m. he would say, "9 O'clock! Time for all decent people to be in bed—rogues¹¹² a traveling." He did that even on the day he died.

This was Papa's favorite:

My Jesus, I love Thee.
I know Thou art mine.
For Thee, all is folly,
Of sin, I resign.

I love Thee in life.
I will love Thee in death.
And promise Thee as long,
As I drawest a breath.

And sing when the death dew,

¹¹² Unprincipled wandering scoundrels

Lies cold on my brow:
If ever I love Thee,
My Jesus, 'tis now.¹¹³

November 22,

Mamma loved Thanksgiving. Mamma would sing a song that went, "Thanksgiving is coming. Hurrah! Hurrah! It's coming tomorrow they say, and the turkey must fly, or else he'll die!"

Mamma and Papa never had turkey on the dinner table, even at Thanksgiving. Papa's Pappy, Allen, hunted turkeys in Kentucky and I guess Papa had his fill of turkey. Allen's other favorite foods were oatmeal, beans, biscuits, and sweet potatoes. Papa preferred roasted chicken or roast beef over the turkey dinners he got as a boy.

During the Great Depression, our Thanksgiving consisted of fried parsnips and parsnip gravy, mashed potatoes, chopped cabbage and apple salad and, best of all, Mamma's homemade bread. Mamma would bake eight loaves of bread every other day, along with cinnamon rolls. They were all ready for us when we got home from school. Sometimes we would have pumpkin pie. It was not until 1937 that we started having roast beef again. After I married Dad, we had turkey on the table.

Papa's family ate many things in Kentucky to keep from starving. Papa would always say, "I'll eat a little bit." He didn't eat sweets but would take a very small portion if Mamma went to the trouble to bake a cake or a pie.

¹¹³ Loosely, the poem written by William Ralph Featherstone in 1864

November 23,

While the children were growing up, we would often take some pies to the soup kitchen and then we helped them serve. They were so thankful we were fixing dinner. The girls helped in cooking and serving, while I tried to keep up with the dishes. We have so much to be thankful for.

November 24,

When we were stationed at the Pocatello Air Base during World War II, I worked with Dad in Special Services. We started the first rodeo¹¹⁴ in Pocatello, Idaho, and put on a lot of dances, for which we handed out the tickets. One of the dances was a local church sponsored dance called the "Gold and Green Ball". As a result, some of the airmen married the Pocatello girls and stayed in Pocatello after the war. Pocatello was a good soldier town, and the Air Corps helped their economy. After Pocatello, we were transferred to Fort Crockett, Texas. The first day I was there, I

¹¹⁴ Details can be read in the Pocatello Army Air Base newspaper *Bombardier* Vol. II No. 7 dated July 14, 1943. The rodeo was called the *Victory Stampede* and was held at the Bannock County Fair Grounds on July 16, 17, and 18, 1943 with Jack Oakey as the announcer and Miss Jean Ellis as rodeo queen. Top riders included Jack Favors (1942 Madison Square Garden bulldogging champion), Darold Roberts (1942 all-round world champion saddle and bareback bronc riding), Harry Hart (1939 world bulldogging and roping champion), Hugh Clingman (world champion in calf roping), and all-round star Chuck Shepherd. The Pocatello Army entrants included Cpl. "Tex" Huddleson (champion amateur bronc rider) of Galveston, TX; Pvt. Don Nash of Lubbock, TX; Pvt. Emil Mullin of Denver, CO; Pfc. Emerson Kropp of Woodstown, NJ; Pvt. Grant Hannon of Oklahoma City, OK; Pvt. Robert Jester of East Peoria, IL; Pvt. John Kattar of Houston, TX; and Pvt. Jerry Jacobs of Guthrie, OK.

loaded up baby Anne in the stroller to go shopping in town. For some odd reason, soldiers were lined up on the street and one of them started to follow me home. Thank goodness Grandpa Charles met me and told the soldier to scram, which he promptly did. After that, I never went to town alone.

November 25,

It was cloudy all day today. When I was seventeen years old, I was babysitting for Jean McKee. A hobo came to the back door and I gave him something to take along with him. When I mentioned it to Jean, she said with distaste, "I would rather you would not give them anything."

Luke 14:13 encourages us, "But when you make a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." My sister Shirley Anne invited some street people to Thanksgiving dinner. Her daughter, Julie, wondered why she had to be humiliated with their company for all of her friends to see. Now that Shirley is gone, Julie said she knew now, why her mom invited the unwanted.

November 26,

I had another vivid dream last night. Sheila and I were in the living-room talking. Dad was in the bathroom. I saw a man walking up to our porch, so I called to Dad that someone was coming to the front door and asked him to go open the door. Dad called from the bathroom saying it would be a ticket being dropped off. In my dream, there was a mail slot on our front door and as the man was putting the letter through the slot—I retrieved the

envelope. About this time, Dad came out of the bathroom and was so happy to see I had gotten the ticket, telling me how wonderful he thought it was. I inquired, "And, this is a ticket to where?" At that point, I woke and the dream ended.

I miss Dad terribly. Whenever he did something, he would do it well. He did a good job on anything he did. Dear Jesus, thanks for having a good husband that had so much know-how. Amen.

November 27,

This was the day Lynville died. Gracie called me in the afternoon and told me Lynville had died at 2:30 p.m. His son, Rick, was there when he died. At the funeral, Rick got up and said, "He was my Dad. No matter how many times I disappointed him, he welcomed me with open arms. Just before he died, Dad had a look in his eyes that he was seeing something beyond. I have never seen this look in his eyes. He left us then."

One person that forever inspired my life, was Irving Berlin¹¹⁵. He wrote, "When you are tired and you can't sleep, just count your blessings instead of sheep and you'll go to sleep counting your blessings."

I was up early, so I washed some clothes. I am so thankful I have a washing machine. Mamma spent most of her life using a washing board.

¹¹⁵ Born Israel Isidore Beilin and became a well known songwriter

November 28,

I fixed some cabbage apple salad today. This was Mamma's favorite winter salad and was the only fresh salad we had during the winter months. She used to let us chop the apples with the sharp-edged tin can.

When the boys were small, I would always take them to see Santa this time of year. Santa sat outside of the public library in a huge chair. We would wait in a long line, and when the boys would finally sit on Santa's lap, he would say something like, "You have eyes like a pistol. I bet you are a cracker jack!" or, "I bet you're a toughy!" He made them feel important and was the best Santa I ever met. Then, he would ask them what they wanted for Christmas. After we saw Santa, we would usually go down by the river and see the manger display. Dear Jesus, please help us to see You through the eyes of little children. Amen.

November 29,

Melody Beattie once said, "Gratitude turns a meal into a feast, a house into a home, and a stranger into a friend." Perhaps the most difficult thing for me is to go shopping. I am so grateful when someone goes for me. I have learned gratitude is the ability to humbly receive. And when we choose to receive the humble gifts others offer with grateful words, it is a form of returning love to God.

One time, while Grandma Sarah Jane Workman was a young girl, she went to a store to shop. While she was there someone said, "That little French girl" and she told them, "I'm Irish." She was

Irish, yet she had brown hair and dark eyes indicating she was Black Irish.

November 30,

I am hurting today. I will take one day at a time. We'll see what tomorrow brings. I can still hobble around and get something to eat and do a few dishes at a time. After doing dishes, it seems like I've done dishes my entire life. But I don't mind. In-fact I rather enjoy doing dishes.

When we were growing up, we had to heat the water on the stove and put the water in two pans, one for washing and one for rinsing. Our towels would get really wet.

The Rest that Prepares Us for New Beginnings

DECEMBER

December 1,
Papa used to pray, "Help us overcome all evil with good."

Lord, teach me how to listen.
Not with my ears, but in my heart so,
God may whisper secrets to me.

If we listen, we will never fall or falter.
In a world of sadness and strife,
He offers peace and happiness.

In a rough and dim path, we are not afraid.
If we will remember Him and pray,
He will help brighten our days.

Hearts filled with praise and song are rarely wrong.
When we walk beneath His wings of love,
He is shielding us from above.

Forget the weather and carry sunshine with you.
Smile at those you pass on the street,
For angels unaware we might meet.

When you can, stretch forth a helping hand.
When we take a stand to do good and right,
We will always be faithful in Gods' sight.¹¹⁶

December 2,

I had a dream last night where I saw this little girl who was about ten years old. We had to leave some sort of room, but I told her I would wait for her until she got her clothes. At this point the song *The Big Sandy*¹¹⁷ started to play:

Count the tears on the Big Sandy.
They will forever flow.
How many joys, how many sorrows?
No one will ever know.

The part of the Big Sandy River where Papa grew up is near the border of Kentucky and West Virginia, before the Big Sandy dumps into the Ohio River. When Papa was a boy, he was down on the Big Sandy with his father, Allen, when some well-dressed men with black suits and bow ties on fine horses came up and asked where the best place to cross the river was at. Allen told them the best place to cross, and where the river flooded through the trees, so they could avoid the area. The men thanked him, and

¹¹⁶ It is unknown if this is an original work of Dorothy or if someone else wrote this as she gave no credit to another.

¹¹⁷ Unknown song

one put his hand to his hat in farewell and then went on their way. After they were out of ear shot Allen told his son, "That was Frank James."

The James boys were in Kentucky from August to October 1881, meaning, Papa was about eight or nine when that happened.

Today, I went through old letters and was excited to find letters from Aunt Lula, Uncle Bill, and Maude Doty.

December 3,

I received a letter from LaVonne Workman. Her mother passed away and they sold the house the family had owned since 1875 and it makes me want to go and cry.

Mamma and Papa's first child was born on this day. Papa's mother, Sarah Jane, was living with them at the time and Aunt Lula came to assist. They decided to name her Daisy, in honor of a sister in the faith. She weighed between seven and eight pounds, with a lot of dark hair and blue eyes. Mamma taught her responsibility towards the younger children. Daisy would like to follow Grandma Sarah Jane to the garden, and she would like to gather eggs. Daisy was neat, clean, very service oriented, and was never one to pamper herself. Whenever Mamma went to town, she would tell us, "You can mind Daisy now." Daisy carried on as Mamma would, and she was never bossy or cross. Daisy told me later in life about her service, "I loved every minute of it." When Daisy was a small girl, she could go into her own little world. Maybe this was her survival tool. Maybe her service was her way of discovering decency and integrity in life.

Daisy was a good teacher. In high school, Daisy and I had the same science class. One night I asked her to help me out, but she told me, "You do your own work, then it will be your own and you will learn more." I didn't think of that, and I did learn more figuring it out on my own.

December 4,

After the war, we bought Mamma a new modern washing machine. She said she didn't need one and the washing board would do just fine, but later, she fell in love with it. Hillbilly ways aren't bad, but sometimes there is a better way of living. Often, I have found the blessing from growing up with so little. I learned to make-do with what I had when I had no modern conveniences. When things were bleak, Mamma used to say, "Maybe things will turn out better than we think," and I suppose they did.

December 5,

I cried when Bob called. He didn't know my husband had died, so I had to go through the pain of losing him again as I recited what had happened. It is hard to carry on.

It was my son's birthday today. Dad was so proud because he waited a long time to have a son. I thought he looked like his dad when he was small, but now he looks like himself. He was such a loving baby. I could feel his love when he hugged me. On his first birthday, he was playing in the living-room while we were getting things ready. When I lit the candle, I carried him into the kitchen and told him to blow out the candle. He wondered why he had to

blow out the candle and it took some coaching before he did. It was kind of that way the rest of his growing up years. He was fairly reasonable if I explained why he should do something. He was always very determined and loved to go outside. He reminded me of my favorite flower, the dandelion. They are great survivors. They are the first in spring and hang around until late fall. We chop them down, spray poison on them, dig them up – they keep coming back. Mamma used to cook the dandelion greens in the spring, and we children used to braid the stems and put them in our hair.

Mamma would pick dandelion greens before their flowers bloomed. We used to eat lambs-quarter greens as well in the springtime before the leaves turned bitter. How good the fresh greens tasted!

When my son was three years old, I had a drastic haircut. When I came home, he ran to the couch and hid his face and said, "You're not Wonder Woman¹¹⁸ anymore."

December 6,

I had another dream last night. Sheila, Brian, and I were going over a rocky hill covered in sagebrush and other various plants and grasses. We climbed through a barbed wire fence and then Brian put on a pair of skis Dad once had. I knew Dad wouldn't like his skis ruined so I said, "You shouldn't wear those skis here. Wait until you get there." But he put them on anyway and we trudged

¹¹⁸ DC Comics character Princess Diana of Themyscira, a.k.a. Diana Prince, who first appeared in 1941

further on up the hill until we came to a dirt and gravel trail-way. I said to Brian, "You can't wear the skis over this trail-way." It was more dirt than gravel and went at a slight angle downhill for a short distance until it came to a narrow wooden bridge. Below the bridge, were logs tied together to make a raft. Brian was making his way to the raft when he fell into the water. I yelled, "Swim! You can swim." And, he did so, quite well. He got almost to the raft and I reached down and grabbed him by the hand and tried to pull him up, but he was stuck. Sheila yelled, "His leg is under a big log!" I reached into the water and worked his leg out so I could pull him up onto the raft. He was crying, so I held him tight telling him it would be all right.

December 7,

Our friend, Paul Boren, was stationed on the USS New Orleans¹¹⁹, and watched the enemy dropping bombs in the surrounding area, while he stood on the deck of his ship. At first, he thought they were our planes dropping sandbags as part of an exercise because they often trained that way. He commented, "We were totally unprepared."

At the time, I was staying with Kenneth and Jean McKee in Clarkston, Washington, as a nanny for their three children, Cheryl, Donna, and Paul. We went to church and then to the grocery store to pick up a few food items. We were so busy that we didn't hear any news until about 4 p.m. when some company came over for

¹¹⁹ A heavy-gun cruiser

dinner. Jean McKee went all to pieces because her brother was stationed at Pearl Harbor.

The next day, Jean received a telegram telling her that her brother was safe. She had tears of relief running down her cheeks. The next day at the high school, where I was attending, we all went into the auditorium to hear President Roosevelt's speech declaring war on Japan. I didn't know Clyde, my future husband, but he was home in Kansas at the time, on furlough, and was called back to duty right away.

I hadn't even heard of Pearl Harbor until the Japanese bombed it. It was a devastating blow, but we recovered, with Pearl Harbor being a rallying cry. The battle song all through the rest of the war was, "Let's remember Pearl Harbor as we go to meet the foe." Kate Smith sang *God Bless America*, and many people came together from different parts of the country and nations. People really got mixed together. I knew US soldiers who married Germans, Australians, and English gals. Dad and I would never have met if it weren't for the war, for we were in places we normally wouldn't be found.

Both my brothers joined the Navy, and about all that was said from them was, "It was a terrible war," as I suppose wars are.

December 8,

Advent is today, where we remember Joseph and Mary's journey to Bethlehem to be taxed. I heard the Seventh-day Adventist choir with bells—Amazing! When I was young, I didn't think much about Jesus, and what his life and death meant to me.

Because of his death and resurrection, I realize sometimes the worst possible news leads to good news.

December 9,

John 16:33 tells us, "In the world, ye shall have tribulation." I speak from experience when I say, "Life is tough." It requires a lot of faith and perseverance to keep moving forward. In 1928, when I was five years old, we moved from the Little Yellow House to the Little Red House in Ponderay. We lived there until 1931. It was a time of plenty for our family before the Great Depression hit. Whenever we moved, Mamma always had her scissors and sewing kit with her. Mamma's scissors were her prized possession. She hung them up out of the way, after Mamma caught Flossie and me cutting each other's hair. We were not allowed to touch those scissors. Mamma made us long flannel nightgowns and nightcaps to keep us warm. It was a cold winter, but Mamma and Papa kept a cozy house.

In the spring, Papa started building onto the Little Red House with all new lumber, and we had it until I was in third grade. He worked with a crew tearing down the railroad yard's roundhouse. The toppling of the roundhouse¹²⁰ marked the end of another era in our town. Papa put in a lot of overtime to make the money, to buy the lumber, to build the house. I remember one time he was very late in coming home, and Mamma kept looking out the

¹²⁰ A large round building used to store, switch, and service steam locomotives

window. Ruby must have seen the worry on Mamma's face and asked, "Mamma, has Papa gone to Jesus?"

It was during this time of building that Papa talked to us about the need for a firm foundation and perseverance. I can still smell the new lumber he had bought. He generally worked every day at the roundhouse, from six a.m. to three p.m., and then came home and worked on the Little Red House. Flossie, myself, and our children, went back to see it in 1973 and it was still standing tall, while other homes nearby were starting to cave in. Not even the floors creaked in that house.

The man who owned and carried the loan on the Little Red House was double dealing it and sold it twice. We had almost doubled its size, with the new addition, and were making payments, but Papa was too trusting, and the property was not in escrow. Papa had put so much time and work into building it. A neighbor by the last name of Winnet, who watched my Papa build the house, came along and offered the man, who was carrying the title, cash for the whole lot.

We had just barely got our furniture moved into the new addition, when Mrs. Winnet and her sister, came over with the deed in their hand and told us they had bought the house. We were kicked out. Papa said, "The Lord will provide." I don't know if Papa got back any of his investment or not. All I know is we moved into a house on the Great Northern Road in the Mountain View area, in 1932, with no installed windows or doors. It was not even painted. We nicknamed it the Boxcar House. The big plus, was it sat on ten acres and had a barn.

Because we do not know the ways of God, we frequently do not find the answers that were always there. Sometimes the Lord

answers our prayers in strange ways. We often will ask God for health, or wealth, and He gives us endurance instead. God uses our needs, and our inability to understand the future, as an opportunity to reveal His love for us. The Lord answered my father's faith, "The Lord will provide," by putting us on the Great Northern Road, close to the mountains with huckleberries that provided us with cash and food during the Great Depression; at a time when jobs were few and Papa had none.

Papa worked hard to make the Boxcar House into a warm and cozy place before the snow fell, but Mamma never sang the beautiful songs with a lilt in her voice again. Like Job, God did not answer the "Why?" But, God does respond with poetic pictures of His divine power and wisdom, if we will but look. And, when we yield to God's divine plan, He sends us divine assistance.

December 10,

I think it was the best thing for Elby and Lynville to move out to the Great Northern Road. We had five acres of meadow, and five acres of forest, where Elby and Lynville could run and play.

The neighbors there on the Great Northern Road were much kinder and brought us fruits and vegetables because they saw our need. A neighbor's daughter came over and said they were canning beets and asked us if we would like the tops. Mamma said, "Yes." We had beet greens for supper that night.

Papa would ask for the apples off the ground in the surrounding area. Papa had an old proverb he used, "Stoop to

conquer.¹²¹" Papa knew a closed hand and mind was not able to receive anything.

Thankfully, the people on the Great Northern Road were wonderful people who looked out for each other. Our neighbors where the Swenson family, who brought over gifts and a Christmas tree with all the trimmings; Mr. Vanderpass, who still had the old country brogue accent, would give us apples and cabbage and had a cider room that smelled wonderful; the Tidd widow had two children we played with, Josephine and Henry; and the Moody's let Papa grow a big garden on their farm.

The Swenson's had three children, Goldie, Frankie, and Fernie. The Swenson's were born in Sweden and had an accent, but all their children were born here.

As we packed up our possessions in the Little Red House to move to the Great Northern Road ,we had everything stolen from us. Mamma's new sewing machine was gone, our furniture was gone, our beds were gone. We had no heat in the Boxcar House and we slept on the cold floor. Mamma was cooking meals outside on a barbecue-type stove.

We were all glad to get up and get to a warm school. The teacher said, "This is our first chilly weather, and I know you didn't like to come out of your warm houses into the cold, to go to school." While she was saying this, I was thinking silently how happy I was to be where it was warm.

Papa carried one door at a time and one window at a time on his back, from town, three miles away. He fixed the shack up out of nothing until it was cozy and warm. When I think of the hard

¹²¹ A phrase popularized in 1773 by a play of Oliver Goldsmith

work I have to do and want to avoid it, I think of my parents getting what needed to be done completed, under any condition.

December 11,

I dreamt we were putting up a Christmas tree, and the children were decorating it. We were cutting decorations, like stockings, balls, bells, and so forth, from white paper and then coloring them. Anne was about seven years old in my dream, and she wanted all the decorations on the tree to be her decorations and nobody else's. I explained to her that all the children could decorate the tree. When I told her the Christmas tree belonged to everybody, she was suddenly happy about the other contributions.

In one of the rooms of the house, all of my siblings and parents were gathered together. All of my brothers and sisters were happily talking to one another. My Mamma had a beautiful, bright blue, satin variegated dress on being completely out of context of what Mamma wore. She usually wore a plain, cotton print dress. In my dream, Papa was dressed in a pure white robe and was sitting down.

As I walked into the room, Mamma said, "Well, here's Dorothy." Papa stood up and took my hands. His hands were soft and had a lot of feeling. I often wondered if Papa interceded to help us out, as we traveled this earthy existence. I think of this dream, and wonder if my dream is what Lynville saw, when his son Rick said, "His eyes were seeing something far away," as he described Lynville lying in bed during the last few moments of life.

Lynville also had a similar vision of a family gathering, shortly before he died. In Lynville's vision, he saw all of his children gathered together at the table. I wonder what this means?

December 12,

Being the second oldest girl in our family, I learned to care for my younger brother and sisters. When I was in fourth grade, I was in 4-H¹²². All the girls were given the project of making aprons at home. I could hardly wait to get home from school and sew my apron. My Mamma taught me how to hand sew and that is how I built my apron. It was a blue calico print with red bead bias tape. I thought it was the most beautiful apron I ever saw, but the judges said because it was not machine sewn, they couldn't consider it. This only discouraged me for a short time, as later in life, I sewed professionally for seven years when my girls were teenagers. I also learned a valuable lesson and for my next project, a teacher of mine made arrangements for me to go to a friend's house to use their machine, as Mamma's prized sewing machine had been stolen while we were moving from one house to another. Our next assignment was to make a slip. Mamma showed me a slip pattern I used from then on. I even made my own girls slips from this pattern.

After I was married, Mamma made me an apron. From strips of the leftover material, she made me a matching potholder. When

¹²² A non-profit youth organization which started out in 1902 as various clubs and consolidated and nationalized in 1914 to develop youth to their fullest potential. 4-H stands for: Head, Heart, Hands, and Health. See https://4-hhistorypreservation.com/History/Hist_Nat/ for more details.

she sent it to me, it made me think of the blue calico apron she had helped me sew many years before, in 1933. Thirty years later, I was still using the potholder. Thank you, Mamma.

December 13,

My lungs are hurting, so I am trying to get a few hours of sleep now and again throughout the day. It is very discouraging. The Israelites were often discouraged and rebelled against God and the prophets.

In spite of Israel's weakness and disobedience, Moses had steadfast patience. Dear Lord, as humans we still go against Your will, and You still forgive us. Our sins seem to be without consequences, and we still need someone like Moses to guide us.

December 14,

My cousin, Harold, died in New Guinea on this day in 1944. He was a fighting Seabee. He was not far from where my brother Lynville was at the time, but it took months for Lynville to find out Harold was dead. Lynville told us he received a letter from Harold on February 6, almost two months after Harold died. Word traveled slow back then.¹²³ It was good Lynville didn't know about

¹²³ Dorothy's brother Elby referred to her as Duke. A letter dated April 10, 1945, starts out like this:

"Dear Duke,

I got your letter yesterday and was glad to hear from you. The mail seems to be getting a little faster. Your letter isn't even two months old yet."

Harold for a while, as they grew up together and were constant companions.

When my sister Ruby was five years old, we were all fishing on the dock. We had these very long bamboo poles with fishing line on them. There were no reels. What you did was hold the line with the sinker, hook, and bobber at one end, and let it swing out onto the water.

As we were sitting there on this high dock, Ruby fell off. While we were all sitting there figuring what had happened, Harold immediately stuck the twenty-foot long bamboo pole in the water by Ruby and said, "Here Ruby. Here! Grab on!" She grabbed the pole and Harold pulled her over to where the rest of us could pull her out. Harold was a quick thinker, saving more than Ruby's life. That was a gift of his.

Ruby hated housework and went on to accomplish much in the business world. As soon as she graduated, she went to telegraphy school to learn a trade. She later opened a business. In addition to running a successful business, she became a data processing consultant in Spokane, was on TV and taught at Gonzaga University in Spokane. Ruby married Kenneth V. West who was playing ball as a short-stop for the Spokane Indians at the time.

Harold was buried in Custer State Park. To Harold: It seems to me all leave this life with an unfinished canvas. But, if we can contribute a few strokes to the masterpiece, our lives will be worthwhile. I know you helped save lives, like Ruby's, and if those lives went on to do good things, your blood was not wasted.

December 15,

Winter is here and I saw a flock of sparrows scavenge in our yard briefly. Every winter, when Dad was alive, he would go out every morning to feed the birds. I made some huckleberry jam with some huckleberries from the freezer. Afterwards I made a clown doll for one of the children. These are some of the skills I learned from my mother.

December 16,

I got a call from Bebe Munkers¹²⁴ today, from Heppner, Oregon. She was my maid of honor at mine and Dad's wedding. She called us on our fiftieth wedding anniversary. I hadn't even told her when it was. That is the kind of person she is.

I went to see Bebe twice after we started our families in different parts of the world. The first time was when Richard, my son-in-law, took me there. We all had lunch together. Her house was so charming and warm, just like she was. The second time was a few months later, for Bebe and Riley's fiftieth wedding anniversary in Heppner, Oregon. I met their sons Donald and Gary, Bebe's sisters, and some grandchildren.

She, like myself, is now alone. So many deaths. When my father-in-law, Charles Gabriel, died from a brain tumor, the doctors theorized it was brought on by an impact injury. It could have been most anything. He had a gun blow up in his face while firing it. He was also struck in the head, while playing with the Kansas City Blues in 1917, ending his playing days. Dad's Uncle Walt said,

¹²⁴ End Notes *December 16*

"Charlie could really play ball." Then in Kansas, on Memorial Day, I was talking to the Campbell girls who were telling us all about the ball games, "And there was always a fight," according to them. It could have been anything that caused his head injury.

Charles Gabriel told me, "I will always look out for you." I took Charles Gabriel to his last doctor's appointment. He was admitted to the hospital. I was beside his bed all day. I was with him when he died.

December 17,

I had a doctor's appointment—not much help. It seems like all of us are on our own—just like Papa and Mamma lived. The medical community slowly lulled us in the 1940s, 50s, 60s, and 70s, into believing they could solve all our medical problems. Then they started raking us over the coals and raking in the money. It is no longer an institution of service, but an institution of greed. Now, the doctor will only give you about five minutes of their time and waste at least an hour of your time. All they want to do is give you a pill. Have a symptom? Pop a pill. They couldn't care less if you are actually healed or not.

December 18,

Nothing I am about to write seems real to me. We were there for my sister, Flossie's seventy-second birthday. Dad and I had to leave to go back home, so we went to the hospital to wish Flossie a "Happy Birthday." She had a big day with a lot of company.

While I was there I sang *Little House*¹²⁵ to her to let her know I was here to stay by her side if just for a little while. Oh, if we could live just another day in our happy house we grew up in.

This day was Flossie's last birthday. I think of her. I was in the hospital with her and she was sitting up. She tried to tell me something but couldn't. I got her a pen and a notepad, but she found it impossible to write. I sang to her and said prayers. I found it hard to leave but, I had to go back home. As I left the hospital room I turned to look at Flossie once more. She was sleeping peacefully. That was the last moment I had with her in this life.

Her daughter Kay said as soon as Flossie left ICU and got to the Hospice Center she was relaxed. She died a few days later. They say she went peacefully. It was the end of her suffering, and for that, I was grateful. I almost cry remembering when Flossie and I used to run through the grass, falling down laughing and picking dandelions to braid or to pick strawberries for Mamma.

December 19,
Leaving Ponderay Valley by Dorothy Belle

We left the Ponderay Valley,
Where childhood was so dear,
And the waters flowed so clear.

Remember that Ponderay Valley,
Like we remembered the waves,

¹²⁵ Perhaps the song by Amanda Seyfried

Of the friendly train's engineer.

It's time to leave that Ponderay Valley,
Remembering people loved so dear,
Remembering our home so clear.

How happy and contented we were then,
Where we played in the meadow and glen,
Remembering the way our life was then.

Walking to mountains along dusty roads,
Picking sweet berries together or alone,
And the waves when we returned home.

December 20,

Exodus 15:26 tells us to "do that which is right in His sight." In 1952, around Christmas time, Grandpa Charles Gabriel sent a telegram inviting my sister Daisy, and her children, to "come visit Dorothy for Christmas." They accepted, and while they were here, Grandpa Charles Gabriel took everyone to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*¹²⁶. Grandpa Charles Gabriel got such a kick out of taking everyone to the show.

It is so wonderful when people do good things for others! One day Grandpa Charles Gabriel had to go to town to do business close to Christmas time. As he was walking, he slipped and fell in

¹²⁶ Disney's 1937 classic originally published by Brothers Grimm in 1812 under the title *Sneewittchen*

front of the courthouse and broke his leg. When someone is in trouble, you may have only seconds to decide what to do. A lady walked by and he called to her for help, but she hurried faster without stopping. The next to come by was a boy, who responded to his call, and then ran across the street. The boy had the store owners call the police and an ambulance. Because it was so cold, this probably saved our Grandfather's life. They took him to the hospital. The break was bad enough that he had to stay in the hospital until April. The hospital gave me a call, and I thought my husband had fallen off the delivery truck and broke his leg since he was delivering Christmas furniture at the time. We are so grateful for the boy who was brave enough to be compassionate towards our Grandfather. May the Lord bless him wherever he is.

December 21,

I had a dream, my son, Brian was telling some children about a picture taken of Dad. Brian said, "I wish Daddy could step out of that picture to be with me." Then, Dad stepped out of the picture frame to be with Brian. I then woke up and then got ready for the day's work.

December 22,

My younger sister Flossie had fallen, and she later died from complications from the fall on this date, at 4:30 a.m. While she was in the hospital at Bonner General in Sandpoint, Idaho, I visited her there for seven days. I sang to her *Little House* and then I told her how we moved to Sagle when she was a baby and

how she was born in a reconverted chicken coop because this was the only place Papa could find since the area was booming with growth at the time.

In the springtime, we moved to the Bratton place in Sagle. Papa loaded our belongings in a wagon to drive a team across Long Wagon Bridge, while the rest of the family took a dinky to Sagle. A dinky is an electric one-car trolley. After Papa had unloaded the wagon, he met us and then took us the rest of the way in the wagon. Everyone was very glad to see Papa coming.

I remember our house in Sagle was brown, with boards going up and down rather than side-to-side. At the time we still had our cow, Lady. Grandma Sarah Jane had her own room where she kept a spinning wheel to spin wool on.

It was here in Sagle, that Grandma Anna Puckett Day came to see us. Mamma hadn't seen her in years. One day, I noticed Mamma looking out the window, when she spotted her mother coming up the pathway. Grandma Anna Day was wearing a shawl and Mamma ran out to meet her. They hugged and it was a very happy time for both of them. I had never seen Grandma Day until then. When Grandma Day saw Elby, Mamma's oldest boy, Grandma Day cried and said, "I had to wait until I got a grandson to see my very own brother¹²⁷, once again!"

¹²⁷ Noah Charles

December 23,
My Papa and Me by Dorothy Belle

I walked with Papa, watch in hand,
Almost time for the trainman.
He never misses the time,
When the train arrives.

In days gone by, often's the time:
Take produce down and back.
His corn and potatoes packed,
Telling Mamma, "I'll be back!"

With Scythe¹²⁸ in hand,
Papa says, "It's time to go!"
To cut the hay,
One more day!

How happy our cows will be!
We will have some milk,
Butter, and cottage cheese,
For the kids and the cats.

A man comes down the track.
"Papa, who is that?"
With Papa, I smile and wave.

¹²⁸ A hand tool used for cutting down stalks of grain, or other types of grasses, so you can gather them.

With Papa, I walk once more!

December 24,

It's

Christ was born on Christmas day
Hark the herald angel on high
Righteousness is found in our Redeemer
I can listen to His call
Stars shine on high
That light, the path from afar
Manger where he humbly lay
All His saints now stand in upward gaze
Shepherds came and so should I

Eve.

When Papa moved us to the Little Yellow House, our next door neighbors were the Ellis family and we would often play with Herbert Ellis and Ruth Oliver. On Christmas Eve, we heard jingle bells and then a knock at our door. Herbert, Ruth, Jeff, Willie, and David came in and asked us if we had seen Santa Claus. We were excited as Jeff told us about Santa and the reindeer. Jeff told us Santa was around our house and made it sound so real that we all ran out to see. We heard the jingle bells Willie and David were ringing. And, as if by magic, Santa was gone—we barely missed seeing him. Jeff was quite a storyteller, but he made Christmas Eve a night of wonderment.

On our first Christmas at 1107 Oak, The Salvation Army brought us a box of food and gifts. I remember my gift was a navy blue beaded purse, which I loved. Daisy had also sent over a small box

and I received some green mittens that I wore all winter. I guess it was everything we had been through in the past year, because when The Salvation Army brought the box in, I went to the kitchen, put my back up against the wall, and sunk to the floor sobbing with spontaneous tears.

December 25,

This morning at five a.m. I looked out the east window. Yes, there was a morning star glittering with the others stars, to form a cross. I observed it a few days before and didn't get a chance to look at it again until this morning. The first time I saw it, I thought that maybe it was my imagination, but there it was again this morning.

Dad loved Christmas time. We all missed him today and showed our wartime¹²⁹ pictures.

When I was five years old, we woke up to get our stockings which contained the only orange we would get all year, an apple, nuts and candy which we all ate while Mamma and Papa slept in late. We all got one present. I got a handmade doll with a calico dress and a pretty face. In fourth grade I didn't receive one of Mamma's homemade rag dolls and I was crushed. When I had children of my own, they got one present from Santa Claus and one present from me.

¹²⁹ World War II

We would usually read stories. Two of my favorite stories growing up were, *The Little Match Girl*¹³⁰ and *Goodie Two Shoes*¹³¹. Papa would always read the story of Jesus.

We had our first Christmas tree at 1107 Oak when I was thirteen years old. As Mamma put up the tree, she sang *Tannenbaum*¹³². Mamma had a German teacher in Iowa, who taught the children at the school that song.

Once the Christmas tree was up, Papa told us the story of Jesus of whom we celebrated. We lit the candles on the tree and sang Christmas songs. Then, we had to put the candles out. We then said our prayers.

Thank you, Dear Father, in Heaven, for parents who kept a humble Christmas, as Thy Son's birth was humble.

Second Corinthians 6:17 tells us to separate ourselves from the unclean things of the world. Yet here we are turning the sacred into the profane. It seems the world loves material things more than things given from the heart to the point that anything I can do or give, is not good enough.

Dear loving and merciful Father in Heaven, all the people of the world need to give good gifts, like tolerance, and forgiveness. Let this vital message begin with me. Show me how to get along with others and let Your Light shine through me. Amen.

¹³⁰ Written by Hans Christian Andersen in 1845

¹³¹ Written by John Newbery in 1765

¹³² Literally "fir tree" in the German language. Written by Ernst Anschütz in 1824. The fir tree is a symbol of faithfulness.

December 26,

Many times, when something was hard to do, I tried not to think about it, but in the end, I had to face the problem. My husband Clyde said, "It's the Christian thing to do" and we would face the problem better. Jesus would like us to do things in a loving way, but if we can't, we need to do it in a Christian way.

When bovine face the winter wind and snow, they will survive. Only when they turn their backs on the blizzard, are they in danger of freezing to death. Mamma told us of a time in Iowa when she went to get cattle in a blizzard and how they faced the wind and snow driving the cattle safely home. Mamma told us, "Tell your children your grandmother was a cowgirl in Iowa."

December 27,

I wonder what heaven is like? Beverly O'Neel was in a coma for two months after being run over. Beverly said she could hear everything, but she was unable to respond in any way.

One of the nurses made the decision to end Beverly's life and she was withdrawing the life support systems that Beverly was on. As the nurse was doing this, Beverly found herself back in her home in Rose, Nebraska. She saw and talked to people she knew as a little girl and was thinking to herself how wonderful everything was.

About this time, the doctor came in and said, "Hey, what are you doing?" The nurse said, "She isn't going to make it, so I was helping her along." The doctor got furious and told her, "We don't play God! You're fired."

The hospital staff reversed the nurse's actions, and Beverly was drawn back to life with the clear memory of her encounter with relatives who were long gone.

December 28,

Today would have been Dorothy Newton Phillip's birthday. We had a lot of good times together growing up. When we were both teenagers, we went skating, dancing, and did about everything together. She is gone like everyone else I grew up with. Even my dog, Oddie, is no longer with me, and I am much too old to have another dog, ever again.

Oddie by Dorothy Belle¹³³

I see her golden hair flowing in the sun,
As eagles fly high looking for a meal.
The field mouse scurries to its den, then
Oddie buries her nose in dirt just for fun.

As we pick the wild asparagus strong and tall,
The lambs-quarter sweet and the sturdy dock,
She nibbles at the grass, then our carrots we eat,
Sitting in the sun: life sure is indeed sweet.

Now a house is built – we pass and wave.
Then a fence goes round, so we no longer see.

¹³³ End Notes *December 28*

Frantic sawing and hammering make fields smaller,
Smaller and smaller as the buildings grow taller.

The puppies came in the springtime.
Oddie cared, taught, and loved each the same.
The puppies all thought it was a little game,
All playing here until they had new homes.

Down the canal we can no more roam.
Many building with fences we go round.
Asparagus uprooted, wildlife moved on,
But I still see Oddie's coat flowing in the sun.

Her last litter: Mr. Tibbs, Harpo, Groucho, Chico and Fasso.
Oh dear, will we find a home for these troublesome boys?
Brian found it hard to give up Chico when he left.
My son hid Mr. Tibbs, so he was the last one left.

Now fields are gone, people fenced the land as their own.
Now we walk on concrete, not much grass at our feet.
The park is not far away where we can still run and play.
I still see her smiling face even if we go at a slower pace.

Now we walk where we once ran.
Seeing fences instead of fields,
She seems to understand,
As we rest in the sun.

December 29,

I had a dream last night. It was a group of people singing. I didn't know any of these people, but they were singing joyfully. I noticed all sorts of people. One lady was slender with dark hair and there were various other adults and children. One boy, in particular, had a resonant voice. This is what they sang:

When you go through that gate,
From earth to heaven,
There will be heartaches and sadness,
From loved ones left behind.
When you enter the gate at heaven's portals,
There will be joy and gladness,
For the loved ones you meet there.

December 30,

Years ago, seeing how our old dog Oddie accepted death, gave me great insight into heaven, and blessed me with less of a fear of dying. In the morning, she obediently went with me for a walk. That night, I sewed with her close by. She took a few drinks of water and looked at me with her big brown eyes as if to tell me, "It is all right. I am going home." About 2:30 a.m. I went to bed. The next morning Dad told me, "I have something sad to tell you. Oddie is gone." Papa used to end his prayers, "And when Thou art done with us on earth, receive us in Heaven."

December 31,

When David said in Psalms 65:11, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness," he is saying God puts into each new beginning, a new chance for Life. This gift to us is put in our hands and He sees what we will do with it.

Dad and I would always go dancing on New Year's Eve and would love to sing *Auld Lang Syne*¹³⁴. We often celebrated with friends. Dad said Christmas was for the children and New Year's was for the adults.

I pondered this last year and asked myself, "What have I learned?" My thought on this was: our past experiences greatly influence what we do today. I am resolved to not hold on to my hurts, and not to hurt anyone because of them.

How I wished I would have talked to my parents more. And now, our children have so much to do that they don't have time to listen. We are all concerned about our children, no matter how they turn out. "O, how happy are we who in Jesus agree¹³⁵..." the old hymn goes. I wish our children would have had more Christian harmony while growing up. King David was lax with Absalom¹³⁶ and look what happened there.

Dear Jesus, tonight I pray for Papa and Mamma's posterity who have gone astray. Rick, Jesse, David and others are having a hard time in this harsh world. Please may their hearts be set on the

¹³⁴ Written by Robert Burns in 1788 and sang to the tune of a Scottish folk song

¹³⁵ Written by Charles Wesley and sung to the tune of "O How Happy are We"

¹³⁶ Absalom's story is told in 2 Samuel chapters 13 to 19

right path, for we know that by You, and through You, nothing is impossible. Thank You, dear Lord Jesus. Amen.

The Last Days of Dorothy

AFTERWORD

She died in September of the following year of her last fully written journal.

In visiting her shortly before she died, she shared stories of her principal, Mr. Stidwell. "When he came into the room, everyone was quiet as he was a very strict person" and in Dorothy's words, "He never had any pets, and treated everyone in the same crummy way." Dorothy talked of her two little boys full of mischief and adventure who started a fire in the basement and painted each other with brown and coral pink house paint.

On one occasion her family visited finicky Aunt Betty, who was extremely particular about the children touching any of her belongings. Her daughter Sheila was trying desperately to keep her self-control in check, by sitting on her hands. Dorothy could see how Sheila was struggling with the aunt's expectations, so she gathered her children and shuffled them off to the park where they giggled and played rolling down the hill. When Dorothy told them it was time to go Sheila said, "When I grow up, I will roll down the hills as much as I want, and no one will ever stop me."

This story is a great example of Dorothy, understanding her children's personalities, and putting her children's needs first.

While I was there visiting, she began trying to write a short "thank you" note when she asked me, "How do you spell 'regards'?" As I repeated the spelling several times she finally said in desperation, "Oh dear. I used to be such a good speller. Now look at me."

In her last journal she became erratic in her style. She wrote shorter and shorter entries farther and farther apart. Often sentences were written at an angle with strange irrelevant notes sandwiched in spaces and margins.

Her last entry several months before she died was one short line, "Brian came to visit."

At the time of her death she had been blessed with four children, 23 grandchildren, 26 great grandchildren, and 2 great-great grandchildren. She would want every one of them to remember where they came from and the legacy contributing to who we are. A good advocacy for all of us.

Additional Information

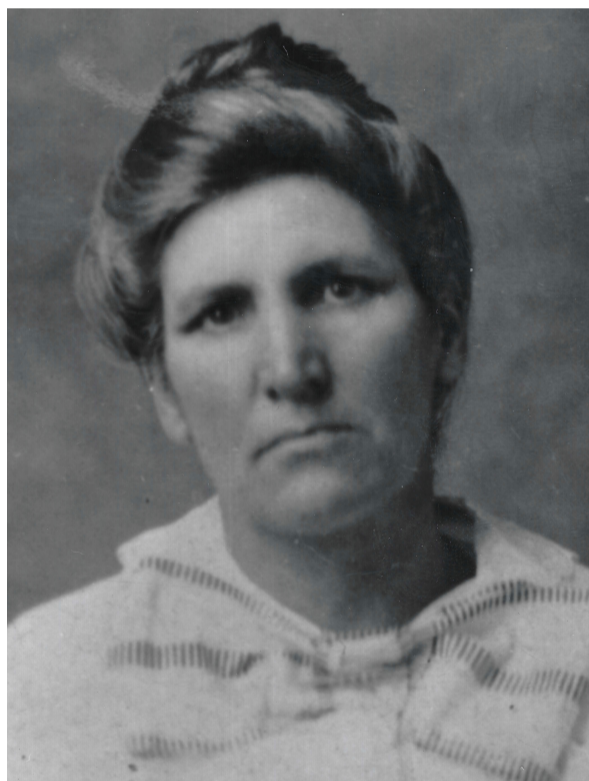
END NOTES

January 7



Dad (Clyde) and Dorothy as a
Newly Married Couple in 1944

January 13



Anna Margaret Pickering Puckett (Grandma Day)

Born May 12, 1871, in Kansas. Picture taken at
about fifty years of age in 1921.

January 23



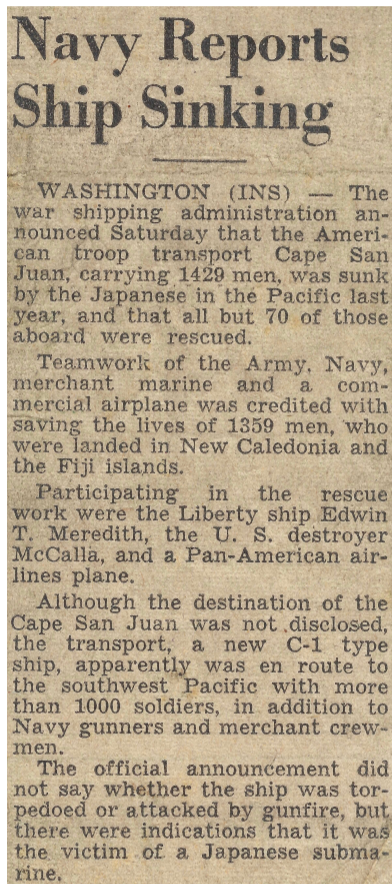
The two-room Ponderay School House years after abandonment.

January 24



Various letter heads are shown along with a required censor stamp ensuring military secrets

February 4



Charles Dee's account according to a letter he wrote:

The story was released, so now, I can tell you my part. It's one many will not soon forget.

I woke at 0515 to the ship's gun alert. The ship pumped and rocked. I heard the loudest noise ever, like tons of scrap metal falling next to me. Thrown in the air I landed on the floor with others. With terror I run on top. The ship is still shaking and rocking and the guns are firing for all they have. I look around on deck. I see what I still cannot talk about. Some slept on top because, it was too hot in the holds - Now they're dead.

Gunner officer: "Look for the periscope of the tin fish who hit us!" Men start to pour on deck. The ship begins to lean. Skipper's orders: "Abandon ship!" so life-rafts drop. Gunners fire to keep the sub down till everyone's off. I stay until the last raft. It's now or never. I go off the torpedoed side. The water's covered by 6 inches of oil.

I swim to the other side to get into a raft 300 yards out. More got on. 48 men climb on a 20-man raft before night fall. We're out a bit farther. We're shelled. An explosion feels like the raft is taken out from under us, but it isn't close enough to hurt anybody. The water starts getting rough and it rains.

The rough weather makes it so the Jap sub can't target us.

Two hours and a plane flies over. Our SOS has been heard. A Liberty ship comes, morale improves. It picks up men, then suddenly goes away at full speed. Hopes drop. Here we are, forty-eight stuck on a raft. It's darker and we're literally up to our necks in water. In the dark we are hit by a wave and go under. We're all covered in oil so bad you can't tell who people are. The oil makes some sick, others with oil in their eyes can't see.

At 0200 we see light shooting up where our ship was. We think Japs are shelling the ship, but it's caught fire and blowing up.

Morning comes. The sun feels good after the freezing night. The raft next to us opens C-rations, passing what they have around. I don't take any. At 1030 a ship appeared, then three more. One raft shoots a flare so the ships can see us.

Two destroyers, one minesweeper, and one sub-sweeper. We are picked up by the minesweeper. Some men are so weak they are pulled onto the ship. A plane comes over and drops flares to show where the men are. We pick up men who are holding on to wooden planks, others have life-jackets. We hear shooting from the ship. They are shooting sharks trying to get to the men who are alone. One brave sailor dives into the water and swims out to help save the men.

February 8

This article came from *Twin Falls News*, entitled, "Tiger Creates Panic in Circus - Escapes From Cage and Kills Ruth Rozell" The article goes in part as follows:

J. W. Bell of Twin Falls Displays Remarkable Presences of Mind, Shooting the Animal to Death with a Revolver of Small Caliber.

A maddened Bengal tiger, running amuck through the crowd of spectators, snarling, biting and killing, furnished a climax to the performance of the Sells-Floto circus in Twin Falls last Saturday afternoon astonishing alike to management and patrons. As a result of the lamentable happening, Ruth Rozell, aged four years, is resting at the grave in a Twin Falls cemetery, a victim to the tiger's cruel fangs...

The tragedy came at the conclusion of the afternoon performance and while the animals were being fed. The tigers were restless and at the sight of meat they threw themselves against the bars of the cages and cried. Market, the largest and most beautiful tiger in the menagerie, had always been under control and was not considered vicious according to the statements of those who were standing in front of Market's cage. Keeper O'Neil failed to pull down the cage door, which slides upward, leaving an open space at the bottom in which the tiger thrust his paws. In an instant the animal pushed up the door and sprang out...

M. H. Pape was struck on the shoulder by the tiger as the animal leaped from the cage. C. O. Morrell found himself directly in the path of the angry beast as it turned from the ponies and started for the main entrance of the tent. Mr. Morrell crouched before the tiger, looking it in the eye and it turned aside and passed him, leaping straight at Mrs. S. E. Rozell and killed her little daughter Ruth, who were borne to the ground and mauled by the savage beast...

Bell drew a 32-caliber Smith & Wesson special and opened fire on the animal. He had to use care in order to avoid hitting Mrs. Rozell and her daughter. Market had seized the little girl by the back while Bell was drawing his weapon, but the first bullet caused the tiger to open his fangs. Bell moved closer to the beast and fired again. The tiger turn his head towards the shooter growling and lashing his tail. Unterrified Bell placed the third bullet behind the tiger's shoulders...

When the condition of the victims was discovered they were hurriedly taken to Dr. Clouche's office where a large crowd quickly assembled. The child was bleeding profusely and a hurried examination was sufficient to show her wounds were fatal. Less than two hours later she died. The post mortem examination held at Hunts undertaking parlors showed the jugular vein had been torn, the bones in her neck had been broken and two ugly gashes cut in the back...

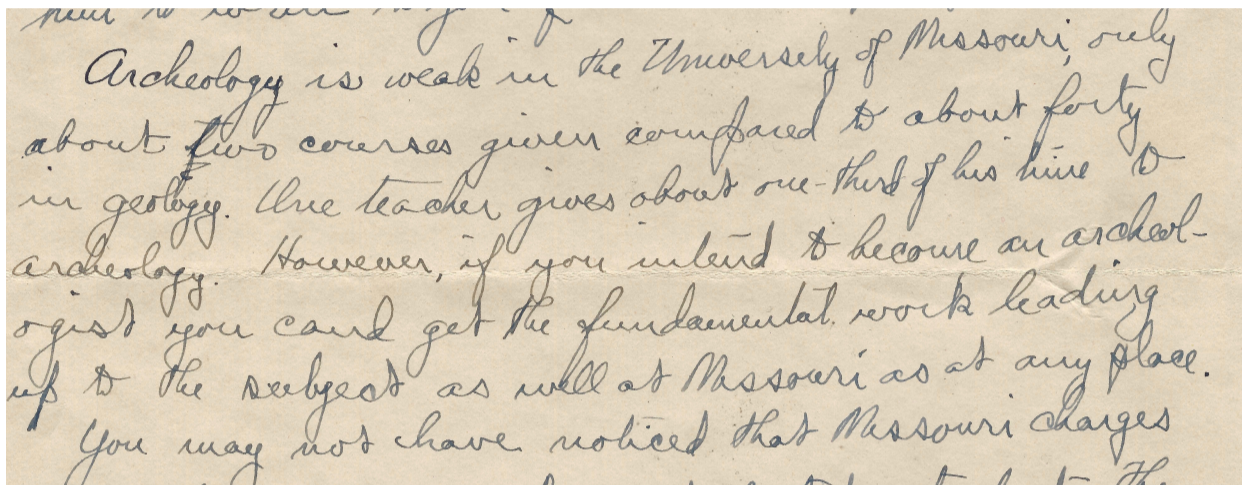
February 14



One of the Many Valentines Day
Cards from Clyde to Dorothy

February 15 a.

Part of the letter, dated July 18, 1936, from Edward B. Branson, an American geologist and paleontologist who worked at the University of Missouri.



Archeology is weak in the University of Missouri, only about two courses given compared to about forty in geology. One teacher gives about one-third of his time to archeology. However, if you intend to become an archeologist you can get the fundamental work leading up to the subject as well at Missouri as at any place. You may not have noticed that Missouri charges

Dear Clyde,

I cannot bring myself to write to you as a stranger as I knew your grandfather and grandmother well and grew up with some of your aunts.

The reason for delay in replying is my absence from Columbia. I have been in Mexico for a month and your letter reached me yesterday.

Many students work for part of their expenses in the University—probably about half of them. I know little about the prospects for work next fall and nothing about places to room. I am writing today to a man who has worked his way and am asking him to write to you if he knows of any prospects.

Archeology is weak in the University of Missouri, only about two courses given compared to about forty in geology. One teacher gives about one-third of his time on archeology. However, if you intend to become an archeologist you can get the fundamental work leading up to the subject as well at Missouri as at any place.

You may have noticed that Missouri charges \$50 extra per year for out of state students. The charge per credit is \$3.50. A regular course of 32 hours costs an out of state student \$152 per year in fees. The University of Kansas would be much cheaper for you.

If I can be of further service please write me. When you see your grandmother give her my regards. Very sincerely yours, EB Branson

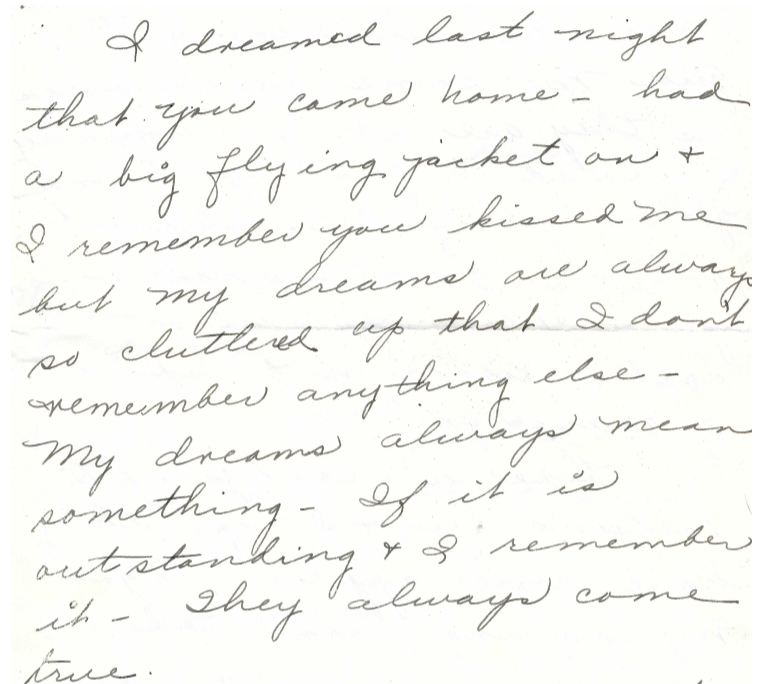
February 15 b.



Sarah Shull's Boarding House

February 25

The following is part of a letter Dorothy wrote during World War II to her husband Clyde:

A photograph of a handwritten letter on aged, yellowed paper. The handwriting is in cursive, written in dark ink. The text is a snippet of a letter from Dorothy to her husband Clyde during World War II. The paper shows some creases and slight discoloration.

I dreamed last night
that you came home - had
a big flying jacket on +
I remember you kissed me
but my dreams are always
so cluttered up that I don't
remember anything else -
My dreams always mean
something - If it is
outstanding + I remember
it - They always come
true.

Numbers 12:6 says this, "I the Lord will ... speak unto him in a dream."

Not all dreams are from God. But, one can't dismiss dreams that can bare the fruits of faith. Night is a time when a busy mind can receive instruction from the Lord.

Job 33:14-16 says it this way, "For God speaks once, yes twice, yet man perceives it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falls upon men, in slumbering's upon the bed; then He opens the ears of men, and seals their instruction."

Some dreams can be warning dreams such as those had by the wise men and Joseph. These nightmares can be opportunities to change the outcome. The wife of Pontius Pilate had a nightmare which Pontius Pilate ignored. How would Pontius Pilate's life been different had he listened? Would Pontius Pilate have avoided being called before Caesar Tiberius and thereby avoided a forced suicide?

March 2 a.



Charles Gabriel holding
Charles Dee next to his wife Hattie
standing above Clyde as a little
boy in 1921. Not yet born: Sissy

March 2 b.



Mamma and Papa's Children in 1935

Back row: Daisy and Elby

Middle: Lynville, Dorothy, and Flossie


Front row: Gracie and Ruby

Not yet born: Shirley

March 22

~~monroe~~
I'm getting caught up now though.
Marvin is also here in Germany somewhere
I don't know exactly where as yet. Hope to hear
in the near future, we may be able to get
together. I'll give you his address its 3192
Engr. Base Depot Co. A.P.O. 350. I'll give him your
address in my next letter
I've been with this outfit about three months
its a damned good outfit. But its still the
infantry. I'm hooked up with the motorized part
of it. You know me, Ha.
H. Root. By now? Yes I know.

the war now. Jerry is in Hainsville, Texas,
taking advanced infantry training and he'll
be going overseas in three weeks now to take
charge of a platoon on the front. Kept


★ UNITED STATES ARMY AIR CORPS ★
never got five in one shot. Haw! Haw!
I haven't had a job so
I've been doing quite a bit
of flying lately. Mostly in
B-24's. They have, at present,
almost ~~by~~ every type ship the
Army owns at this Field, in-
cluding gliders.
I don't like this Field so

Examples of parts of letters Clyde and Dorothy received
during World War II.

March 22



Red After Receiving His Diploma

April 1

Many years ago a gentleman and his family by the name of Carbutt were living on the Mexican Border, he was appointed by the U. S. Government to oversee some work that was being done along the Border. It was a very dangerous place for his family but he and his wife were so devoted to one another they decided to risk the dangers together in preference to the loneliness if she remained in their old Kansas home where they were both born and reared.

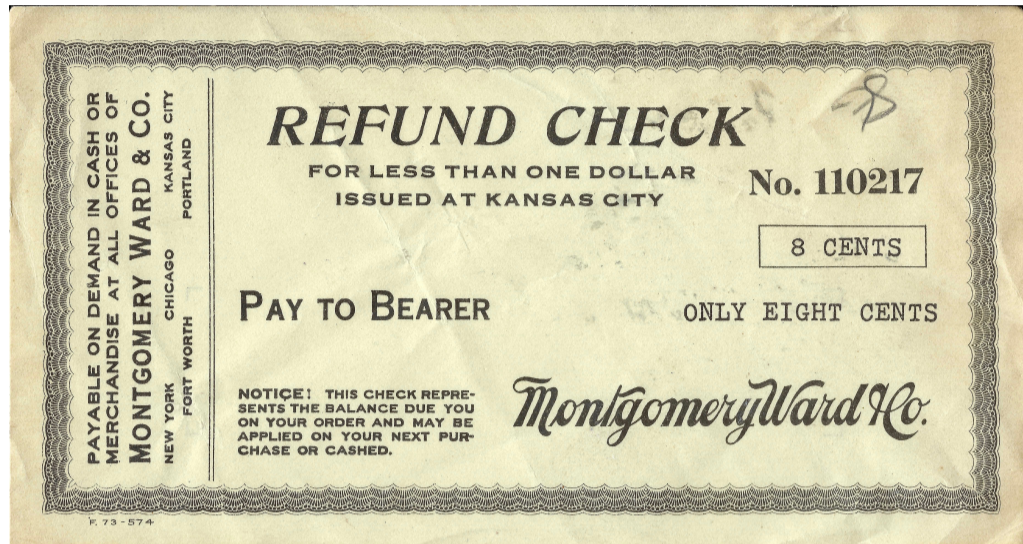
Part of the Letter Describing the Adventure.

April 29



USS Caravan Crew

April 30 a.
Every Cent Counted



Refund Check issued to Dad's parents after one of their visits to Kansas City in the 1930s to be used "next time" which never came. Now, such an amount is trivial, but back then every cent did count.

April 30 b.



David Talking to His Daughter

David was blinded by flying debris from exploding munitions in 1944 and never saw any of his children.

April 31



Dorothy Newton at a Northern
Idaho Logging Camp

June 1

Two News Articles About Karl Berg are as follows:

Sandpoint Has a Hard Hitter

I have seen a hitter.

Up at Sandpoint, Idaho, A town nationally known for its athletes, a fellow by the name of Karl Berg holds forth. And dear brothers, Mr. Berg can hit. Anyone who held down a seat at the legion smoker the other night at Sandpoint will agree with me that Berg can hit. Furthermore, there were not more than a dozen men at ringside who saw Berg hit Cliff Parish of Seattle.

The blows did not travel over six inches. Had the physical antics of Parish not been so expressive, the ringsiders would have accused him of diving. But Parish was hit. He was hit so hard that he turned half somersaults in the air. The blood spurted from his face and his eyes went out.



Spain Has Eye on Stiff Puncher

Karl is a welterweight and he is a tough one.

There is an old axiom in the fistic game. It states the harder a man can hit, the softer his chin. This is not true of Berg. He can take 'em. In addition he keeps his chin deep behind his shoulder and he is as strong as a Scandinavian lumber piler.

Mr. Berg hits in the clinches. He employs a short right chop to the ribs which fairly smacks. It makes the audience wince when it thuds against the opponent's body.

Harry Spain, the big sock and glove promoter from Coeur d'Alene was at ringside. Harry spotted Berg as a prospect. He may give him a chance on one of the forthcoming Punch Bowl shots. If he does, remember what I've said, Berg can hit.

June 6



One of the Type of Christmas Cards
that Dorothy Sold in the 1930s

June 11



Anne's Birth Announcement

July 1 a.

Lewiston State Normal School was established in 1893 and opened for classes in 1896 offering a bachelor's degree in education. During World War II it added nursing and a Navy Air School. It was named North Idaho Teachers College in 1943, Northern Idaho College of Education in 1947, Lewis-Clark Normal School in 1955, and finally Lewis-Clark State College in 1971 offering degrees in education, criminal justice, nursing, social work, and technical programs.



Lewiston State Normal School as it appeared in the early 1900s

July 1 b.
One of Dorothy's Worksheets



Dorothy never got to be a teacher, but she spent much time teaching struggling students how to read at a local grade school a block from where she lived as she was raising children of her own.

July 1 c.



Dorothy on one of her many outings

NIČARI SE OKUPLJAJU POD ZVJEZDANOM ZASTAVOM AMERIKE

erike brane slobodu Amerike na bojnome polju, u zemljama saveznika ili gotovi da putuju

ZASTAVOM



of the United States of
It stands, one nation ind-
(Oath of Allegiance)

sječka br. 706 HBZ.
članova u vojsci

Nicholas Borokovich, Ma-
ine Corps.
Frank Jeletich, U. S.
Army.
William Korenich, U. S.
Army. (AEF.)
sign Anthony Lucas, Jr.,
U. S. Navy.
Rodolph Pusich, U. S.
Army.
Joseph Sestrich, U. S.
Army.
Joseph Spehar, U. S.
Army. (AEF.)
Louis E. Sestic, U. S.
Army.
Frank Stancic, U. S.
Army.
Walter Traka, U. S.
Army.
Alexander Unk-
ich, U. S. Army.

HRVATSKA PJESMA, JANJETINA SA RAZNJA I HRVATSKO KOLO U AMERIČKOM VOJNIČKOM LOGORU U DRŽAVI OREGON NAŠLI SVOJE MJESTO

ZANIMIVO PISMO KORPORALA JOSIPA LEPO O HRVATSKOM OBLJEZJU U VOJNOM LOGORU U OREGONU

Ovih dana primili smo pismo jednoga od naših mladih vojnika, korporala Josipa Lepo. Piše nam iz vojničkoga logora u državi Oregon i javlja neke zanimivosti, koje želimo ovim putem predati i zajedničarima. Za ove biti će te vijesti u toliko zanimivije, jer je danas lijep i velik broj naših članova, kojih sinovi i braća su u američkoj vojsci, pak će ovaj isječak iz života američkih vojnika biti jedno ugodno sjećanje na njihove, bez obzira, gdje se ovi danas nalaze.

U svom pismu, korporal Lepo kaže između ostaloga i ovo:

“Dragi prijatelji:—Hrvati su pošli u vojsku, da se nauče načinu ratovanja, ali i kraj svega toga, oni su sa sobom ponesli i svoje običaje, svoje ideje i svoje kulturne osebine.

“Prošli mjesec (July) američka vojska ovdje imala je priliku okusiti janjetinu sa raznja, onakovu, kako ju to Hrvati umiju prirediti. Malo sam u času, kada je ta janjetina bila priređivana, pomišljao, da će ista biti sa onolikim oduševljenjem pozdravljena po vojnicima u logoru, pa i građanima, koji su se tu našli iz neposredne okoline. I tako i naša—janjetina—našla je svoje mjesto u ratnoj vojsci Amerike.

“Bio je užitak prirediti im ovu novost, a slika, koju prilažem uzeta je, kada je janje bilo na raznju. Bilo je to povodom jednoga vjenčanja u logoru. Vojnik, koji se nalazi na slici uz janje na raznju, jest Joseph Barile, pjevač iz New Yorka. Što je kod toga zanimivo, jest, da on u času, kada je slika uzimana, pjeva—našu, hrvatsku pjesmu—“U šumici zelenoj.”

“Koja je upravo naša. Hrvatska pjesma i janje sa raznja, pa nared američkog vojnog logora u dalekoj zapadnoj državi Oregon... Neko nije ni to zna. Mnogi misle i da sam ja, kada sam došao u vojsku, jest za rada i u dokolici,

zati želudac, sve je to još više djelovalo na sakupljene, koji su sa nestrpljenjem sve češće prilazili k raznju. No Lepo—znao je svoj posao i neumorno upravljao sa raznjem, da ovaj prvi—nastup janjeta u američkom vojničkom logoru ne bude razočaranje za goste ni za njega!... Nije tu zadaću nikome drugome htio povjeriti, već je sa slani- nom na posebnom štapu milo- vao janje, kako je ovo okreta- no, da bude toliko tečnije pe- čenje.

I nekud, kada je već svima ustrpljenje dolazilo kraju, u 9:30, janje je skinuto sa raz- nja i položeno na stol. Zadaću pako da janje bude valjano sa- sječno na obroke, preuzeo je na se kapelan Buck, koji je za- krenuo rukave i majstorski pri- šao svome poslu, dok je drugi- ma voda navirala na usta u

la nije nestalo i posljednjega traga — janjetine sa raznja, za prvi put priredjene u američ- kom vojničkom logoru.

A komentar? — Boljega ja- njeta još nitko nije jeo!

Pa kad je ovako glad zado- voljen, zaorila je i opet pjesma i u najboljem raspoloženju za- ključen je ovaj lijep događaj, koji će, vele, mladencima kao i svima, koji su se s njima na- vjenčanju okupili, ostati u neza- boravnoj uspomeni.

Tako je, prema opisu vojnič- kog lista “Bombardier” zaklju- čen ovaj drugarski i prijateljski sastanak — U šumici zele- noj!

Korporal Lepo poslao nam je istovremeno nekoliko primjera- ka njihovog vojničkog lista “Bombardier”, koji prati život vojnika u logoru onakav, kakav jest za rada i u dokolici,



“U šumici zelenoj...”

Croatian Newspaper Concerning Clyde and Dorothy's Wedding

July 21



A Sod House

July 30

Dorothy's Papa's reasoning came from daily scripture study. New Testament authors, if speaking modern English, may have explained obedience as follows: (Study References)

Moses's laws were not made for us. Those laws are for rebels who hate God and love sin. (First Timothy 1:8-9) We aren't saved by laws, but by faith in Christ. If we're saved by faith, does this mean we don't obey God's laws? Just the opposite! (Romans 3:31) Anyone who's a Christian lives as Christ did. (First John 2:6) If you love God, you obey Him. Anyone who doesn't obey, doesn't love Him. (John 14:15-24)

Free from Moses's laws doesn't mean free to do wrong. (First Peter 2:16) You have freedom to choose love and service. (Galatians 5:13-14)

Faith without works is like cooking a fine meal without eating it. (James 2:17-21)

Obedience feeds the soul. (Matthew 4:4) You'll never eat spiritual food and understand God until you practice doing right. (Hebrews 5:14)

People who hear instruction, but ignore it are foolish. (Matthew 7:26) A wealthy home has dishes of gold and clay. The gold is used for special guests while the cheap one is used in the kitchen for food waste. If you're a Christian who doesn't sin you'll be like the best dishes used for high purposes. (Second Timothy 2:19-21)

Some say, "I'm going to heaven because I belong to Christ!" But, if they're not doing what Christ says, they're liars and enemies of Christ. (First John 1:6, First John 2:4, First John 3:4) Turn away from wrong. (Second Corinthians 7:1)

Not everyone who seems religious is godly. They say, "Lord" but don't go to heaven because they don't obey. (Matthew 7:21) Sinning shows you are Satan's. (First John 3:8)

False prophets say, "You're not saved with good works, do what you like." This freedom is slavery. (Second Peter 2:19) Don't you realize you choose your master? You choose sin-and-death or obedience-and-acquittal. (Romans 6:16) Salvation isn't given to those who know what to do; unless they do it. (Romans 2:15)

If one continues in sin, soon all are affected. (First Corinthians 5:6) Our life shouldn't bring embarrassment to God, but joy. (First Thessalonians 2:12) When the Holy Spirit controls you there is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control which don't contradict commandments. (Galatians 5:22-23)

If someone didn't obey in Moses's day they were killed. It'll be worse for those who trample on the atonement, as this outrages the Holy Spirit. (Hebrews 10:28-29)

God is hard on the disobedient; generous to the obedient. (Romans 11:22)

Be careful you're not cast away for sin. (Jude 1:23) God didn't spare angels who sinned. (Second Peter 2:4) I warn you, even angels were cast out into prisons of darkness. (Jude 1:6) Therefore, stay where God can bless you. (Jude 1:21)

You need more than faith; you need more than good works. When you gain good works by faith, you must then have enough of a relationship with God so you'll be able to discover what He wants you to do. (Second Peter 1:5-7)

August 1

Shooting of American Soldiers was allowed under Article of War 75, 10
U.S.C.A. § 1547 stating:

"Any officer or soldier who, before the enemy, misbehaves himself, runs away, or shamefully abandons or delivers up or by any misconduct, disobedience, or neglect endangers the safety of any fort, post, camp, guard, or other command which it is his duty to defend, or speaks words * * * shall suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct."

Based on this General Standing Order General Patton issued the following:

"HEADQUARTERS
THIRD UNITED STATES ARMY
APO 403
U. S. ARMY
3 April 1944
SUBJECT: Letter of Instruction No. 2
TO: Corps, Division, and Separate Unit Commanders"

"...II. DISCIPLINE"

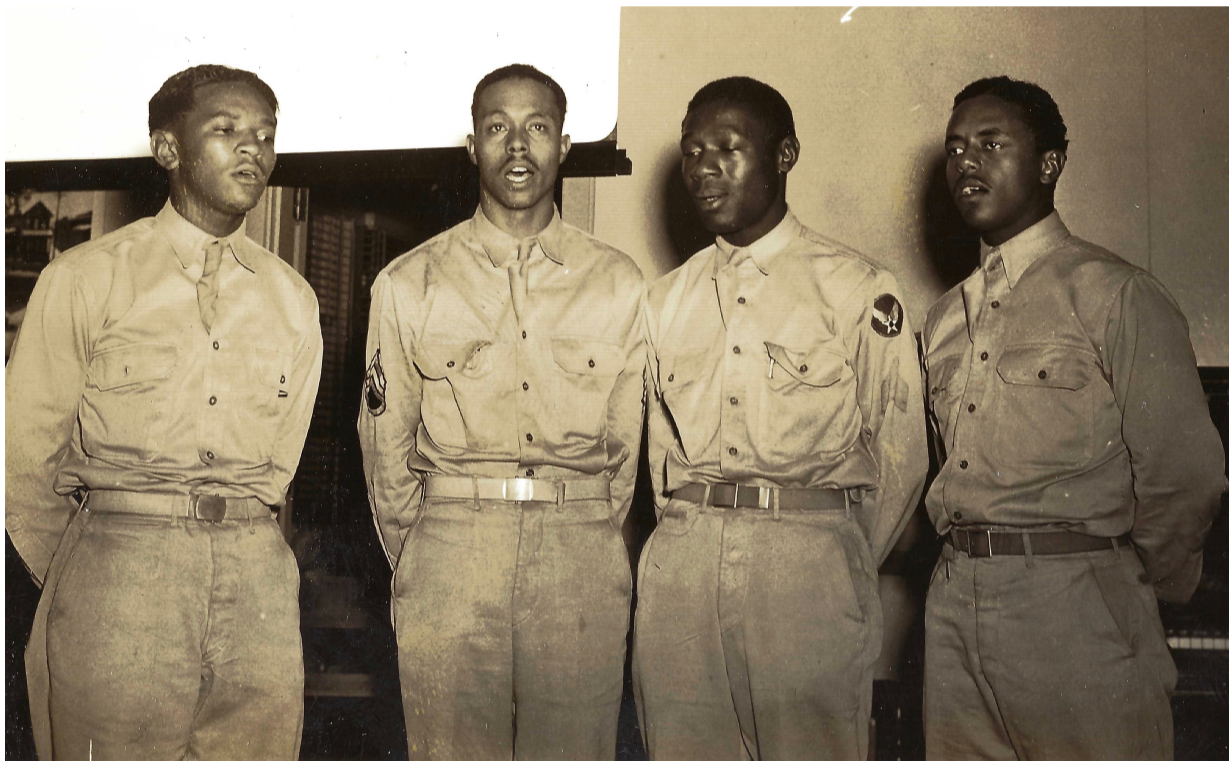
"...11. Cases of misbehavior before the enemy will be brought before General Court Martial and tried under the 75th Article of War. It has been my experience that many Courts Martial are prone to view this most heinous offense, for which the punishment of death may be inflicted, in too lenient a manner. They should realize that the lives of troops are saved by punishment of initial offenders. Cowardice is a disease and must be checked before it becomes epidemic."

Prior to D-Day General Patton addressed his troops June 5, 1944, and said this:

"We don't want yellow cowards in this Army. They should be killed off like rats. If not, they will go home after this war and breed more cowards. The brave men will breed more brave men. Kill off the Goddamned cowards and we will have a nation of brave men."

August 2

U. S. A. A. F. Sergeants (From right to left: Lipscomb, White, McCullen, and Colson) in Uniform at Pendleton, Oregon as recorded by Base Photo Section



Despite the rhetoric of the day, the sons of former slaves fought with courage and bravery in all fields of service. Those experiences convinced many whites the Jim Crow laws of this country had the same basis as those held by Nazi Germany. It also paved the way for former soldiers to fight for equal rights to those people who helped build this nation, but were denied credit. They were truly game changers.

September 5



Dorothy, Clyde (Dad), and Anne in 1947

September 19,



Aunt Fay's Oldest Daughter Julie

September 21

UNITED STATES DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS

ALL United States Defense Savings Bonds are direct obligations of the United States Government. The full faith and credit of the United States Government are pledged for payment of both principal and interest on these bonds.

Series E bonds are sold on a discount basis. For example, instead of paying \$25 for a \$25 bond and receiving interest at stated intervals, you pay \$18.75 for a bond of \$25 maturity value. Held for 10 years the bond matures and upon due surrender you will receive a Treasury check for \$25, a 33% percent increase on your original investment, which is equivalent to an annual interest rate of 2.9 percent compounded semiannually.

Series E bonds are issued in \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 denominations, the purchase prices being, respectively, \$18.75, \$37.50, \$75, \$375, and \$750.

For full particulars concerning United States Defense Savings Bonds, apply to post offices or other designated sales agencies.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1942—O-436258

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DEFENSE STAMP ALBUM

For the purchase of

UNITED STATES DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS

10c STAMPS

\$25 BONDS



This twenty-five dollar bond was built with 10 cent stamps

October 27



Dorothy on the First Day of High School in 1937

December 16



Bebe

December 28



Dorothy and Oddie